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Plymouth Pulpit:

SERMONS

PREACHED IN

Plymouth Church, Brooklyn,

BY

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

FROM ELLINWOOD'S STENOGRAPHIC REPORTS.

VOLUME I.

September, 1873 — March, 1874.

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RELIGION IN DAILY LIFE.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Rom. xii. 11.

These things are not merely in juxtaposition. The three commands are intimately related to each other. Being *not slothful in business*, is being *diligent in business;* and being *fervent in spirit*, is *serving the Lord.* It is service to the Lord to be diligent, enterprising, active, in useful business.

This brings religion down into the sphere of ordinary and practical things. It does not exclude the conception of meditation; it does not exclude the idea, at times, of joy, or even of ecstacy, if that be the gift of God to any spirit; but it takes away from religion, if I may so say, the professional element. It takes it out of the category of artificial things, of things superinduced upon the course of nature and of life, and makes it to consist in the right ordering of disposition and conduct in the usual duties of life.

The great duties of life, as they are ordinarily distributed, both in the household and out of it, are indispensable to the development of the whole nature of man, and of the prime virtues; and they are the instruments, or, to employ the language of olden times, the "means of grace," in life. The church, the lecture-room, the prayer and conference meeting, the communion of saints, were once spoken of as "means of grace." They are means of grace when they produce grace; but it would seem, in the very use of them, as if they were meant to exclude common life, common duties, common occupations; whereas, in the divine economy, everything that pertains to the well-being of the individual, and the prosperity of the household, and the welfare of the

SUNDAY EVENING, February 9, 1873. LESSON: Psalm lxxii. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 660, 759, 889.

community in which men live, tends to that amassing of force which results in civilization. Everything which occupies thought, and ripens into enterprise, and ripens enterprise into success and fruitful achievement, is part and parcel of the divine scheme.

Therefore, the man who bends over his bench may be as really worshiping God, fulfilling the will of God, and doing God's service, as he who bends over the altar. He who stands at the blacksmith's forge may be as really rendering God service as he who reads from the Psalms or the Gospels. He who is rightly performing the duties of life is worshiping, if worship means rendering acceptable service to God.

I would not exclude the fruit of fervency of spirit. *Fervency of spirit* means that kind of inspiration which belongs to the faculties, and by which they rouse themselves to their highest achievements. We know what it is to be dull. We know what it is to be aroused a little. We know what a wide gulf there is between being aroused a little and being in a state of supreme activity. When there has fallen, as it were, a fire of excitement upon our faculties, they sparkle, they glow, they burn; and "fervency" is *burning*. It is that intensity of feeling by which there is corruscation, light, heat; and religion deals in just that fervency of mind. Nor is one inconsistent with the other; but one comes from the other. Diligence in business is unslothfulness. One who is not slothful in business, one who gives the full activity of his nature to the things which concern him in the sphere where God has planted him, has his mind in that condition in which it will ever be in communion with God.

They who think that to be religious they must step out from life, and that they cannot be religious while they are engaged in human affairs, quite mistake the whole divine economy. I say that the man who goes apart from human interests, who sits unstirred and tranquil in the midst of the events of life, and who hides himself from responsibility and care, is far less likely to be fervent in spirit, or to be serving the Lord, than the man who is engaged, with the right spirit, in human affairs. Activity in business gives that kind of vitality, that wholesome, fresh condition of mind, which is

the very prime ingredient of fervency of spirit. And this fervency, this life which is produced by force, is to a very large extent the source of our strength; the source of our good moral judgment; the source of all those virtues which are to be developed in us.

Let us look at a few points of development of a particular character which are needed to constitute a true manhood.

And first, *order*:—how will you learn that? I cannot preach it to you. You cannot conform your life to order by thinking of it. It is by the conduct of business that you learn order. Method, which is essentially foresight, or looking before, and ordering all things according to a certain line of purposed sequence,—that cannot be taught you theoretically. It can be learned only by practice, which has in it necessity, and which develops order and method in men. Regularity, or the continuance of activity in certain channels till success is achieved:—how shall men come to this? Not by the catechism, not by the Word of God, and not by the sanctuary. These things can teach, but they cannot train. Business trains. It is so ordered that one cannot succeed unless he keeps step. Punctuality, exactitude, enterprise—these things are learned in *life*.

To look at another side of it, carefulness as distinguished from headlong, indiscriminate living; frugality, as distinguished from wastefulness; benevolence, as the distribution of things which one has himself received; the sympathy which comes by the helpfulness of men in their affairs—how could one learn these things if there were no shop, no store, no factory, no ship, no business? They spring out of dealing with practical life. It is that by which men bring their thoughts to bear upon nature, studying its laws, and out of its laws producing profitable results, and doing it by interfiliation with their fellow-men; by maintaining compact, faith, confidence, sympathy, helpfulness, honesty, integrity with them; by exercising frugality; by observing this round of what may be called minor morals, but which, after all, are the foundations on which we build the higher spiritualities. These things cannot be learned except in practical life.

If you house your child; if you shield him from all avoca-

tions, he may learn a small round of such things in the family; but no such education does he receive as one that is pushed out into life. A child that is sedulously guarded at home, knows nothing of life outside of home. One may learn boating on a pond; but a man who does well on a pond may do poorly on the Atlantic Ocean. And many a man who at home is honest and not particularly temptable, if thrown suddenly out into life, in the midst of temptations, will fall for want of training.

I am not one of those who revile the denizens of Wall Street, though I think there are many of them who are not saints. It seems to me that if, on the one hand, they sink nearly to the bottom of the scale, on the other hand they rise nearly to the top. If a man in that street does business with all kinds of men, and under the pressure of every temptation, and goes steadily on with fidelity and trustworthiness, I think he reaches about as high a mark of honesty as any man that lives on the globe. He has been as much drilled and practiced, and probably may be trusted as far, as any man in the world.

On the other hand, there be many who are virtuous, that have been shielded in the farm-house, who have been under pious influences from their youth up, and who have rejoiced and thrived in honesty and integrity; but who, by-and-by, when in the providence of God they are desolated, and thrown out of place, and brought into the street, and under its influence, have been destroyed. And it is notorious that they are the most gullible, the most easily tempted, the most frangible of any men that go into the street—and why should they not be? They have not been drilled in street operations.

How is it with soldiers? Are raw recruits as reliable as veterans? No. They are easily scattered. Why? Because they have not had drill.

So, in worldly affairs, a man cannot be trusted who has not been trained in the school of those affairs. When the spiritual disposition goes with diligence in business, in the actual conflicts of life, men find more that follows manhood in its essential elements, in its trustworthiness, in its fidelity,

in its enterprise, in its largeness of spirit, than can be found under any dome on any temple, or before any altar. Not that these things are not desirable; they are: but these give the theory. It is the life that gives the fact, the reality. It is the drill of daily life, in this world, that is the prime condition and instrument by which God fashions character, and makes manhood noble.

I think that if men were practiced more in public life; if the stress were brought upon them earlier; if they were taught to resist and overcome temptation at the outset of their career, they would not be so much imperilled by public service. And while "revolution in office" may be all very well, the time will come when men shall be brought up from the beginning to serve in public, and shall study public affairs, and devote themselves to them, so that they shall stand not only untempted but untemptable. We shall have men that break down easily in public affairs until we have men who, if I may so say, have been trained in temptation, and become impervious and tough.

In the line of these considerations, then, I may say in the first place that every man ought to find his Christian life in connection with that which God has made his daily business and duty. There be many who accept religion, but with whom religion is a kind of luxury. Daily business is necessary, but is a necessary evil, in their estimation. Religion, to them, is that which they mean to enjoy when they get through with their business. They mean to be religious, therefore, on the Sabbath day, in the church, in the assembly of Christian men, or while they are reading good books or singing sacred hymns. But religion is something else besides reading, and singing, and attending church. Religion is right-acting, as well as right-thinking. Being not slothful in business, being fervent in spirit, and in both ways serving the Lord, are things not understood by some men.

The school-boy's religion must lie in the duties of the school-boy. The sailor's religion must conform itself to the duties which are incumbent on the mariner. The merchant's religion must be found within the compass and bounds of commercial life. None of them are to be shirked. No man

can say, in regard to anything in which he is engaged, "I must go through this before I can be religious." You have no business to touch a thing which it is not right to do; and whatever it is right to do is compatible with moral feeling, fervency of spirit, and real service to the Lord.

Are you looking for the witness of the Spirit? I say unto you, that it is to be found in life. Are you looking for some divine influx? It may be that you will have it; and if you do have it, be faithful to it; but do not be troubled if you do not have it in the way you expect it. Are you looking for religion as something different from the faithful performance of duties where God has put you? Do you recognize God as your Father, the Holy Spirit as your Enlightener, and Christ as your Saviour? Have you been put to drill? and do you accept your duties, from day to day, every one of them, as services to God, putting your whole heart into them, putting your conscience into them, putting your taste into them, and putting your sympathies into them, so that they shall have no drudgery? It is given the soul to pour light over things that are dark, and to impart perfume to things that are odorless. Every man should bring to the affairs of life so much of himself, should associate with outward things so much of his inner being that the outward should be transfigured and transformed. Great is the power of association.

How the wilderness blossoms like a rose to those who look at it through their affections! How cold and cheerless is the palace where there is no love, no hope, no transport, no joyful experience! It is stately, brilliant, beautiful, but desolate. The old brown house where you were brought up, and the old barn where, from day to day, you did duty with stubbed fingers and bare feet, and the old fields over whose hills you have climbed—homely as these scenes are, is there anything so beautiful to you as they are in their homeliness, when you go back to them? It is what you have put on to these old things that makes them so dear to you. It is that memory of your own life which has grown in connection with them. It is that part of yourself which you see in them.

So, the duties of life become more agreeable by reason of their association with ourselves and that which is dear to us.

It is not always the most comely offices that are the most tolerable. The service of a mother to a child involves something more than the mere act. It is invested with a feeling which makes it to the mother one of the most delightful of occupations. What mother does not know that it is a privilege to tend her own babe? What sick mother does not look sadly and enviously upon the nurse that performs the functions that must be performed for the child? And yet they are often functions which, if they were performed for any other than the mother's own child, would be odious to her.

Look upon the maiden, who vies with the butterfly; who, like the butterfly, is light, gay, songful; who seems as though she would be defiled even by the falling of the dew upon her. She is the darling of her father's house, and no man is found worthy of her. She marries; and every one says, "She has thrown herself away upon that man." She goes out into life; and the mysterious door that opens infinity is opened when the child is born. Then she loves as she never loved before. Then is opened the eye of the heart. Then not only love but faith is awakened. And what a transformation has taken place! How she has forgotten the festal party! How she has forgotten the sound of social music! How she has forgotten all flatteries! For in yonder little cradle is a cherub that sings to her. And in her daily duties, morning and evening, while serving this little unrequiting thing, that can neither see, nor think, nor know that she is its mother, how her life bounds forth! and how her soul is poured out! And men say, "What a change!" Yes, there is a great change. The duties to which she applies herself are, to her, changed. How? By that of herself which she has brought to them. The cradle is not comely, and the service of the babe is not tasteful, to nature; but from the heart has gone out an atmosphere that transfigures it all; and fills it with beauty and desirableness.

And that which we see in the mother extends more or less through every part of life. That to which you bring diligence, and conscience, and taste, and cheerfulness, and gladness, and sympathy, becomes transformed. Whether a man

be in the stable, or in the colliery, or in the stithy, or on the ship, or in the shop; wherever a man is, if he has a manly heart, and can bring to his affairs real manliness—there duty becomes to him blossoming, and that is sweet which otherwise would be bitter.

Let not men, therefore, mumble their business, as unhungry boys do their unwelcome bread. Let not men say, "Oh, you have a good time preaching; but if you were a blacksmith you would find it different." I sometimes wish I were one. I have hammered as much cold iron in the pulpit as ever a blacksmith did hot iron on the anvil. Let not men say, "Ah! if you were poor and had to drudge, you would not see things as you do now." I have been poor, and I have had to drudge. I have been through the various stages between adversity and prosperity, and I have found that some functions require less and some more moral elements than others; but I have also found that a kingly, noble-spirited man can redeem many duties which are in themselves unattractive and repulsive, and make them honorable and beautiful and agreeable.

There is no place where God puts you, where it is not your duty to turn round, and say, "How shall I perfume this place, and make it fragrant as the honeysuckle and the violet, and beautiful as the rose?" In this world you are to perform the great duties of spiritual, moral and physical life, in the place where you are.

If you are a boy in school you are to perform the duties which are assigned you by your master, by reason of your allegiance to Christ. It is not a question between you and your master; neither is it a question between you and your thought and judgment: it is a question between you and the Lord Jesus Christ. In whatever position one is called to occupy, he is to be governed by the mind and will of Christ. However secular his pursuit may be, he is to be a Christian, and is to act like a Christian.

You are an apprentice; you are working in a joiner's shop; you are a plasterer's journeyman; you are a tinner; you are a roofer; you are a stair-builder; you are a ship-joiner; you are a shoemaker; you are a hatter; you are

perhaps, lower down than what are called *the menial occupations of life*, a street-sweeper, or a boot-black; but whatever you are, unless in some business that you know is wrong, you are not so much to say, "How shall I get out of this occupation, in order that I may be made a Christian?" as "How, being a Christian, shall I work grace out of this occupation? How shall I be faithful where there is no other reward than the consciousness of doing right?"

Exactitude, trustworthiness, where there is no eye but God's to see; the fulfilling of the sense of a true Christian manhood in that which is disagreeable—these things constitute *taking up the cross*. Parents want to teach their children to take up the cross; and they say, "Now, my son, if you won't eat any sugar or butter for six months, in order that you may give to the missionaries, that will be taking up the cross." Self-denial is taking up the cross; and if there were no other way of getting at it, I would take it up by leaving off butter and sugar; but it seems to me that there are enough crosses to take up without resorting to such modes as that. When a boy does not want to get up in the morning, and he gets up, he takes up the cross. When a person is cross before breakfast, that is a good time for him to take up the cross, by keeping his temper. Where one does not like to be punctual in the performance of duties, or in the keeping of engagements, there is a good opportunity for him to take up the cross. When a boy sits by another boy that is disagreeable, and he wants to "nab" him all the time, he has a good opportunity to take up the cross by being kind to him.

It is better to take up the cross in things that mean something. It is better, at home and abroad, in school and out of school, in business or pleasure, everywhere, and at all times, to hold a good temper, to maintain a true benevolence, to keep a warm and glowing sympathy with whatever is noble, to be punctual and truthful under all circumstances, and to do things that are right *because* they are right. Men oftentimes, feeling it to be their duty to take up the cross, seek to find artificial crosses to take up; but mostly, I think, we have crosses enough to take up in subduing the recreancy

of our selfish nature to true kindness, and noble enterprise, and faithful manhood.

I will also remark, in connection with this subject of the strange and incongruous ethics which men introduce into different departments of their lives, that all business should be religious. All religion should have in it an element of business, that is, of active life. And whether the occupation be pleasure or business, it should always be in the service of God.

This would preclude the introduction of different rules of right and wrong into different parts of life. Men say that you cannot expect one to act in politics as he does in private life. Why not? Are there ten commandments for politics which are different from the ten commandments for the rest of life? Was the Sermon on the Mount given for men unknown to politics? It is said that you cannot expect a man to act in business as he would in his household. Why not? Where do you find any argument to show that a man cannot carry on his business by precisely the same ethical rules that he does his household life? It is claimed by many that you cannot expect a man to be in public life what he is in private life. *Why not?*

I admit that men do have different rules and laws of ethical conduct in the different parts of their life; but I affirm that it is wrong. If you ask whether I would not myself act differently, and according to different ethical rules, under different circumstances, I reply that I might. Perhaps I should go with the multitude. I am as likely to break down as you are. But that does not make the adoption of different ethical rules right; nor does it make my instruction on the subject less important or less true.

I say that a man should be the same under all circumstances; and that which is true, honest, fair in the household is true, honest, fair in the store, and in the shop. That which is right between man and man in your own neighborhood is right between man and man in great States. That which is proper in private life is proper in public life. No man has a right, in his advance to a higher sphere, and to more responsibility, to relax his conscience, and take larger

liberties. The scrupulousness of honor ought to augment in proportion to the enlargement of the sphere in which one acts. The more complex a man's life becomes, the more rigorous should be his requisition upon his conscience. And yet it is not so. But the day will come, it must come, when it will be so.

You cannot be a man of honor, though you tell the truth in your household and neighborhood, if you lie without scruple in public affairs. It is no more right for a man to tell a lie on the stump, or in a newspaper, than it is for him to tell a lie in a church. The exigencies of party may sometimes seem to make it necessary to misrepresent facts; but it is never right, and, for the matter of that, it is never really politic.

How whole droves, vast swarms of lies, fly in every Presidential campaign! More lies were told in the last campaign than all the musquitoes in all the dismal swamps in the land. And the men that lie night and day, day and night, in politics and in public life, are the very men that cry out against lying in private life, and in neighborhoods and families. They cannot endure lying! It is shocking to them!

Why, we have all been lying. We have all been studying expediency for the sake of policy. We have all, out of sympathy for our companions, or from interested motives, been winking at things which will not bear scrutiny. And are we the ones to take up a stone and throw it at those who have gone astray in this particular? Are we to heap condemnation on those who are no more guilty than ten thousand who hoot and hound them? Not that they are not guilty; but it is better, when you see how bad wrong is, how sinful it appears, to turn the light of its exposure upon your own selves, and see how you look, and what insincerities, and stretchings of conscience, and falsehoods, and demoralization you are guilty of.

Not slothful in business of any kind, fervent in spirit under all circumstances, and both fervency and diligence in such a way as to serve the Lord.

There is but one other point that I will make in connection with this subject, and that is, the mistake and unreason-

ableness of those who propose to themselves to lead a Christian life before they die, but who think they cannot for the present enter upon it on account of their occupation; on account of their cares; on account of their interests in business.

If religion were something apart from daily life, and from the experience of men in the discharge of daily duties, there might be some validity in this excuse or plea; but if religion is the right conduct of a man, and the right carriage of his thoughts and feelings, and if religion aims simply at perfect manhood, then everything is religious that tends to build up men in perfect manhood. Everything should be relative to the great end of building up a perfect manhood in Christ Jesus.

Then why should one wait? Why should not one accept religion without delay? Religion is to the soul what health is to the body. One does not say in respect to health, "I will wait till I have perfected this, that, or the other plan, before I recover." On the contrary, he says, "In order that I may perfect my plans I will seek health, and strength, and vigor." A man's capacity to do business is improved by religion. There is nothing that one is called to do in life, which it is right for him to do, that he will not do better and easier with a conscience void of offense, and a heart at peace with God, and a soul in sympathy with divine love.

It requires no more time for a man to be honest than to be dishonest; to speak a truth than to speak a falsehood; to be gentlemanly than to behave brutally; to act with politeness than to act with rudeness; to carry one's self kindly than unkindly.

Religion is right-doing. It is righteousness. It is right thought and feeling, and the right application of them to the daily duties of life. And it takes no more time to do right than to do wrong—often not so much. Collectively and generically it is easier to perform even secular duties in a religious spirit than to perform those same duties in an irreligious spirit. While the lower nature is unchristianized; while pride and selfishness are the prime faculties, the chief motive powers, an element of discord is introduced, and the wheels turn hard. It takes more labor-pain to act in secular affairs,

according to the lower spirit of the world, than according to the higher spirit of Christianity.

There is no reason why a man should delay entering upon a Christian life. It makes one better in the store; better on the farm; better in the household; better as a neighbor. Everywhere, religion means lifting the standard of life in this world, and the bringing down from the heavenly land a sense of sympathy with God. It is bringing the better reason and the better moral feelings, instead of the animal side of human nature, into the ascendency. No man, therefore, can excuse himself from being a Christian man on the ground that he has so much to do. No matter if you double and quadruple your business, you are to carry it on according to religious principles. Whether you eat, or drink, or whatsoever you do, you are to do it to the glory of God.

I do not ask you to leave off turning the wheel; to quit your business; to give up your pursuits; but your industrial occupation is to be conducted in a religious spirit. You are to be a Christian man where you are, and in the things which you are doing. You are to give yourself to your avocation with a Christian, not with a selfish, worldly disposition. Cultivate the grace of God in your heart, that you may discharge the duties which belong to your sphere in a better and nobler way.

And do not lose the step. Do not get out of the ranks. If you are out of the ranks, and have lost the step, get in as soon as possible, and catch up. March steadily and firmly along the way of the Lord. The time ought to come in every man's experience when the truth should be to him as an open book, and when he should say, "From this moment I mean to walk after the manner of the Christian life. I take the divine ideal, and accept the divine law. I put my trust in God, who is a Being of compassion, and who is willing to wait for the development of his creatures to the stature of men in Christ Jesus.

We ought to be drilled in our daily and hourly conduct, our whole present life ought to be drilled, with reference to our future life; and when that is done, the work will not be half accomplished. I believe there will be much to be added

hereafter. Doubtless there will be much to be sloughed off, taken away, at the grave ; but that which passes through will go on to blossom more largely, and to bear fruit more abundantly. The true heart will, notwithstanding its many aberrations and retrocessions, have a steady, constant tendency upward and onward, every part of the life conforming to the glorious ideal of Christian manhood, full of patience, full of hope, full of faith, full of love, so that when at last the Taskmaster shall say, "It is enough," the spirit shall go home, and find itself drawn upward, and carried through the air, as upon angels' wings, to that land where is perfect happiness.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We desire to recognize, O Lord our God, thy mercies to us—the bounties of this day, and of every day. Thou hast commanded thy sun, and all the bright hours of the day, to serve us. Ever thy messengers fly swift hither and thither, by a thousand channels, and through a thousand laws, fulfilling thy thought. And so we stand in a net-work of divine mercy. Thou dost not need to think, for thou hast organized thy thought. Thou hast turned the whole world into a vast economy of goodness and of kindness and of mercy.

Grant unto us, we beseech of thee, that knowledge by which we may understand our calling, and all the avenues to thee, and to the abundance which thou hast preserved for them that know thee.

Grant, we pray thee, this evening, that we may draw near to thee with thankful hearts, and with confiding spirits. Thou hast been our God, as thou wert our fathers' God. Thou hast crowned our life with innumerable mercies. We look back to regret much that we have done; but thy way has been perfect. We remember in how many things we have felt wrong and gone wrong; but thou hast never harmed us in thought or deed. Thy hand has never smitten us unnecessarily. Thou hast guided us with more tenderness, and borne with us more patiently than we could have borne with others. Thou hast been more abundant in thy thought than we know how to be, or even know how to recognize in thee. Thou art He that doth abundantly more than we ask or think.

O Lord, we pray that we may be penetrated by a sense of thy presence and goodness; and we beseech of thee that thy goodness may lead us to repent—that we may be drawn by love, and not driven by fear. Grant, we pray thee, that we may be consecrated to thy service in mind, in motive, in disposition, in holy emotions, and may, every day, and in all places where duty calls us, worship thee. May we know how to serve thee with fidelity, and with all our power. We pray thee, open to us the way of duty. May we willingly take that which is pointed out to us. Let us do that which lies over against us from day to day, patiently, thoroughly, and thus approve ourselves the servants of God,—not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

Grant thy blessing to rest upon those who are gathered together, as they severally need thy mercies. Forgive those who are conscious of sin, and mourn before thee. Grant that the dead may bury the dead, and that the scenes of yesterday may be hidden out of sight. Give force to resolutions of new obedience and higher faithfulness. Thou dost not treasure up the past, and why should thy servants? We pray that unavailing regrets and sufferings of guilt may be taken away by the power of supreme faith and trust in thy mercy.

Draw near, we pray thee, to those who are suffering in ignorance, from the loss of friends or the disturbance of their affections. Will the Lord be gracious to them, and gather them in his mercy, and teach them how, out of sorrow, to get joy, and grow strong through patience.

We pray, O Lord, that thou wilt bless all those who ask light to

guide them in the way of duty, being perplexed and irresolute. Grant that they may have discernment imparted to them. May they have thy providence to teach them. May they follow thy footsteps.

We pray that thou wilt bless all who are tempted, and shield them from temptation. Succor them, we beseech of thee, in the hour of assault. Deliver them from all their adversaries that would destroy them.

We pray that thou wilt bless all those who have wandered far from thee, though they were consecrated to thy service from the morning of their lives, and were children of prayer and of faithful teaching. Will the Lord still bear with them, and bring them back to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls.

We pray, O God, that thou wilt go with our thoughts every whither. Gather in thy remembrances those whom we remember; and do exceeding abundantly more for them than we ask or think. Grant them thy Spirit, and bless them.

Accept the praises which we offer to thee, and help us to lift our hearts in communion to thee. And may the feelings that we have be such as become us in our several spheres and relations; and may we be strengthened by this day's worship; and may we be stronger and better through all the days of the week by reason thereof. And so prepare us by the discipline of life, and by its instruction, for that blessed day when we shall go forth, once and forever, out of the temples built by men's hands, into the great temple above, where, in thy presence, amidst joys forever more, our nobler powers shall be developed and employed.

And we will give the praise of our salvation to the Father, the Son and the Spirit. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray for thy blessing to rest upon the word spoken. Grant that we may be enlightened in our daily life, and inspired to nobler activity, and that we may draw argument of devoutness and service from the things that are about us. May we not look with wondering eye upon thy truth, and forget what it is, but seek to embody it at once in our thoughts and dispositions, and in all the way of our life. Deliver us from temptations that are—from our adversary, and his wiles. May we be able, with steadfast vigor, to go on and know the Lord, whom to know aright is life eternal. And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

FORELOOKINGS.

"There is a way which seemeth right unto a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death."—Prov. xiv. 12.

It seems very strange to some that all the dangers of this mortal state should seem to be concentrated upon men; that the crown of creation, the sons of God, the heirs of immortality, should seem to have their lot cast in the midst of circumstances which are full of snares and dangers.

The dangers in all the realms below man are very few, and very simple, and very brief in their scope. There is the danger of maiming, and the danger of dying, and these are all. The great insect tribe finds its way, almost at once, to the end for which it was created. The great animal creation, that range the air, that swim the sea, that browse through the fields, seldom find themselves out of the path. They follow the law of their nature. They attain to the end of their existence. But man, who is called the noblest of God's creatures, is perpetually stumbling; is perpetually warped, biased, perverted, tangled; is perpetually plunged to the right or to the left; is perpetually threatened with sudden destructions of every kind. He is the sublimest spectacle in his integrity and greatness, and the most wretched in his wreck and ruin. The animals carry but little, and it takes but little to carry it. They have slender endowments. Their appetites mostly guide them. Their instincts are very low and very few. The things that they are appointed to do are very few and very simple. Man is more complex. He lives in a higher sphere. His duties are transcendently greater, more numerous and more noble. He is equipped accordingly. He carries a great

SUNDAY EVENING, December 15, 1872. LESSON: Psalms cxxiii., cxxiv., cxxv. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 199, 180, 500.

nature, with great fruitfulness therein. By as much as his affairs are multiplied, by so much are his chances of elevation increased. He varies most because he has the most power of variation, and because the combinations possible to one so richly endowed are almost infinite. If there be but three letters in an alphabet, the words that can be made out of it are very few, and easily computable; but if there be thirty letters, the words that can be made out of it are endless. Animals have but few faculties. Man has many. The permutations and adaptations, the noble attainments or ignoble results, are without number.

All men alike are brought into life in a state of helplessness and ignorance. It is not true that all men are born equal or alike. There are unquestionable hereditary tendencies. The habits that have been bred in parents and grand-parents, along the ancestral line, are apt to show themselves in the children. Peculiar faculties are handed down from generation to generation. But all are born alike in this: that they have to begin and find out the ways of life. The equipments and means by which men may learn these ways are better in some than in others; but all have to learn; all are obliged to gather experience for themselves; and although the experience of parents can guard children so long as they are under their authority, and although they may influence them very powerfully, it is not possible for any parent to transmit the whole of his experience to his children. Neither is it possible for any teacher to transmit the whole of his experience to his pupils.

Every man has to find out much for himself. All drill, all trial, implies mistake. And so, in the beginning of life, where all ways seem almost alike, it is a great mercy that the voice of God's Word sounds out to every one, "Beware; take heed to thy steps; watch;" that it says to all those who seem safe, that they are not alike safe; that, in the language of the text, it says, "There are ways which seem right to men, but the ends thereof are death."

How shall that be? Why should ways seem right, and yet be wrong? There are many things whose nature does not disclose itself at once. There are many things that in

the beginning are apparently harmless, but that, when they have had time to grow and come to their full and final nature, are found to be most dangerous.

I take it that the young of venomous animals may seem beautiful. I know that the cubs of the tiger are charming playthings. Very safe, sweet and beautiful are they for our children to play with; but they are not safe playthings for children, or for grown people, when they begin to come to their full nature. In the beginning, most graceful and most winsome; in the end, most cruel and most bloodthirsty are they. And there are many ways of life that are like these things. They begin innocent: they end cruel.

A large part of evil in this world may be said to be excess in things good. There can be no question but that economy and frugality are virtues; yet what is the avarice of the miser but economy and frugality carried to excess? In substantial quality they are alike. They differ only in the degree of development. There can be no question but that displeasure at things evil is good, and that without it a man must be imperfect. The power of indignation is a power of virtue. The lack of a sense of revulsion from things wrong is a lack of essential manhood. And yet, although indignation and anger, within certain bounds, are virtues, how wretched is the man who is given up to temper, not knowing how to control it, or to yoke it with its true fellows, or to restrain it by the presence of the higher moral faculties!

If you trace one and another of the great mature powers of men, you will find that, if they act thus far, and under certain dominant influences, they are beneficial, but that otherwise they are vicious. Their danger, in the latter instance, is commensurate with their excellence in the former.

So men are often deceived in the ways of life, as they look upon them at first, because the point where good breaks off and evil begins to be developed is not easily discerned. So men enter upon ways that seem right, and are right in some degree, and soon find themselves reaping penalties that come from transgression. There are ways that seem right to men, but are very dangerous. It is hard to convince men that ways which seem pleasurable, and the effect of which at present is

pleasurable, are dangerous. This is especially so in the experience of men who are conceited; with those who have an overweening conception of their own discretion, and of their power of throwing off danger when it manifests itself.

In general, it is true that pleasure is the fruit of obedience. Botanists tell us that fragrant plants, plants with agreeable odors, are usually not poisonous; and that, on the other hand, almost all dangerous plants are fetid in their smell. So, in general, it may be said that punishment is an indication of transgression, and pleasure is a sign of obedience. To a certain degree this is a true diagnosis. Nevertheless, it is true that pain sometimes indicates the highest degree of virtue. To suffer is to be a man. To suffer was once the sign of a God. And those who follow the highest model are sufferers voluntarily—are sufferers because they are breaking down the law of the lower nature for the sake of the supremacy of the higher nature. On the other hand, pleasure, which in a thousand instances is a sign that men are doing right, may, in thousand instances, be a sign that they are beginning to do wrong; as, for instance, the pleasures that beguile their indolence, or the pleasures which they derive from the indulgence of their senses. The difficulty of understanding lies in the fact that while men feed the eye, and the ear, and the tongue, and the hand—while all the senses are in moderate use, giving blandishments and comforts to life—they are feeding the sensuous nature. If there were no other nature, the indication would be that men were in the right path, and that the ends thereof would be pleasure.

The ox rises betimes in the morning. He is hungry. He browses in the field, and is satisfied. He lies down in the shade, and is comfortable. In the afternoon he rises again, and his appetite is supplied. At night he sleeps. And thus he fulfills the whole round of his being; for there is nothing beyond eating and drinking and sleeping for an ox to do to satisfy his needs. He has no conscience, no hope, no faith, no intellectual outlook—only a sensuous life. And the quiet satisfactions which he derives, are sure indications, so far as the mere senses are concerned, that pleasure is not carried to excess, and that it is ministering to benefit. As for us, if

there were no years before us; if youth was to be carried on, and nothing was to be built upon it; if there were no social nature, no moral nature, no intellectual nature, to develop, and if in development there were no need of instruction, or exercise, or suffering, those same indications would be perfectly plain for our guidance. And the young are unable to see how there can be danger in pleasures; they say, "Is it possible that there can be vice in that which gives quiet and content? Is it possible that joys which are so pleasant that by them one whiles away day after day, and beguiles hour after hour, can be evil? Is it possible that that which gives sober delight can be dangerous?" In the beginning it is not; but there is nothing that is so fatal to the ends of life as living for the present, for the transient, for anything but that which you pitch far forward in life, as the ideal of your character. You are to build for the immortality that lies beyond this life; that is why the passing pleasures of sense are dangerous—they are luring you away from the pursuit of the only pleasure that will stand, in the great life to which you are surely hastening. Any person who lives from day to day, saying, "These ways are ways of pleasantness, and therefore I will dwell in them," needs to be taught that they are ways which seem right to men, but whose ends are death.

I have been speaking thus far of evils that are in themselves harmless; but there is much evil which is known for evil as soon as it is seen, but which, before manifesting itself openly, runs through what may be called an incubation.

If you visit the sick-room of one who suffers from scarlatina, and the seeds of disease are taken into your own system, you do not know it immediately. You do not know it to-day, nor to-morrow, nor this week, nor within ten days or a fortnight, perhaps. The evil does not strike like a viper, instantly. It lies dormant at first, and takes a long period, the length of the period being in proportion to the complexity of the fatality. Small evils generally hatch quick; and great evils are a long while hatching. If I plant my lettuce-seeds, I shall know in a week whether the man who sold them to me cheated me or not—whether he gave me

the kind I wanted or not; for a few warm nights, and one warm shower, and a few coaxing days of sunlight, will bring them out. They spring up quickly. But if I buy my young fruit-trees from the nursery, and set them out, I must wait five or ten years before I can tell whether I have been cheated or not. My lettuce comes to maturity in a few weeks; but my fruit-trees do not bear until years have elapsed.

Now, the most inconsequential elements of life are those that report themselves quickest, with superficial results; but the most fundamental and radical elements do not report themselves until they have had a long period of development; and there are many things that in the beginning seem all right and fair, but which, after due development, in the end bring death. Watch them; they will destroy you!

It is a fact that men are busy with their fellow-men to beguile them. In this life we act on each other, far more than we are acted on by great natural agents. Men in society are producing more effects upon each other than the sun, than the showers, than the seasons, than the whole world of nature; because men apply themselves with such knowledge and skill; because they know how to strike the sensitive chords in their fellow-men. The human mind is the most powerful instrument that can be employed for the stimulation of men in society; for the waking up of everything that is in them.

It may seem strange that God should have created a world in which men eat each other up; but he has. There is scarcely a plant known that has not its devourer somewhere about it—some insect, or grub, which preys upon its very life. There is no animal that has not its parasite—its dangerous enemy. And there are destroyers in every way and walk of life. That combativeness and destructiveness which are found throughout the whole of physical nature reproduce themselves, and carry on their analogies, in the bosom of society. There are multitudes of men whose trade it is to beguile their fellow-men and destroy them. In many instances they are men who study it as an art. They acquaint themselves with ethnology and psychology, and know how to touch their

victims; how to take away fear; how to inspire hope; how to infuse pleasure; how to give joy. If men were as active and skillful in the art of saving their fellows as they are in the art of destroying them, how great a difference would there be in the results of living in human society!

I sometimes sit, on a summer's day, in a listless mood, to see with what exquisite skill a spider has spun his web, and fastened it, here to an odorous shrub, there to a twining vine, covering the mouth of the bell-shaped morning-glory, with all its dew-beaded lines running to the center. In this web, which is fair as the gossamer of heaven itself, lies the little spinner. The web is beautiful, and it is spun just where the gauzy insect will make his thoroughfare, seeking to fly through; and there lies the spinner to catch and to devour. He is hateful to me, until I think that a spider has as much right to live as I have; that he has as much right to his flies as I have to my chickens; that God made his stomach, and caused him to hunger, and taught him to spin his web, and permits him to devour.

Whatever may be the fact as to whether men were born to be omnivorous or carnivorous animals, it is sure that they thrive by eating each other, that there is a divine constitution in this matter, with regard to men as well as in regard to that spider. And though I sometimes strike the spider in what seems to me to be his nefarious work, I never do it without rebuking myself, and saying, "He has spun this beauteous web that God taught him to spin, that thus God might give him his food in due season." But so I do not feel when I look, in society, upon the *human* spider, that spins his web of beauty, and surrounds it with all that is sweet and relishful to the senses, and coils himself up in his round hole, or at some central point, and seeks his victims to devour them, that he may have their gold, and sacrifices them, body and soul, for time and eternity, that he may fill his own cruel maw. These men who live to seduce the innocent and unwary; these men whose business it is, looking on society, to catch those who can be caught easily, who can be beguiled, who can be drawn into ten thousand mischiefs—they linger in our cities. Multitudes of men are busy throwing up the dust of

magic, through which the young shall see things in false colors. They are misinterpreting facts, they are feeding vanity, they are stirring pride, they are firing the imagination, they are working up all the lurid passions that they may destroy men; that they may lead them in ways of death; that they may squeeze the bloody wine into their own cup. There is not a town or city where some miscreant does not lurk, and watch for the souls of men. Oh how, by the guileful, are the ways of vice made beautiful and attractive!

In the western country, where they tole game, they build enclosures for wild turkeys, and strew grain under the rails, along a deep trench dug for the purpose; and the turkeys, with their heads down, pick up the grain, and, without suspecting their danger, go into the trap that is set for them. It is the nature of a turkey, when he is caught, to carry his head high. He never will stoop except when he is feeding. Being in the enclosure, as he will not lower his head, and as he cannot rise on the wing unless he has running ground, he cannot escape. That is just the way young men are caught. They go along feeding, feeding, feeding, carrying their head low, and creeping into the enclosure; and then, being proud, and carrying their head high, they cannot escape, and are destroyed.

"There is a way which seemeth right to a man; but the end thereof are the ways of death."

It is certainly one of the most agreeable and charming of hours when half a dozen young fellows are assembled in a little quiet room, where are provided for them, in the most attractive manner, the choicest of viands and liquors. What can be better than good fellowship, where you can get the best of everything to eat, and drink, and smoke? What can be more joyful than for companions to be "hail fellows well met" from day to day, from week to week, and from month to month? And as days go on, with the frequent repetition of this pleasant indulgence, the taint that lay undeveloped in the blood of one of these young men begins to spring up. It only needed a spark to set on fire a train that has come down from ancestors of several generations back. And he goes on

from moderate indulgence to dissipation, and from dissipation to intoxication. Another grows careless in his habits. Another feels the tedium of hard work, and longs for companionship, and becomes uneasy, and frequents the saloon where he finds agreeable fellowship, and enjoys good drinks, and good stories, and stories that are not so good.

By and by twenty years have gone, and where are these young men? Somebody asks, "Where is No. 1?" "Well," the reply is, "his health failed, and he went to sea, and died on the voyage. Consumption, they said he had." "Where is No. 2?" "I do not know. He did poorly in business; he was sent on to the plains; and when I last heard of him he was somewhere among the mines, in the mountains." "Where is No. 3?" "Oh, he's alive; but everybody that knows him wishes he was dead." "Where is No. 4?" "Well, he is about the only one that escaped. He broke away, and got clear. I believe he is now a minister somewhere." "Where is No. 5?" "In Greenwood."

If I knew the names, I suppose I could, from the persons that lived in Brooklyn thirty years ago, in easy circumstances, and in respectable society, select thousands of young men, amiable, well-intentioned, fairly educated, with every business prospect, and about whom was every rational hope, but who went down the way of death, for no other reason than because they thought it was perfectly safe, as they knew it to be perfectly delightful, to indulge in those incipient steps out of which came intoxication and ruin. I do not know what it is that makes young men who hate liquor want to drink. I was myself brought up by a temperate father. I never but once saw him touch liquor in all my boyhood; and then it was after he had been sick, and on a chilly Sunday morning. I remember that he went into the closet, and turned out a little rum, and drank it. I had heard him preach against the use of intoxicating liquors, I had listened to the delivery of his six sermons on intemperance, and I knew the history of them; and this act of his surprised me.

In my youth I was curious to know what wine was like; I was bewitched to taste it; and I entered into an arrangement with George Woodruff for the gratification of that curiosity.

I was to give him the money, he was to buy the wine, and we were to go out into the lot to drink it. There was a kind of fascination about it, I wanted to see what it was—and I did see what it was! Happily I was not lured by it. It was not spiced, it was not sweetened; and it burned and disgusted me. How many there are that have that same desire! It is contrary to the custom and teaching of their parents and homes; but they want to taste and see!

And then, how many there are who have no real appetite for wine, but have a sense of shame in not taking it when it is offered to them, or when they see others take it! Gentlemen drink, and they want to drink. The same is true in regard to smoking. Oh! that there might be a feeling among men that to be a gentleman was to be a clean man, and not to create a stench! But our young men do n't want to be clean! A young man of a clean mouth, unsmeared by sour beer or intoxicating drinks, and unsmoked by tobacco, feels uneasy till he can get the nasty smell on him, in his hair, through and through his skin, and his whole composition. Then he begins to think he is a gentleman. If ill odors make gentlemen, I can find in the field the ripest specimens!

Besides, how many young persons are fascinated with thoughts that I should not call vices, but that are eggs out of which will be hatched vices!

These ways of indulging the appetites in which there is no thrift; in which there is no promise of good; in which there is an experience the hearing of which ought to make every man's ears tingle; at the entrance of which, if one could only hear what is whispered, a voice says, "Those who enter here go in the ways of death,"—these ways take hold of other courses, that I will not name, but that lead to destruction.

Glittering visions, that make a fairy-scene of life; temptations that transform the whole inward experience, and make a new history; false appearances, that are full of promises of triumph—these carry men steadfastly down to death. Ways that are full of pleasantness at the beginning, but the ends of which are death, are prepared purposely by men who are stewards of the devil, all through our cities and towns and villages.

Even lawful things often cease to be lawful. There are no nobler amusements than many of those which have been proscribed. They are so struck through with temptations, or they are associated with temptations in such a way, that it is not safe for men to use them. Perfectly safe it is, for me, to go into a ten-pin alley, night after night, though it is not for many a young man, where there is a bar at one end and a fool at the other. What is a better game than billiards? and what is a more dangerous place for a young man than a billiard saloon? In your father's house it is a game of which no one need be ashamed; but in a place where it is just one element in a whole nest of temptations, you should be ashamed to be found, because it is so near to dangers, and you are so callow, so excitable, and so easily drawn into evils. There are many games of the household that are in themselves harmless, but that on a Western steamboat are harmful. They stand so easily and naturally connected with gambling that, though they seem innocent in the beginning, in the end they are destructive. A young man comes up from an obscure quarter, and is introduced into the society of those who are the belles and beaux of society. He finds it to be the custom among his new associates to play cards for a small stake; and he plays with them, just to make the game interesting. He has been cautioned about such things, and he is acting against his judgment. He does not like to play for money; but the company that he is in do it, and he waives his objections. He acts on the principle that *Among Romans one must do as Romans do*—a maxim which only needs a little extension to make it read, *Among devils one must do as devils do!* This principle would make it necessary, if he found himself in the company of professional gamblers, to become a professional gambler. He has taken down the barrier which stood between him and temptation. And so, little by little, he goes on. By-and-by he may escape, if he is in fortunate circumstance. If, however, he is in other circumstances, he will perish. Some will go free; many will be caught.

But I am not speaking of any particular form of game. I am speaking of the general fact that it is dangerous for men

to indulge in pleasures which stand near temptations, and temptations that are meant to be seductive, and to draw men down to perdition. It is dangerous for men to stand in the neighborhood of such temptations, I do not care how innocent the things are *per se*. It was perfectly innocent for me to ride on a mule up the sides of Swiss mountains; but it was perfectly provoking the way the mule would take the very edge of the path, when there was a precipice three or four thousand feet deep below me, so that if the animal had made a misstep I would have been dashed to pieces. Thousands of men are riding mules—that is, themselves—on the outer edge of dangerous paths; and it will only require one small mistake to throw them to the bottom of a deep precipice. And no man has a right to live even a moral life in such a way that his path winds around so near a precipice that the slightest deviation from the exact course shall destroy him.

A gentleman in Central New York, who carried on a large business, needed funds; and he endorsed a neighbor's name on sundry notes, with which he got money out of the bank. The first note became due, and he paid it. He was able to meet it, and he knew he should be. The second note became due, and he paid it. The third became due, and he paid that. Before the next was due he was stricken down with a bilious fever. He had the means of paying it, but he was out of his head. This fourth note was protested, and the fraud was found out when it went to the endorsers. The man intended no dishonesty. He was able to meet the notes, and he meant to; and yet, he was caught on the last one. I saw him in Auburn. The Chaplain told me there was no better man in the prison. (There were a great many men in that prison that I thought ought to be out; and there were a great many out that I thought ought to be in.) Now, is it safe for an honest man to carry himself along the edge of dishonesty, even if his intention is good?

I do not know but I am talking to men who have done that same thing, and escaped. Because you have escaped, I suppose the enormity of the peril does not strike your mind; but if you had had that man's experience of a few years at Auburn, I think it would have changed your impressions

about it. It is not safe for any man to ride so near the edge of disaster that if he makes one misstep it will plunge him into ruin. And yet, thousands of young men in our cities are doing this all the time; and they leave it to chance whether they shall perish or not,

How few of those that hear me believe this! But if some of you could speak there would be a resonant *Amen!* from bitter hearts.

Go with me down to the last estate of the great class of ruined men. Question the pauper in the poor-house. Interrogate the tenant of the hospital, whose vices have brought him there. Ask the man of rotting bones, "Did you set out for this? When you began, was this what you meant?" He will reply, with husky voice, "No; it seemed all pleasure when I began." *There are ways that seem right to men, but their ends are death.* Ask the bloated drunkard, in some interval when his reason is lucid, "Did you aim at this? Is this the profession that you started to study? Is this the result that you meant to attain?" He will say, "No; I never thought that I should be a drunkard. I wish I had known in the beginning what I know now. I never would have touched the accursed thing if I had." Ask the miserable, kicked-about creature that wants to die, but dare not die; that hates life, but hugs life; that nobody but God cares for, or pities, or thinks of—ask him, "In those sweet days of dalliance, in those gay rides, in those delightful self-indulgent ways, in that pleasant indolence, were you proposing to yourself to die such a miserable being as you are? Did you seek this?" "No! no!" he will say. "The way seemed very different when I went into it from what it does now."

So it is that the devil tempts men, by putting flowers all around the ways of evil. He makes the first steps in the downward path to be most charming. The ground is plushy under foot, and sweet and fragrant clusters hang on each side and overhead. Step by step, as men go down, birds sing to them. And the way is delightful to them. But as they proceed, the road grows more and more precipitous. And yet, they think that a little farther on they shall strike fields of

charming experience. But alas! a little farther down, and a little farther down, the way is more and more barren. And if they turn to go back, there are minions of the devil that urge them forward, and drive them down to the very end.

The last ways of wrong-doing are ways of unutterable sorrow and regret.

I need not draw out this matter farther. Let me say, first, in closing, that it is a great danger to any young man to be conceited in his own wisdom and in his own strength. You think you know better what will suit you than anybody else can know for you. You do not, and you are a fool for thinking so. Saith the Word of God:

"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

There are certain ways that experience has shown to be safe; there are certain other ways that universal experience has shown to be dangerous; and there are other ways still that experience has shown to be fatal; and you cannot, in your early and inexperienced youth, do anything so safe as to adhere to the ways which have been tried, and have been proved to be without disaster or danger. Those who think they have a strength and a wisdom which others have not, and act accordingly, perish because they are fools. And thus thinking and acting are the very infatuation of folly.

Lastly, let me say that, as no man is safe who leans upon his own wisdom—certainly not if contrary to the instruction of his elders, and the experience of the community around about him—so no man is safe who does not give heed to the Word of God, and to the presence of the Lord. You are perfectly safe so long as you live with a consciousness that God looks upon you; so long as you have the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom, and the love of God, which is the end of wisdom. Every man needs that influence which is shed upon him by the consciousness, "Thou, God, seest me." Are you willing, from day to day, to open what you have been thinking during the day to the sight of God? Are you willing, every day, to open in the presence of God what you have done? I have known cases in which men have required themselves never to say anything, anywhere, that they would

not be willing to say in the presence of their mother. A great many men's habits of speech would be changed if they should adopt that rule. Many men will say things out of the family that they would not dare to say in it; and it is a shame. I think that if every young man would say, from day to day, "I will put nothing into this day that I would not be willing that God should look on, and nothing that God disapproves; I will humble myself, and cleanse my ways," it would be the most wholesome thing he could do. You need something more than your own strength, and the influence of those around about you. You need the conscious presence of your father's God and of your mother's God. Then, when you are tempted you will have a shield. Then, when you slide there will be a power to lift you up. Then, experience will not be final disaster. Then, there will be a prophecy of good that will go with you. Then, little by little the ways of wisdom will become ways of pleasantness, and all her paths will be peace, to you.

Let me speak, to night, to hungry ears. Let me speak, not to those who have well nigh gone through life, but to those who are beginning life. Let me speak to those who are just throwing out the seeds which shall by and by bring forth their harvests. I beseech of you to throw good seed into good soil. Throw not out from your hand the cockle, the chess, and the chaff. Throw not out the thistle and the thorn. Having sown good seed in good soil, commend it to God, and leave it in his care. Live by his commandments. Take his word as the man of your counsel, and your guide. Let philosophy say and do what it will, when it comes to practical, every-day life, there is no book that is so safe for a man to go by as the Bible, so full and so wonderful in its recorded experience, searching the heart, penetrating the life, inspiring men by the noblest motives and to the noblest exercises, and bringing down around about them the truths of the divine presence, so that the whole atmosphere that envelopes them is divine.

I commend you to the Word of God. I commend you to that dear God from whom it came. I commend you to the hope of a virtuous future in this life, and to immortality and glory in the life to come.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

O Lord, thou art most merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in kindness, forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin. Though thou wilt by no means clear the guilty, though thou wilt not suffer transgression to seem like righteousness, yet thy heart is toward those who transgress, to deliver them out of their sin, if they turn unto thee with sincere penitence; and thou dost help those that desire help; and thou dost succor the poor and needy when they cry unto thee. Since the ages began, thine ear has drank in the cry of the distressed from out of this world, that hath not ceased to ascend. Thou art a merciful, a long-suffering and a patient God; and thou hast delivered men innumerable, and art delivering. Thou art the Refuge from all that judge; from all that pursue; from all that hate; from all that strike; from all that seek evil.

We rejoice that we may draw near to thee with unspoken thoughts —with feelings that will not be revealed in words. We rejoice that we may open our souls before thee. We rejoice that as the sun shines upon the earth, so thou dost shine upon our hearts. And we beseech of thee, O God, that thou wilt grant to every one of us a realization of the fact that we are open before Him with whom we have to do. May we confess our sins, and forsake them; and turn unto God with a full assurance that he forgives, and that he helps. And grant, we pray thee, that we may be renewed, by the power of hope and faith, with new life. Fill us, by thy Spirit, we pray thee, with a new purpose, with new zeal, with new obedience, adding to the past whatever is good, and taking away from it whatever is evil. Grant that we may reach forth toward a better manhood with ardor, with patient perseverance, and with a full assurance of hope.

We pray that thou wilt draw near to all who are in trouble; to all on whom thy hand rests heavily; to all who are filled with sorrow and darkness; to all who are friendless; to all who are out of the way; to all who have stumbled, and cannot rise again; to all who sit in the region and shadow of death; to all who are in prison. Open the prison-doors, thou Ambassador! Come, and save men from the bondage of sin!

We beseech of thee that thou wilt revive thy work in the hearts of thy people, that they may be more and more zealous in making known the true God. Grant that the spirit of Christ may be more and more largely diffused among thy people, that they may learn what is the power of life; and may all of us take up, more and more, the cross of Christ, and look upon it as a symbol of thy suffering. May we learn to suffer, as thou didst and dost suffer, for others. May we learn self-denial, and self-sacrifice for others. And we pray that we may be built up therein. With all humbleness of mind, and with all sense of unworthiness to do any part of the work of God's great field, may we persevere, not with the weapons of this world's warfare, but with spiritual weapons, in the work of overcoming evil; and may we pursue that which is good.

We pray for the young, who are adventuring, and whose minds are open like the ground, that there may be given them such a knowl-

edge of God, and such ways of life, that they may cleave to that which is good. And grant, O God, that the seed which brings destruction may be taken away from them, and that they may trust in the word of the Lord, and that they may have thy presence, thy Spirit, and the power of the Holy One, evermore.

Deliver, we beseech of thee, any who are wandering. Bring them back before it shall be too late. And grant that there may be raised up round about the young in these great cities those who shall love them, and watch for their souls. We pray that those who seek their harm, and guilefully spread snares before them, may be driven away, and have their evil devices brought to naught.

We beseech of thee that there may be a reformation of morals in our midst, and that men may do evil no more. Throughout this land spread the renovating and saving influence of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. May men feel the pardoning power of Jesus, repent, and turn unto him willingly. May they be converted, and begin a Christian life.

All through our land may manhood thrive. May the truth as it is in Jesus be the food of the soul. May men grow larger and larger in things right. Let thy kingdom come everywhere. Pity the nations that sit in darkness. Spread the truth abroad. Let it set men free. And bring in that glorious day of prediction when all the earth shall see thy salvation.

And to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, shall be praises, evermore. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

ALMIGHTY God, we pray that thou wilt grant thy presence and thy blessing upon the words of truth that have been spoken, not according to the feebleness and imperfection of the offering, but according to thine own great goodness. Multiply the benefits thereof. We pray that those who listen may listen for their life. Wilt thou rouse the consciences of those who are going down in the way of evil. Grant that they may not come to a seared conscience; to a perverted understanding; to a deceitful heart; to ways of guile. Grant that they may come back to simplicity, and truth, and self-denial, and courage. And we pray, O Lord, that thou wilt ward off the dangers that surround the young; and smite the jaws of those that would devour them. Grant that the snares and pitfalls for the unwary may fail. May those that have been caught, but are not carried far away, be recovered. And let not those who are struggling to reach the shore be caught by the undertow, and swept helplessly out upon the vast sea. May they be rescued. And we beseech of thee that thou wilt glorify thy name by all the works of grace that thou shalt do. And may we behold, and coöperate, and rejoice. And finally bring us all safely to that land where is no sin nor temptation, but perfect purity and perfect joy for evermore. And to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, shall be praises, forever. *Amen*

HEROISM.

I wish to use the two incidents, recorded in the 12th and 14th chapters of Mark respectively, as the basis of my discourse this evening. In the 12th, beginning with the 41st verse, we find the following:

"And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much. And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing. And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury: for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living."

The other passage I read to you in the opening service. It is the scene of the anointing of Jesus, preceding his arrest, in which he declares,

"She hath done what she could: she is come aforehand to anoint my body to the burying. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

It is somewhat remarkable that the two instances which have been singled out by our Saviour for such conspicuous mention and honor were those of women. You will observe, too, that in both instances the act itself was, comparatively speaking, humble.

In the one case the woman cast in two mites, or a farthing. This was the smallest coin known to the Romans. It was equal to the fraction of our smallest coin. Therefore it was exceedingly small. But then, it was her whole. It was all that she had. So, relatively to that which she had, she gave more than the rich men who were casting in golden talents. And Christ makes mention of her case. He holds it up to memory.

In the other case, the woman in a transport of love drew

SUNDAY EVENING, April 20, 1873. LESSON: Mark xiv. 1-9. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 639, 907, 1244.

near and anointed the Saviour with precious ointment. The gift conferred was not so great, though it was precious spikenard. The anointing was in accordance with the manner of the East, though it would not be suited to our day and time. It then conformed to luxury and taste, and was a mark of love and honor. She sacrificed no inconsiderable value to express her affection for Jesus, which, owing to her circumstances and relations and position in society, she could make known in no other way.

The apostles, or some of them, made this a matter of measurement according to the ordinary rules of property. They weighed her heart in the scales, and condemned it. She loved; and sweet as was the spikenard, the odor, after all, in the esteem of Jesus was of the heart and not of the garden. And when they condemned her, saying, "This might have been sold for so much, and given to the poor," he rebuked their old-time economy, their misplaced benevolence, and declared that this woman had acted nobly. The desire of an overburdened heart to express itself, the spontaneous ebullition of the best feelings, is praiseworthy; and there is nothing too costly for the expression of the most valuable of all things in this world—disinterested love.

And so, among the heroes of the past, you must reckon these two—the nameless widow, and Mary of Bethany. What the poor widow did was to give about half a cent; but then, heroism is not measured by the square foot, nor by the pound. What the other woman did was to express, by an appropriate symbol, that which the proprieties of life forbade her to express in any other way—the depth and strength and intensity of her affection for Jesus.

These two personages stand registered in the memorials of the past. Their portraits are painted on the canvas of time. Their statues stand in this niche of the temple of God's Word, and will stand there for all the ages that are to come. And from these instances I propose, to-night, to speak on the subject of heroism.

I need not say, after this beginning, that heroism is not that alone which is most conspicuous; that it is not that which most attracts men's eyes. I need not say that there is

a great deal of unregistered heroism; that there is a great deal of heroism, which is not luminous to men's eyes because it is not performed in public, or because mankind are to such an extent yet physical that they require some outward exposition to impress them with any sense of heroism. These two women were heroes; and there is a large following of them which is unnoticed by the multitude. There are many heroes who are not known as such except by God.

What is heroism, then? It is the sacrifice of one's self to some moral sentiment. It is the sacrifice, the risk, the putting in peril, of the animal man. It is, if need be, the sacrifice of our lower life for the sake of evincing our faith in our higher life. There is no such thing as heroism which runs from good to bad. Heroism must always run from the lower toward the higher. It is some expression by man of the value which he puts upon action higher than ordinarily belongs to the activities of men. Therefore, it must be so marked as to impress men who behold it and recognize it with a sense of its elevation. All men can perform common duties; but when the duty is so high or so difficult that almost no one performs it, and some one appears who reaches out to it, and achieves it with some loss, or risk of loss, he is a hero. Any man is a hero who can do, and does do, what the million cannot do. Heroism is making appear in your life or conduct eminent traits—traits that range far higher than the ordinary level.

So, then, heroism in one age may not be heroism in another age. It is not absolute: it is relative to the public sentiment, to the state of development, and to the capacity of the man who performs the act, or undergoes the suffering.

In the earlier periods of the world heroes were largely they who pursued great physical ends, or achievements, for some higher reason than simply their own selfish gratification; and yet, there is a great difference between the heroic actions of those periods and the heroic actions of the present day. For example, Samson was a hero of the coarse mold. He belonged to the race which, in Greek mythology, had its Hercules, and in other mythologies had its giants, mostly cruel and despotic, but in some instances patriotic. Samson

was an instance of intense patriotism; although he was coarse, unmannerly, and anything but a type such as we should now set up for an exemplar. He was willing to put himself in peril, and to achieve results for the sake of his people, by the sacrifice of his own self; and at last he yielded up his life for their sake. And yet he was not so heroic as David was in a much milder way. In doing what he did, he was warlike and heroic; but David, returning from no victory, was a greater hero. Hated and hunted of Saul, he went to the camp of Saul, and took a spear, and a cruse of water from his head, sparing him; and then, going to a distant hill, he roused the king to the fact that his life had been in his hands, and that he had spared him. And when David hid in a cave, and Saul came and was in his power again, he cut a piece from his robe and let him go in safety, and afterwards sent it to him, again sparing his life. There was heroism in these things. Even in our moderation we may be heroic.

It is not, then, doing great things that constitutes heroism; it is not doing brilliant things: it is doing things which indicate an appreciation of a higher manhood. It is an impulse, a special trait, a manly act, which is not current in the time in which one lives. He who only does what others do cannot be a hero. The things which made another man a hero in some age that has gone by do not make you one in the present age; because you live upon a higher plane than he did. We are so educated and trained now that almost everybody does things which once made men heroic. In an age when, in Sparta, stealing was a virtue, not to steal was very heroic—and I do not know but it would be still in our cities, though not in country villages and places where temptations are less strong than in the Custom-House, in the Revenue service, and in places of public trust.

Heroism may be overt and conspicuous, or it may be hidden and obscure. I am glad to believe that it is far more abundant in its obscure and latent relations than in its open disclosures. All overt heroism, however, comes from a latent state which predisposes to it. No man will ever be made a hero on the side of benevolence who is continually training

himself to selfishness. Occasions for the exhibition of benevolence come and go; but the regnant disposition dominates. He who is mean will not be noble on occasion. He who is stingy will not be generous on occasion. He who is cowardly will not be courageous on occasion. There are men who upon occasion are brave even unto death, though they never manifested such bravery before, and never had an opportunity to manifest it; but it was in them. The occasion did not create it. If men are to be heroes when the time of emergency comes, they must be heroes before it comes. If a man goes out hunting, and brings down game right and left, his success is evidence that he has had experience in hunting. Occasions come quick and go quick, and he who would seize them must have that heroic impulse or tendency which only comes through living. It is not an accident, nor an inspiration from the gods. Where it is shown, it belongs to a man, and it merely flashes out upon occasion. Occasions, then, do not *make* heroes; they merely *develop* them.

If men who are living lives of self-indulgence, whose acts always point centerwise, who are forever attempting to help themselves, working after a very mean and narrow pattern of manhood—if such men suppose that under any conditions they could be heroic, they impose upon themselves. Men must first be heroic in silence, in darkness, in obscurity, and unpraised, if they would be heroic under other circumstances. Indeed, it is hard to be believed that men are heroic when they know they are to be praised for what they do. It is not the general who knows that the nation's plaudits await him, that he is to stand in the history of the world, and that all the perils which he passes through are to be chronicled—it is not he that is the more heroic: it is the poor soldier who is without a name, who knows that he shall probably fall in battle without a record, and who yet puts his life in peril for the sacred cause of his country; for one buys his praise, and can afford to run some risks that he may earn that celebrity which is sweet to him, while the other earns nothing external. The latter acts upon the higher principle, and shows a more heroic element than the former.

Men may be heroic in a bad cause as well as in a good

cause; for heroism does not measure itself altogether by external circumstances. If it did, there would be no heroes until the perfect period came when men acted from exactly right conceptions of moral character, and from the noblest examples of manhood. But we must take men in their imperfections, and measure them as creatures that are of necessity imperfect; and therefore their imperfections must not weigh against them. So, then, men may be all wrong, they may be seeking wrong ends, and still they may be acting heroically.

When, in the great struggle which we waged for liberty—for the universal cause of the working man—we were blindly and unconsciously asserting the rights of the working man of the world, and of all time, there was a sort of dim instinct, rather than of luminous intelligence of that fact, in England; and although the stoppage of cotton almost laid the English ports bare, and well-nigh stopped all their mills, and threw thousands and thousands of spinners out of work, they yet refused to give their countenance to those who favored slavery, and stood simply starving, and gave their sympathy to those who were for our Government, because it meant liberty to all men. Thus they stood through long years; and no efforts to persuade them, or intimidate them, or bribe them, or flatter them, or seduce them, could avail. And I say that there have been few more striking instances of heroism than that quiet, unboastful, and almost unregistered, patience with which, during our strife, the working men in England stood by us for the sake of the principle which we represented.

There are a great many men who are well-nigh starving for another principle; and according to the measure of their intelligence they are heroic; but they are working in a bad cause. "Strikes" are not wise. They are not the roads to victory. These men think they are, and therefore they inaugurate them. They believe in them as a way by which, in the long run, working men may be raised to ampler means, to more culture, and to greater power of manhood. Seeking that end they have mistaken the road; and they are seeking it, many of them, with great suffering. It is not an easy thing for a man to hear his children cry for bread. It is not an easy

thing for a man to see his raiment, and that of his dear ones, growing ragged, not knowing where to obtain a change. It is not an easy thing for a man to behold the summer coming and going away, and to be idle, when his household are dependent upon his hand for bread. And I quite admire the heroism of many and many a man whose ways are wrong, and who will certainly do harm and obstruct the elevation of those whom he means to help.

It is not by mechanical instrumentalities that labor can be elevated and made more respectable. This must be done by making it more intelligent, and by imbuing it with morality, with fidelity, with sagacity, with industry, and with thrift of the noblest kind. It is through the development of manhood, and not through external oppugnation, that the laboring classes are to rise to a proper position in society. Nevertheless, they think that the road which they are traveling is the right one, and they suffer in a way which shows that they are heroic. I think, oftentimes, that we see, amidst their many faults—their carelessness of morals, their waste of time, and their spendthrift habits—a willingness to suffer, and to suffer for others, which is heroic.

I do not know that there is on earth a more pitiable spectacle than that which we see in South Carolina to-day. She was the proudest State that there ever was in this nation. In many respects she was the richest, and the most politically influential. She inaugurated those ideas which first led to disaster, and then to the cleansing of the continent, under the guidance of a good Providence. I can hardly conceive of principles more at variance with what we now regard as true principles, than those which were taught in her academies and colleges and other institutions of learning. The people of that State were true to those principles by reason of their faith in them. To them they were true, though to us they were false. They risked everything that they had in life, and lost. They have sacrificed their political power. Their wealth has been swept from them. Before, their territory was as the Garden of Eden; but now, it is as desolate as the wilderness. They have seen their children laid in the grave. Household after household, by hundreds and thousands, that

used to feel no want, now almost beg for bread. And yet their poverty does not breed remorse, nor will they take back one particle of faith in the rectitude of their cause. They neither mourn over their loss, nor repine at their condition. They see their slaves exalted to be their masters, and they stand patiently taking the lot which is meted out to them. They bravely bear up under deprivation of everything that man holds dear. And I think that the times of excitement are so far gone that you will at least sympathize with me in the thought that though they were engaged in a bad cause, there was a heroism among them which we might well admire and profit from.

There may be heroism, then, in this mistaken world, where men have got into the wrong path. Men sometimes enact in evil ways deeds which are more heroic than acts which others perform in right channels. It is the degree of self-denial, of forgetfulness of one's own interest, of contempt of outward and lower things in reaching after something regarded as nobler and better, which one exhibits—it is that which makes heroism.

It would not be right nor politic for me now, perhaps, when the public indignation is against the Indian, to say that there is heroism in him; but there is. Not that there is not meanness, truculent cruelty, animal revenge, almost every vice that degrades men, and that buries the soul under the shadow of darkness itself, in his nature; nevertheless, there are some Indians who rise superior to the average of their fellows, and who really love their nation, and are standing for what they regard to be noble, and in a way that shows that they are heroes, though darkly, and in a narrow limit. Let us not wholly despise them. I am one of those who are always happy to find in the bad something better than men expect. I cannot bear to see human life go out without a spark. Therefore, it touched me when I was told, by some who escaped, that in such tremendous trouble as that which was experienced in the San Francisco steamship, when she went down, there went down on her a multitude of courtesans, and that in the hour of their last distress, they were brave, and calm, and disinterested, helping each other, and helping

others. It brought tears to my eyes to think that when, after living in such terrible degradation as they had, they came at last to the end of life, they might round up their guilty circle with one heroic hour, and die bravely and disinterestedly.

It is for the interest of virtue, and it is for the interest of manhood, that we should recognize all instances of heroism as fast as they come to the surface; I will not say reward them; for you never can reward a man for a heroic act. The attempt to do that would spoil it. Disinterestedness is never exhibited for a prize. If you pay for it, you bring it to an end. But you may admire it; and it is always fair to break the alabaster box of pure and precious ointment on the heads of those who are admirable. That does not hurt anybody but the spectators who do not get it. It is not best that we should undertake to repay heroism; but we ought to honor it.

There were a multitude of heroes that appeared upon the scene when the steamer *Atlantic* went upon the rock. One name stands out conspicuous (and I am not sorry that he belonged to my own profession)—the name of the Rev. Mr. Ancient, who, under circumstances that would daunt and that did daunt professional seamen, on a raging sea, when storm was in the air, so that there was apparently no prospect of withstanding the violence of the ocean, went out in a boat undaunted, and unclasped a man who was bound to the rigging, and brought him in. That was heroic. The man was no relation of his; and how easy it would have been for him to have said, "Alas! that the providence of God should make it impossible that I should follow the dictates of my heart! The sea forbids, and the storm forbids." But no; his heart was stronger than sea or storm; and he said, "What is my life worth? it is good for nothing but such things as this."

That man was divinely ordained. Before any man's hands were placed on him, God had placed his hand on him. And his ordination was justified in that way. And so his name stands upon the roll of honor.

Would you have done what he did? Where are our heroes? You admire his conduct; and you will, perhaps,

years hence, looking into the fire as the coals and embers die out, rehearse to your children or others the story of this event; but where is the deed in which you will act the part of a heroic deliverer? What are you doing now? Are you delivering anybody? Are you sacrificing yourselves for anybody? Are you living so as to make your life serve anybody? Are you refusing ease or comfort in order that others may have it? There is some stormy sea or other on which he who would venture may venture. If you would be heroic, there are chances enough for you to show your heroism.

It is proposed to raise a purse to send to Mr. Ancient. I have no objection to that; I presume a pastor settled on that coast is not oppressed with his revenue; and yet, I should be sorry to have him think that this was the only reward that we have for him. His name we will teach to our children. It will be inscribed in our literature. As Mary, who broke the alabaster box on the head of Jesus, has been heard of wherever this gospel is preached, and will be to the end of time, so, all uncalculating and all unexpecting, he did, in an hour of storm and peril, an act which has made him dear to the race of mankind. How sudden! How easy! And yet, how few know how to do the thing, because so few know how to forget self, and mount up into that noble manhood in which is all self-denial and cross-bearing, even to the laying down of life.

Another one, nearer to our door, should be mentioned. I know not his name, but it will be known; I mean the heroic engineer of that ill-fated train which was wrecked near Stonington. The bridge was swept away, and the train leaped down the black chasm at night. He, standing upon the engine as it dashed forward with all speed, unquestionably saw, by the headlight, before he got to the place, that the bridge was gone. And yet, he did not seek to save himself; for in the morning he was found upon the engine, with one hand upon the lever, and the other on the brake. He saw the danger; but instead of leaping from the train, he stood at his post, and rushed into the arms of death, attempting to save the charge which had been committed to

him. He was a hero, though he did not know it. He did not perform that deed of heroism for the sake of having men say that it was heroic, but because he felt that it was his duty—because he remembered those who were on the train behind him. So he died; but being dead he lives. Such men should not be forgotten.

But we ought not to commit the mistake of supposing that only these disclosed instances are heroic. I believe that that there is no great shop, or great manufactory, in which there are not many men who are acting heroic parts. I often think that it is the obscure heroes that we should take the most pains to recognize. In many and many a house where there is great prosperity and abundance, where there is refinement and intelligence, where there is comfort and good citizenship, and where there is piety, there are heroes; but they are not always in the parlor. Heroes there are good; but there are many servants in the kitchen who are heroic, and who are spending all that they can earn for the sake of others. Their slender wages are laid up. They deny themselves the comfort of dress, and a thousand other comforts; and through years and years they send back their wages to their old fathers and mothers in Ireland, or in Germany. There is many a girl who has wrought for ten years to bring, one by one, all her brothers and sisters from the land of penury to the land of plenty, living patiently, and often with much misunderstanding and much blame. Go to the banks, go to the offices where exchange is bought and sold, and trace the stream of benefaction which goes from the hands of the hard-working poor. There is a track across the sea which all waves and storms cannot wipe out, which God's eye follows, and along which the poor take their pittance, their two pence, their farthing, their mite, as it were, and send it across the sea.

We do something for the poor and suffering in winter. Some men on the Heights pay down a hundred dollars to the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor—some fifty dollars, some twenty-five, some ten—men whose income is anywhere from five to fifty thousand dollars; and when they have done that they think they have done their

duty; but God, who looks on, says, "Their hundreds of dollars are nothing. They give of their abundance. They never feel what they give. It is a mere pinch from the loaf, doled out to those who are below them." But there are those in the lower spheres of life who give all their living. *The last shall be first, and the first last.*

It was a good thing for Mr. Ancient to risk his life for a few hours; but there are heroes greater than he, who risk their lives for days, and weeks, and months, and years. Among the generals and soldiers of the Crimean war were many heroes; but Florence Nightingale, who devoted herself to the relief of the sick and wounded in hospitals, showed greater heroism than they. There is many a woman who is not placed in household relations, who has heroically foresworn her own advancement, and who has dedicated her life to some sister. There is many a man who says, "It is not for me to seek my own pleasure. My widowed mother must not want bread; and though I should earn nothing with which to set myself up in life, neither she nor her children shall know diminution or want as long as I live." And so, though naturally he would have chosen his mate, and gone into housekeeping, as circumstances are such that both cannot be done, he stands in virginal heroism all his life long. I have known men who worked hard in Wall street, on whom busy tongues whet themselves sharp, and who, peradventure were shark-like in many things, but whose only motive was to bless those to whom their hearts clung. It was love, after all, that was at the bottom of their action, and that inspired them.

There are many who go into hospitals. There are many who dedicate themselves to the services of humanity among the poor. There are many who deprive themselves of comforts day and night for the good of those who are around about them. And they exhibit a heroism that is worthy of admiration and imitation. I tell you, it is this obscure heroism, from day to day, from month to month, from year to year! that Jesus looks upon, saying, "You never sigh that others may not sigh, and remain unrecognized. You never suffer to save somebody else from suffering, that God does not know it. You

never put in peril anything that is dear to you for the sake of blessing others, that you are not in the sight of God enrolled among the heroic. He that will find his life shall lose it. He that is willing to lose his life for the sake of some truth, some duty, some benevolence, shall find it with an everlasting finding."

So, then, do not think that conspicuity is necessary to heroism. Only now and then is a gold vein found and brought to light; but the mountains are full of gold veins. Only now and then is a pearl found and worn; but there are myriads of pearls hidden in oysters beneath the waters of the sea. And there are many heroes obscured by coverings as homely as the oyster; and when God makes up his jewels, not one of them shall be left out. Do not say, "Nobody will know it, if I am heroic." Yes, Somebody will know it whose touch is immortality, whose love is better than the ownership of the round world, and who has in reserve for you a life higher than that of the body, nobler than that of the flesh.

Be more disinterested, then, than society requires you to be. Be more virtuous than the laws require you to be. Do not be afraid to spend yourself. Do not hesitate to risk yourself. Do not shrink from treading on principle. It will carry you, as a bridge, over the deepest and darkest chasm that exists. Trust truth, and purity, and integrity, and benevolence. Give yourself to them. Throw yourself impetuously, enthusiastically, into them. And do not wait to see if anybody sees you. Do not care what anybody says. Be unconscious, so far as men are concerned; for you may be sure that he who registered the act of the poor widow in the temple, and who registered the example of Mary of Bethany, and held them up to everlasting remembrance, will see and remember every good deed that you perform, and will reward you in the other life with a remuneration transcending all thought of pleasure or profit on earth.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We rejoice, our Father, in the faith of immortality. We look upon life, and are glad of the joys which it possesses. And yet, when it is fullest of joy, how much of sorrow is there in it! How, as we grow in years and in knowledge, are we made to feel the sinfulness and the suffering of men! How poor is the race in virtue, in intelligence, in all culture! How are men degraded as the very beasts of the field! or, how are they, as the beasts, warring, and rending each other! How are they full of imperfection, and all manner of violent transgression! The whole earth doth groan and sigh. Even where the light of thy truth hath shined, how imperfect is the illumination! Even where thou hast named thy name, and called thine own people, and gathered them into households of faith, how little is there yet of God in men, and how little of peace, and how little of disinterested love! Indeed, the fine gold is dim.

Now, we thank thee that this is not the end. We rejoice that the measure of excellence attained in this life is not the limit of growth in things divine. We rejoice that we shall come to something higher. We rejoice that yet one day we shall drop these bodies, with all their manifold temptations. We rejoice that all those things which in this world seduce and distress and oppress men shall be done away. We rejoice that there remaineth a rest for the people of God. We rejoice that we shall see thee face to face; that we shall know as we are known; that we shall be changed into thy glorious image; that we shall be satisfied when we see thee, and are like thee; that we shall be filled with gladness; that sorrow and sighing shall flee away; that there shall be no more pain; that God shall wipe away all tears from every eye; and that as a father comforteth his children, so thou wilt comfort us. We look unto thee for that which is present to so many who have been with us, and are dear to us. Shall we forever carry the sacred fire of love, shall we forever keep the spark of love alive, who are full of pride and selfishness and weakness, running to forgetfulness of all that is great and good? shall love dominate even in memory with us? and shalt thou, who art infinitely higher and better than we, forget?

We rejoice in the blessed thought that our father and our mother love us yet, though they are in heaven. We rejoice that our departed children love us still. We rejoice that thou, O blessed Saviour, unseen by us, dost see us, and that though we are unlovely, thou dost love us with everlasting generosity and disinterestedness. And by this drawing of heavenly love, we desire to walk the straight and narrow path; to ascend the difficult places which are appointed for everyone; to dismiss fear, to become valiant.

Grant, we pray thee, that we may be so intoned by the hope of the heavenly life, that we may live so near to the encouragements of it, that we shall be able to take enough out of it to uphold us in the present stress of life; that we may not only walk as seeing him who is invisible, but walk the realm invisible where he dwells.

We pray that thou wilt be gracious unto all. Especially remember those who, conscious of their want and weakness and wickedness,

cast themselves wholly upon thy mercy and care. Thou wilt not betray the confidence that any put in thee. Thou wilt not wait before thou receivest us. Afar off our Father shall see us, and run unto us. We rejoice in the overture, in the forerunning of thy love. We rejoice that all our help is of thy divine help, which, being derived from above, is better for us than that which comes from our own strength. Even so, lead us by the faith of thy love; by the consciousness of thy presence; by the nearness of heaven; by the memory of all who have gone before us from our side; by the confidence of all the good and noble on earth that have gone in ages past, and that are going.

Grant that we may be patient and steadfast, constant in duty, looking evermore for the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour, who shall crown his suffering ones; who shall give everlasting help to them that are bowed down with sickness; who shall give eternal strength to them that are broken by weakness.

Now, Lord, we pray that thy blessing may rest especially upon those who are waiting upon thee in this assembly. Enter into every heart. May every one know thy presence, and feel thy sacred breath upon them. Oh, to be loved of God! To dwell in an atmosphere of conscious divine love, whether it be winter or summer! To know the peace that passeth all understanding! Grant this to every one. And then, what more need we ask? For what are houses and lands to those who have mansions above? What are present joys, which must needs be taken away, compared with those eternal joys which await us? And what are earthly friendships and affiliations compared with those everlasting loves which those have who abide with thee?

Give thyself, then. Draw near to every one. Enter into every heart, speak peaceably to every one. Comfort all with the word of thy salvation. May none shut thee out. Whilst thou standest knocking, may every one open the door. May all hail and rejoice in the presence of a Deliverer. Be thou the Deliverer of every one from sin, from care, from suffering, from remorse, and from all trouble.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt glorify thy name in this thy people—in the thoughts of those that shall be brought from darkness into light, and from bondage to liberty.

Let thy kingdom come everywhere. O Lord, teach men to have compassion, even as thou art compassionate. Teach men to spare mankind. May all oppression, and all robberies, and all cruelties, and all selfishness, and all grinding ambitions, and all perverse and evil things, pass away. May the night cease. May the morning begin to come over the mountains. Rise, thou Sun of Righteousness, with healing in thy beams, and fill all the nations of the earth with gladness at thy approach.

And to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, shall be praises, everlasting. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we beseech of thee that thou wilt bless the word of truth. Inspire those who are beginning life with heroic ideals. Let them not seek themselves. Let them not build up around about themselves, and be hidden by that which they build, and die in the midst of it. We pray that more and more men may make their lives useful to others. As seeds are borne by winds and planted in distant places, so may men's lives go out everywhere, and be planted. We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to those who peril themselves, who sacrifice their interests, who give their lives outright, who consecrate their genius, for the sake of others. May we think less and less of silver, and gold, and precious stones; less and less of house, and table, and wardrobe, and equipage; less and less of praise, and of what the world thinks or says. May we think more of thee; more of thy thought. Oh! what bounty there is in thy smile when thou art smiling because we do well! What rapture there will be in thy words when thou shalt say to us, "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter into the joy of thy Lord!" Then we will give the praise of our salvation to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, evermore. *Amen*

THE NEW TESTAMENT THEORY OF EVOLUTION.

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure."—1 John iii. 2, 3.

There is the most striking contrast between the spirit of modern scientific thought in regard to man, and the spirit of the New Testament; and nowhere is this found more than in the views which are taken of the nature of man. Science tends almost entirely, just now, to think of man as he was. The New Testament thinks of him as he is to be. The spirit of the one and that of the other are not necessarily antagonistic. These two ways of looking backward and forward may be only complements of each other; but at present one is seeking very diligently the origin, and the other has descried the destiny, of man. The one is looking for man's physical genesis, and the other has pointed out his spiritual regenesis. The one looks at the planting of the seed: the other follows, with the same eye, the flower and the consummate fruit which that seed is to bring forth.

There are, therefore, heard two voices crying aloud. One says, "Man is of the dust;" and the other says, "Man is immortal." One declares, "Man is derived from the animal;" the other says, "Man is the son of God." One says, "We came from beneath, by long ascension, to our present place;" the other says, "We ascend; and it doth not yet appear to what heights of glory."

SUNDAY MORNING, October 5, 1873. LESSON: Col. i. 1-22. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 199, 725, 497.

Though these are not necessarily in conflict, they are made to be so, unwisely and unskillfully.

It is of great use, certainly, to know of man's origin: and a true philosophy will undoubtedly clear many abstractions from the way of men's thoughts; but it is transcendently more important to know one's destiny. It is well to know what man came from: it is far better to know what he is going to. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be"; but *now*, even, we know that "we are the sons of God." What the amplitude of the meaning of that is we cannot tell, the apostle says; and if the apostle could not discern the scenes that lay beyond the vail, certainly we shall not be able to do so.

The fundamental and universal fact derived from observation and experience is the physical and animal condition of the race, as a primary one. There are two theories: one, that man fell from a much higher estate to this low and rude one; and another that man came from a low and rude beginning, and has been working toward a higher condition. Either theory comes to the same thing, as to the matter of treatment. The first man may have fallen. His posterity could not very well fall, for they began at the bottom. They were there. And any change, as men are born into life, must be a change upward.

But this matters little. The New Testament does not look back. It but glances in that direction. There are only the merest hints—hints on the way to something else.

The New Testament has two sights, as we should say speaking of firearms; the present is the hind-sight, and the fore-sight is the future. It assumes things as they are, and then goes on to things as they are to be. The whole spirit of the New Testament is a spirit of going forward. It holds the present to be important only in the light of the future. It assumes, as from history and from philosophy, that man comprehensively *is* low and erring and sinful. Now, it is worse than folly to undertake to say whether this means total depravity, whether it means Adamic depravity, or whether it means depravity at all. The fact remains that men are universally so low and so sinful that they need divine interposition; that they need some other unfolding

than that which comes by the forces of ordinary nature; that they need divine succor and divine help to lift themselves up out of this low, sordid, animal condition, into that state in which they can call themselves, with any considerable degree of spiritual consciousness of the fact, sons of God.

That man is susceptible of gradual change, and, in the divine providence, of an unfolding which we call civilization, and of which centuries are the term, all know, and all admit; but can that unfolding be accelerated? Can it be in part induced by man himself? Is there in nature a new development-theory of the spirit? That is the present question. That is precisely the ground which the New Testament takes. It does not ignore, it certainly does not argue against, the gradual unfolding which takes place by the visible process of nature; but it does declare that there is introduced into this economy a new disclosure by which, under the influence of the divine Spirit, whatever is low in man may be lifted up; by which whatever is dull and of the flesh may be spiritualized; by which whatever could not come together except through long ages of development (if it came together at all, which is a matter of more than doubt) may come speedily together.

There is a doctrine, in other words, of a new birth in Christ Jesus. By the power of the Holy Ghost men are transformed, inspired, and brought into a state in which it is not mockery when they are called sons of God. So that it is the avowed opening of this new kingdom of influences, it is the direct inspiration of the human soul by divine contact, that constitutes the peculiar operative element of the New Testament.

We are not to suppose that this is revealed as absolutely new truth; for one might conceive of sporadic cases as occurring before there was any known impulse of this divine influence exerted upon the human consciousness. The two-leafed gates seem to have been thrown wide open before there was this knowledge, or where it was but in twilight. The Sun of righteousness arose in Christ Jesus: and this truth of the juncture of God's nature with man; this truth of such an inspiration by the Spirit of God that men are lifted high when it has its action upon them—this is a transcendent revelation of the

New Testament, so far as man is concerned. The human race was joined to the Lord Jesus Christ by his incarnation. Not that he was thought to be so worthy that as a reward God gave him the race, as it used to be said; but our relationships to God as those of children to a father were so disclosed through him, through his life, through his suffering, through his death, as to become potential upon the race forevermore.

The truth that the holy spirit of God, acting upon the human soul, develops it in all those qualities which are farthest from the animal and nearest to God is that one truth of the New Testament which inspires the most activity, the most rational hope, and the most practical development of Christian efficiency. For while we do not undervalue those causative influences which take hold upon the individual, and at large upon society; while we behold, as it were, secondary influences at work, through the family state, through the community generally, and through all industrial avocations; while we feel that the providence of God includes all the social framework; while we regard man's interest in man, in some sense as a means of grace, yet the central and distinctive principle of the New Testament is that over and above it is the down-thrusting power of God, and that that power, acting in the human soul, kindles the imagination, fires the reason, creates a moral enthusiasm, and gives to the latent or undeveloped resources in man power by which he becomes a son of God in disclosure, as he was before potential in his undeveloped condition. We are not to exclude secondary and natural influences; but there is, over and above these, as their consummation, a distinctive power, a direct approach of the soul to God as a Being present and consciously near to us.

This is the true doctrine of the New Testament. It is a doctrine which cannot be tested by weights, by measures, by the alembic, by scales; nor will it be destroyed by remote analogies. It is a fact of consciousness; and facts of consciousness are as much facts as any other facts of nature—as facts of turnips, of potatoes, of pumpkins, or of onions. Men seem to think that that is nature which is farthest from God—that

trees are nature, that soil is nature, that electricity is nature, and that attraction of gravitation is nature; but that imagination, reason, inspiration, and moral consciousness, which are the highest reach to which creative force has carried the race—that these belong to nature, men do not believe. These are not, they say, "scientific."

Now, I aver that nature, beginning with the clod, ends with man—no, not with man: it goes higher than that; for man, as ordinarily contemplated, is the physical body composed of bone, blood, muscle, and nerves; but the man that God is looking upon is a son of God, nascent, increscent, evermore developing. And I aver that the upper forms of nature are more nature than the lower forms, if so I may speak. That is to say, the reality of the invisible connected with man is a more stubborn and philosophical and rational reality than the reality of man in the body, and connected with the terraqueous globe.

Science is doing its good work outside of the Bible, in detailing anthropology as it is seen and heard with external eyes and ears; while revelation discloses anthropology as it is seen with the inside eyes, and revealed to the spiritual understanding. By-and-by, when the centuries have rolled clear over, that side which is now opposite the sun, and groping in the dark, will be turned round, and man will recognize this higher disclosure of human nature, its approaches to the divine Spirit, and its dependence thereupon.

The fruits of the Spirit are very beautiful, even as we now contemplate them—though I think we have seldom seen any ripe ones. You will find in Galatians that familiar passage—familiar to anybody who has heard me preach for the last three or four years, at any rate—which contains the inventory of the fruits of the spirit—"love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." These, however, are only specimens. As one goes into a garden and brings out a bouquet, and yet does not pretend to take everything that is in the garden, but only enough to represent what is there; so these fruits of the spirit do nothing more than suggest the multitude of those that exist. For what do we know of love? You will say, "If there is anything of which

we have a knowledge it is love. We who were born in Christian households; we whose earliest remembrance is of looking into the face of father and mother; we whose features take unconsciously the lineaments of our parents; we who saw their watchings; we who saw how much they gave up for our sake; we who saw how sweet was their approbation, and how reluctant was their censure; we who saw their life, which was woven of the silver and golden threads of affection—we know about love. Then, we have seen the rapture of the young lover. We have seen how love triumphed over death itself. The noblest gems which history wears are those which love has disclosed; and if we know about anything, we know about love." And yet we know nothing about it. We know as much about love as a child knows about a diamond that it has seen in the rough, but that it has never seen ground, with its facets flashing light in every direction. We know as much of love as men know of gold who have seen it in the quartz, and discerned the difference between it and the quartz, but who have not seen it in its pure state. We have never seen love in such a sense that it dominated everything, in one man, in a single household, in a whole neighborhood of households, in an entire town or city, everywhere regnant, so that the human mind threw out all the radiant glories of disinterested and true affection; so that justice took on the garments of love; so that truth clothed itself in love; so that all forms of suffering were enshrined in love; so that everything wore its colors, and was true to its allegiance. We have here and there seen it as golden particles in sand; but we have seldom seen it as nuggets of gold; we have never seen it in its amplitude, as one complete golden orb, governing all things, and harmonizing all things.

But if it be so with love, which is, perhaps, next to hate, the strongest feeling in the world; if it be true that we know so little of love, which is so strong and triumphant, how much do we know of joy? A good deal of a kind of rough, bouncing, boyhood joy; but how much of joy as a garment which one wears, shining like silver, ruddy and radiant as gold? Who knows what joy is, as an abiding state of mind, such

that it is by day and by night in him uttering itself in all sweetness and all melody? Men see joy flash; they see it sparkle; they know what it is as an intermittent, limited experience; but who knows it in its sweet majesty and power?

Shall he who has only heard a half-tuned instrument played say that he knows what is the glory and power of music? and shall he who has only seen a moral quality in a discordant heart, in a half-tuned human soul, say that he knows what it is? I think thus of Christian graces. I have seen graces that were like music on a clarionet, with a learner at the other end of it; I have seen graces that were like music on a violin out of which were drawn notes that Paganini would never recognize; I have seen all manner of Christian graces produced on one-stringed instruments and two-stringed instruments, but they were in a discordant, untuned, undisciplined state, so that they conveyed no conception of the glory and power of the reality of this quality of joy.

Now take on the other hand the idea of various culture, drilled, disciplined, infinitely fruitful—Love, coupled, as it would be, of course, with joy, radiant, as on some bright June morning the sun itself is, which, while shining in amplitude through the heaven, is also sparkling in every single dew-drop on a million blades of grass, and on thrice ten million leaves, every one carrying its little sun—like God's nature, bountiful in universality, yet special in each individual experience; who has known of joy in any such way as that? If there be any here who have known such joy, let them speak. But in all the world there never was one such—nay, not even the perfect Man; for it was "for the joy that was set *before* him" that he "endured the cross, despising the shame."

If it be so of love and joy, how much more is it so of peace! The ignominiousness of our conception of peace is shown in this—that it is supposed to be merely *absence of suffering*. Sleep is supposed to be peace-bearing. Then annihilation is peace; for sleep is, substantially, annihilation. What do men, after all, know of that higher moral state, of that consummate condition of the soul, which consists in the harmonization, the equalization of every faculty, each one keyed to wholesome excitement—to that

point or pitch where it is not affected by mundane influences? The consciousness of living in a higher ether; the consciousness of God's presence; the consciousness of being lifted above fear and envy and jealousy; the consciousness of the full activity of all the feelings, and yet, of their being so harmonized together that the soul is carried up into perfect tranquility, there never being so much of one's self as when he is in that higher altitude—who knows of these things? We see glimpses of them in enthusiasts, in saints whose lives are written; we read of men who had this deep peace; and we smile and think that what they thought were experiences must have been dreams. No, they were realities. Subtle, ethereal, hard to touch, difficult to analyze, and well nigh impossible to believe in, were they: but many of the most substantial realities of the world are the very highest experiences which men have.

"Long-suffering." There is a great deal of suffering, but very little *long*-suffering. "Gentleness." There is a great deal of weakness in the world; but that is not gentleness. Soft touches, when a man cannot touch in any other way than softly, are not gentleness. Gentleness is power, intensity, vigor. Power made soft by the sweetness of love is gentleness. "Goodness, faith, meekness, temperance"—how little does any one know in respect to these!

Now, if this is fact, we see why it is that none of us know our sonship to God in this world. Our relationship and likeness to him are to be disclosed in those elements which here are in their seed-form, or in the form of grafts loosely joined to the stock. We have not yet come to such a state of amplitude that we recognize ourselves in our higher nature, in the power of it, in its range, in its height, in its depth, in its length, in its breadth, in the fruitfulness of its continuing and familiar experiences. It doth not yet appear what we shall be as sons of God, when we rise to our higher moods, and come into possession of the great possibilities of the human mind.

Here we have the Christian conception of manhood. Christianity does not concern itself with the origin of things. Leaving that to those who look simply with the eye of physical

consciousness, it takes man as he is, declaring that he has within him powers by which he may be lifted above time and secular things—powers of reason, irradiated, stimulated, and inspired of God, which lift him into the sphere of that new and higher life in which he is a son of God. In a general and loose sense, he is a son of God always; but there are elements of his being, such that when he is brought into the divine relationship he is by the spirit of God lifted into a full and blessed consciousness of his moral status. When one has once come to that high consciousness, he has gained a victory over the world, not in the sense that there are no further liabilities or imperfections, not in the sense that hereafter everything is to be completely rounded out, but in a yet higher sense. He has a new view of life and of destiny, a new idea of ambition, a new sphere of activity. He has overcome the world, in that he is no longer of it, though he is in it; and he feels that his treasure, that everything which belongs to him, is higher than the tides of time, or than the atmosphere of the world. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be" when all these intimations and buddings and beginnings come forth in the heavenly land.

I brought with me, when I came from the White Mountains, a week ago, specimens of what is going on in nature there—sprigs containing brilliant leaves of the scarlet maple. I also brought down golden leaves, and mottled leaves, and bronzed leaves, in colors so intense that a painter's palette would blush with shame for its own incompetency. I took them out, and laid them down, and said, "Here are specimens of what I have brought you from the mountains." But would anybody get from these leaves any conception of the vast ranges of the magnificence of the side-hill; of the miles and miles of continued forest; and of the fields and valleys and blushing shrubs, with their gradations and variations of color? Any specification of them which I could make would be utterly inadequate. You cannot look upon the scene as it really exists and realize it. You are overwhelmed by the sight. It surpasses all ordinary experience. In its presence, one seems almost to evaporate and float in the atmosphere of its glorious beauty. And when I bring this handful of leaves

and show them to another, how absurd it is for him to say, "Now I have some idea of what you used to mean when you talked about the Mountains." Poor creature! you have no idea of it.

Our English friends have seen autumnal colors; "O yes," they say, "we have seen them;" but when they have once seen a color-fall in America, when God has drenched the earth in colors such that it seems almost as though they must have come from above, how imperfect do they find their conceptions to have been! Who that ever in autumn went from New York to Albany along the Hudson, and saw on both sides the glory-sheeted magnificence of color which is presented all the way up, could describe the scene?

In short, when nature is teaching us a lesson that we never learn; when nature is emblazoning symbols of religious things that we never take the hint from; when nature comes to die, and displays all her banners, and goes trooping out in the majesty of most glorious aspects—then is she grand beyond the conception of the human soul. No man, be he poet; no man, be he artist; no man, be he ever so learned or skillful or inspired, can describe even matter in color; but if the inward soul, if all the wilderness within man which has been made to bud and blossom as the rose by the Sun of Righteousness; if all the summer of grace as it is brought out in the human being, carried up and made radiant as God and angels see it, with all his self-denial, all his boundless capacity, all his love and meekness and gentleness, in their lights and shades, of every kind—if these, when looked upon and descried by our dull eye, seem to us nothing; if when men look at the descriptions which one gives of these things they say, "You must have a vivid imagination to conceive them," then I say, in the language of Scripture, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." If all the images that belong to kingdoms, and all the images that art can furnish, and all the images that can be drawn from household and pastoral life, and all the images that belong to triumphant experiences—if these, in the day of the making of the revelation of Scripture, were inadequate to set forth the future of

redeemed man, what must be the transcendent development upon which we are entering!

Whatever you may think of the development-theory behind, let me tell you that the development-theory before is worthy of a moment's attention. Transcendently glorious is the outcome, no matter where the income was.

In view of the points which have been faintly suggested by our discourse thus far; in view of this opening of the apostle's thought as to the grandeur of our sonship, which is not yet disclosed, on the way to the majesty and beauty and glory of becoming kings and priests unto God, but which the apostle descries something of, I remark that dying and death ought to assume an entirely different place in our imagination from what they have done in the minds of a great majority of Christians. I do not mean when we come to die; for ninety-nine men in a hundred are not conscious when they come to die. That is not the time for reasoning. Men are changing then. They are letting go. Occasionally there are vivid realizations, but they are rare. Our habitual contemplation of death should be changed from that dark and gloomy aspect to which we have been so largely bred, and our thought of those who have gone out from us through the portals of the grave should be divested of that sadness and melancholy which envelope them. I know it is said that nature will have its way, and that it is not possible to break off readily the associations, the friendships and the affections of life, and not have the soul suffer; and I would not have souls fail to suffer; but I would not have an unhealing wound created by death. I would not have death thought of in such a way that the sufferer should look into the grave for what is not there.

When the disciples went down to the tomb of Christ, what did they see? Him whom they sought as he lay dead? Or, raised by the power of God, did he sit there in the fullness of restored youth and vigor? No. They saw the linen garments and some napkins rolled together and put in one place. And they saw angels whose voices they heard saying, "We know whom ye seek: he is not here."

When mothers go down to look for their children in

Greenwood; when companions go, in some lonesome hours in which the world goes hard with them, and sit in memory upon the tomb of those who have been so much to them, I would to God that they could look up, and not down. Their dear ones are not in the grave. My children—why, they have never ceased twinkling like stars down upon me from the heaven above; and though for other reasons I have often been where they are buried, I have never made one purposed visit to their dust. I never shall go to the napkins and the garments which Christ wore after his resurrection, but to Christ himself; and I shall not look for my children in the dust to which their bodies have gone again. My children—so bright, so full of all promise, so full of sweetness, so full of everything that the heart craved—they rest with God, and my thoughts follow them through the air, and not through the ground. If you are sons of God, never look in the earth for your departed companions. Whatever may be the truth of their origin, let them come gradually, steadily up to manhood through other forms, if you please: but when they have once reached manhood's estate, never go back again to their lower conditions seeking for them. You and yours, dying, rise.

Do you ever notice the dandelion when it first comes up in the spring, and is nothing but a mat of little, flat and homely leaves lying snugly on the ground? A few days of summer sun will bring out the plaited bud, nippled in the soil. In a few days more it will lift itself higher, and open its golden circle. It is now born: and so are our children born to us. Wait yet a few days, and that blossom is shut up. Its beauty is gone. Wait a few days again, and out it comes once more. But now it is an airy globe, white as pearl, and exquisite in form as no compass could score it. An ethereal globe it is. The wind could blow it away. And such are our children. They have gone from us, beautiful to the last. Through all ages they shall live, and bud and blossom. They have been wafted away to the celestial sphere, where they are singing, and shall sing forever and forever. Sons of God are your children, and they are with God.

Whatever may have been our origin, this view of our destiny ought to inspire in us a sense of personal worth. It was

the function of pride to do this. But pride has become cold, and haughty, and full of conceits. Its ordinary operations are to separate men from their fellows, or to lift them above their fellows, or to clothe some with sovereignty. But now, if we are of the household of faith; if we trace our relationship, through moral experience and through moral quality, to the Lord Jesus Christ, our Elder Brother, and if through him we are the children of God, and can say, in sincerity and in truth, "Our Father," then no man lives who may not in that line develop a sense of personal worth that will be of incalculable value to him. The want of suitable pride is one of the curses of men. The race suffers for the want of that sense of character, that sense of dignity, which alone can hold men back from things little and low, and keep them always in the line of things worthy, and which is inspired by a sense of our relationship to God.

This view ought also to be a remedy for that sense of loneliness which falls upon persons who are thrown out of life, or who have never had any rich social relationships. Thousands and tens of thousands of people in society are consciously alone. Now and then a nature unlike those about it is born into a household, and never speaks its inward thoughts, and never declares its innermost feelings. Sometimes persons have by changes been thrown out of society among strangers, or among friends who were no more to them than strangers, and they have had a sense of loneliness. Our Master himself felt it. He said that he was alone; and then, correcting himself, he said that the Father was with him. Our sense of relationship to God, our sense of its reality and glory, is the legitimate correction of that sense of loneliness which men so often feel.

This view ought likewise to overcome that sense of waste and uselessness which is a source of unhappiness to men. There is something sad in the feeling that one has nothing to do. There is something sad in being thrown out of one's regular occupation. Many a man dreads sickness because it will make him a burden upon others. Many a man dreads being thrown out of his trade or profession, or out of that position in society in which he has thriven and been a blessing

to others. Men feel that they are not good for anything any longer under such circumstances. This is especially apt to be the case when persons contemplate old age before they are old. When people get old, they do not usually feel so; but as they are drawing near to old age, and they perceive the signs and tokens of it, they dread the idea of being old. They dread the thought of being useless or laid aside.

"They also serve who only stand and wait," John Milton said; but there is something better than that. They are of as much worth whom God is holding in reserve, as those who at the front of battle do the actual fighting. If we are the children of God, and our destiny is influenced, and our affairs are ordered, by a divine providence, then we are not useless, though just now we may not be actively employed.

On unrolling some of the old Egyptian mummies (and the Egyptians were not so handsome, I think, that they needed to take so much pains to transmit their beauty through generation after generation), you will find wheat three thousand years old. The Greek empire has risen and gone; the Roman empire has risen, and its dust has been blown away, and civilization has developed since the careful attendants rolled up that wheat; it has lain three thousand years doing nothing but keeping unconscious company with hideous mummies; and yet, when taken out and planted in a field, it goes to work, and comes right up, and develops a stem, and brings forth fruit, as though it had not taken a wink of sleep. And if wheat will keep as long as that, I am sure that men will. Though they are for years and years wrapped up, as it were, and kept from the soil and from usefulness, yet when God unrolls them, the seed will come out, and its germ will grow again.

Look larger. Do not think of life as in the compass of a pint or a gill. Measure existence on a broad scale. How infinite the space! how enormous the duration! how transcendent the capacity which belongs to the human soul! We are sons of God begun; and once being inoculated, once being under the divine favor and power, once having tasted the emancipation of God, it matters little whether we wait a week, a month, a year, or ten years. We are going to our home.

and are sure to reach it; and then we shall know as we are known, and shall be satisfied because we shall be like God.

In the convulsions and the scatterings that are taking place in the world; in the business distresses, the bankruptcies, the sudden revolutions which are occurring, the glory, the chiefest treasure, of man, cannot be touched. It is true that a man's relations to his fellows are much rent: it is true that there is a great deal of suffering and sensibility that should be guarded and respected, in these changes which are going on in the conditions of men; but what is the use of being a Christian if you have nothing better than anybody else? What is the use of being rich if you have no money? What is the use of having a million garments if you are not allowed to take one of them out and wear it? What is the use of being a horseman if you cannot use a steed? What is the use of being a hunter if you never draw a rifle?

Here is God's armory and wardrobe; everything that men need is there; and why should not Christians equip themselves for the duties of life, and guard themselves against its evils? Searching after treasures is good, but it should be with higher motives, and with a higher consciousness. Other men's treasures take to themselves wings, and fly away; but a Christian man's treasures ought to have wings of faith so that they shall fly heavenward perpetually. Your treasure should be "where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." And if, when you break down, if, when all that you have been accumulating for twenty years goes to the winds, if, when the earthquake shakes the city, you go shivering and saying, "I am ruined," you might as well have had no Christ to die for you. If, when the dirt falls from you, that ruins you; if, when your garments fall off, you find that there has been nothing to you but soil, or clothes, or money, then the more you are ruined the better it is for the world. Are you ruined—you that Christ thought of in Gethsemane—you around about whom angel bands have been hovering ever since you were born—you whose name is written in the Lamb's Book of Life—you who are waited for and longed for in heaven—you for whom there is laid up palm, and crown, and scepter?

Ah! the loss of things in this world is oftentimes great gain. Have you noticed that frequently, in the abundance of the leaves of summer, both the landscape and the mansion are hidden? Though it is a sad time, and we do not like to see the leaves turn sere; though we dread the coming of the frosts, yet behold, when, in the morning after the frost, every tree is bare, and not a leaf is left, as we look there appears a house that we have not seen all summer. The leaves hid it; but now that the leaves are gone, it rises to our view. And the landscape—the mountains and the distant river—which has so long been obscured, is revealed to us. What a wonderful vision is opened when the leaves fall!

Many and many a man whose prosperity has been like thick foliage before his eyes, could not see his Father's house, had no view of the heavenly Jerusalem nor of the beautiful landscape beyond; but when adversity came and stripped him bare, and people said, "He is gone! he is gone!" he was richer than he ever had been before.

In these thoughts of a Christian manhood, in these aspirations after a higher life, mens hould find their greatest comfort. The truth of God present with us; the certainty that he cares for us, and will not forsake us; the belief that if he is for us no man can be against us; the doctrine that physical and material things are transient—these are the foundation on which a man should build his trust. In the consciousness of these things he walks on the sea at night as Christ walked on the sea at night, and rules the storm as Christ ruled the storm.

Christian brethren, let us take hold of these pillars of our hope. You are the sons of God. It doth not yet appear what you shall be; but when He shall appear you shall be like him. Having these hopes, purify yourselves, and live more by faith, and less by sight; more by the power of God, and less by the power of the world; more by long-suffering, and love, and all those holy conceptions which shall call you from the thrall of the flesh into the emancipation of the spirit, and crown you with eternal rejoicing.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We come boldly to thee, our Father, not because thou hast commanded it, but because our experience hath made it impossible for us to come except as children to a parent. When we look toward thee there are no clouds. We behold no dark ground where thou sittest with overwhelming terrors. We think of thee as thou hast taught us to do when we say, Our Father, which art in heaven. Behind thee is supernal glory, and with thee is all beauty of love and graciousness. We rejoice that we are more and more learning what is the power of love. We rejoice that it carries with it such force. We rejoice that it hath in it such sharpness. We rejoice that it impels so unerringly the justice of God; and that those things on which the world doth ascend, and by which men shall be lifted above their lower conditions, are not unthought of by thee. Everywhere it is thy love that is vindicating truth against error; it is thy love that is marking the broad distinction which exist between good and evil; it is thy love that makes suffering, and that makes joy; and in thy hand are all the powers which are known to us, and doubtless powers which are unknown to us, and are transcendent.

We beseech of thee that we may not be as stones on which fall the rain and the dew of summer, and the winds and storms of winter, and which are still rounded stones without thought or fruit or beauty. We beseech of thee that we may not be as the low creeping grass which is simply food for the cattle that browse it. May we rather be as the vines that evermore grow, striving to ascend toward the sun, and throwing out branches, that they may bring forth fruit. Thou art the vine: may we be thy branches. Grant that we may seek thee evermore, and seem to ourselves to be most near to thee when we bear the fruits that are like thine—the fruits of the spirit.

May thy blessing rest upon every one of us, in those mortal struggles which we are called to wage, and which have come upon us in our selfishness. See how often we are whelmed therein, and swept by its currents, long before we know that we are floating far out to sea. Behold our strife with pride, with vanity, with envies, with jealousies, with all the evil passions; and have compassion upon us. Smite us, that we may not be permitted to sit down and be content with these things. Love us by pain. Love us by such sharp dealing that we shall be aroused out of that which is low and animal, and be brought, though it be by labor-pain and outcry, into that which is truly spiritual and divine. And yet, have compassion upon our weakness. Remember that we are but dust, and pity us, even as a father pitieth his children, so that we may not be destroyed by thy dealings with us; so that thy sharpest providences, to the uttermost work of the Spirit, shall be to the soul as is the fire to the gold which cleanses it, and brings it forth, none lost, but all set free, utterly, from that which is base.

We give to those whom we love the best things; and dost not thou, O thou greater and better Lover, desire to give to us the best things—joys unspeakable and full of glory; peace which passeth all understanding; that manifestation of thyself which the world can-

not perceive? Grant to all thy servants a summer which shall break forth in their souls, so that every one of them may be bringing forth whatsoever is sweet and pleasant to thee, O blessed Father of the summer.

We pray that thou wilt forgive whatever has been amiss in us. We pray that thou wilt help us to repent of everything that we have done which was wrong. And we remember that there are things that go below the horizon which thou forgettest, and which we do not know. We ask, therefore, for the pardon of all our known sins, and for the pardon of all the sins of which we are unconscious. And we beseech of thee that we may be held more and more every day upon that highway, cast up, upon which the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their head. Give us this victory. Give us to walk among men who weep without crying. Give us to walk among men that stoop, borne up by the power of Christ. By the side of men who are cast down, may we be able to stand, not by our own strength, but by the strength of the Lord Jesus which is in us. Raise us above the struggle; and as in the day of battle sometimes the thunder ceases and the voice of music is lifted on the wind, so, in the midst of our varied warfare may there come to our ears such heavenly music as shall give us joy and gladness before the victory, as a token of our triumph. For we shall not be overcome. We shall not be cast away.

Lord Jesus, we have come to thee. Thou knowest that, and our souls know it. We have taken thee to be ours, and have given all that is in us to be thine. But we know our aberration; we know that we often go back again to the world and its evils; but never with satisfaction or profit. And we rejoice in our souls that thou hast laid the hand of possession upon us, and that none shall take us out of thine hand; and that thou wilt yet, through tears, through strifes, through sufferings, through sorrows, through hope, through courage, through love, through joy, through divine inspiration, through every dealing of thy providence, give us the victory; and we pray that we may have the consciousness of it, and seem to ourselves as the Sons of God, though we be far from our Father's kingdom. May we walk as they who have no other heritage.

And we beseech of thee, our Father, that thou wilt help us to these things, not that we may have the enjoying of them, but that they may make us bright, so that we shall reflect light upon others; and make us warm, that others may be warm in our presence. We pray that we may discern thee in order that we may be able to bring down a picture of thee to those who have not faith to discern thee for themselves. Thus make us ministers of Jesus Christ, supplying the great want of the human soul.

Grant thy blessing to rest upon every household. If some are darkened; if the voice of sorrow sounds in any, wilt thou, O Lord, be present there. May all who are pierced know of thy wounded side. May they discern Him who comes bearing the best gifts. Bring near to thy children, the world to come, that their sorrows may not seem so great nor so strange. May they forget those things which are disagreeable in this state, because they behold the grandeur of the realities of the state toward which they are going. Strengthen all

those who are perplexed by the burden of their business. Give consolation to those who are bowed down with sorrow. And we pray that thou wilt grant that all thy servants may be able to take the disciplines of their daily life as tokens that God is dealing with them. May they find themselves superior, on every side, to the earth on which they tread, and to its affairs which bewilder them.

We beseech of thee, O Lord, that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon all the strangers who are in our midst. May they cease to feel that they are strangers. May the spirit of the love of Christ unite them to us and us to them, so that there shall be but one brotherhood here. May they find among us a home in Jesus Christ. In prayers and sweet songs of Israel, in faith, and hope and aspiration, may we all be so united, to-day, that they shall not seem to be strangers in a strange land. Sanctify and bless all their desires. And carry, as thou dost love to do, the mercies which they ask for their dear ones whom they have left behind, to their household, wherever it may be. When we love our children or friends, nothing pleases us so much as to have done for them the things which are for their good; and to-day wilt thou please thy servants by doing the things which they wish to have done, especially for those who are near and dear to them. Wilt thou give them tokens and intimations of gracious answers to their prayers in behalf of those for whom they are praying. Some are praying for wandering children; some for children who have stumbled and fallen; some for absent ones; some for such as are not with them in the innermost life, though they are outwardly united to them. And we beseech of thee that the desires of all these, though they be mute and unuttered desires, far within the soul, which they know not how to breathe to men nor even to speak unto God, may not go unanswered. Listen to them, we beseech of thee, in thy great mercy.

We pray that thy blessing may rest upon all thy churches. May this day be a day of great power among thy people. We pray that thou wilt give light where there is twilight, and that thou wilt purge away the darkness where there is error. Unite thy people more and more in things in which they agree.

Be pleased, O Lord, to remember that assemblage of thy people which is gathered from across the sea,* and from every part of the earth, to hold counsel together. We pray that their thoughts may not be so sharp that again thou shalt be crowned with thorns. May their thoughts of love twine for thee that crown which thou shalt wear in victory at last. May they strive to please thee by that unity which thou didst promise to bring to pass in all the earth.

O thou that dost hide thyself, how thou dost also hide thine hand! We cannot understand thee. Why doth the earth wait so long? Why do the myriad generations that march in, march out again? Why is there such darkness and ignorance? Thou knowest; and yet one day we shall know, but not now; and we hide our eyes from the sight. The whole creation yet groans and travails in pain. Lord, our thought is in that which we behold. We lift ourselves above sight, and in faith believe in thee, and in thy government, and in thy uni-

* Referring to the meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New York.

verse, yet disenthralled and triumphant, and in thy great and glorious future. May none of us fail to be found among those that love thee, and have labored in thy cause. For to have done the least thing will, in the future, seem to us more than now to have founded empires. And may all of us be remembered, who are doing anything for Christ, though it be but giving a cup of cold water to a little child, whether with partial knowledge or in darkness, even as blindly as the roots in spring seek to go toward the light, finding their way through the soil; and may we meet together in that land where we shall see no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face, where we shall know thee as thou art, and where we shall be like thee.

And to thy name shall be the praise forever and forever, Father, Son and Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Bless us, our Father, in our attempt to unfold such truth as may give us an impulse in the right way. May there be some bread for every hungry mouth, and some water for every thirsty lip. May thy truth multiply itself, and spring up, and bring forth fruit an hundred fold in every heart. Help us to sing again to thy praise. Enable us to sing more and more. And as the world grows dim, and strength declines, may our songs become more frequent. May we sing all the way to the border of the river; and may our voice come back from the other side to those who stand and weep for us, that they may know that we are singing still in an everlasting song. And to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, shall be the praise. *Amen.*

THE ATONING GOD.

"Seeing then that we have a great high-priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God, let us hold fast our profession. For we have not a high-priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv. 14–16.

Whatever else may be said, there can be no question that to those to whom this word came, the reigning God was presented in aspects the most tender and the most encouraging, by reason of his intimate relationships with human experience and human history. It is the method of the Bible to present the divine nature to men through symbols. God is never seen as he is; and those symbols are such as will impart the most accurate or the nearest impressions of truth to those to whom they are immediately given. In speaking to the Jew, there could be no symbol or representative character that would convey more knowledge on the side of divine sympathy and mercifulness than that of their high-priest; and so to them Jesus is called a high-priest. And it is declared that we are to come to him in every time of need, because he is joined to us by an actual personal knowledge obtained from his own experience.

Now, I wish to come to this thought of our text, as found in the epistle to the Hebrews, through a different representation, made by a different writer. We know not who was the author of the epistle to the Hebrews; but it is, I think, transparently certain that it was not Paul. In writing

SUNDAY MORNING, October 12, 1873. LESSON: Isaiah liv. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 130, 296, 364.

to the Corinthian Church, Paul uses this language, in the 2d chapter of the 1st epistle:

"I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

That is, not even him, in any other relation than that of the crucified Jesus.

"I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God."

We shall get back again from this passage to the other one in due time. The apostle here was not unfolding the history of his procedure among the Corinthians. He was not unfolding the topics which he had discussed, or which he meant to discuss among them. We have the record showing that he did talk about many other subjects besides that of Jesus Christ; and those who cite this passage as showing that the pulpit must not preach upon any other topic but that are mistaken. But Paul says that ingenuity and the blandishments of rhetoric were not employed to give to this truth excellency of speech. In regard to whatever in speech is attractive, persuasive, witching, artful, beauteous, the apostle declares that he did not resort to it. He says, "I did not attempt to win you by æsthetic persuasion; nor did I attempt to enter upon the domain of your beliefs, by the power of an all-compelling logic or philosophy."

There were schools multitudinous, and men were drifted off into sects in those days by cosmogonies, by philosophies, which undertook to develop the theory of human life in respect to the present and the time to come; and the apostle said, "I did not imitate them, and undertake to give you a theory of the world and all the universe. I did not by wisdom attempt, as it were, to ensnare you, and lead you captive by logical bonds; but I determined that if I had success with you it should be through such an opening of the divine nature that the power manifested should be not so much from me as from your conception of that divine nature which

should be able to disclose to you. I determined that your faith should not stand in man, so that anybody could say, 'Yes, it is Paul; and as quick as he is gone away, and they do not hear his voice any more, they will fall back: they are mere Paulites.' I determined that men should not say, 'He caught them because he was an ingenious reasoner; he ensnared them with his arguments and subtle sophistries.' I proposed to open before you such a conception of the divine nature as should make that divine nature act through your faith and belief so as to be forever after operative in you. I proposed to give you access to God; to give you confidence in him; to give you boldness, in other words, to come at every time of need to the throne of grace. This is what I meant to do: not to preach myself; not to preach human ingenuities; but to develop such a divine character as should make every man want to believe, and especially every man that was in trouble."

What, then, was that special view which he meant to develop?

"I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him *crucified*."

There was every reason in the world why a cautious, diplomatic teacher, seeking to revolutionize an old system, and to introduce a new one, should avoid that particular point in the history of Jesus Christ when writing to a Jewish audience, as in part he was; for never was there an idea so contradictory to the notion of the people of that time as that the Messiah was one who should be taken captive by a handful of men, and scourged and stripped of all power, and laid away helpless as a slave, and made to suffer an ignominious death. It was the absolute obliteration of everything that they had thought respecting the delivering Messiah. And it would seem a monstrous blunder in the apostle to bring this forward in a Jewish audidience. Still less, if possible, would it seem apposite to a Greek or cultivated audience, because it sets forth Jesus Christ as the divine emblem and significant representation of God, and yet shows him as broken, as scourged, and as crucified. And to this hour, human nature, uninstructed, revolts at the consideration of a divine nature that is bent

before the power of men, and is made subservient to all their passions, and is overthrown. The standing argument to-day against the divinity of Christ is, "Do you suppose God could die? Do you suppose God could suffer such indignities—the infinite, the all-powerful, the transcendently pure and unchangeable? Do you suppose that a being whose nature it is to be everlastingly happy could be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief?" All those crystalline notions of divinity which the Greek mind had excogitated were put to shame by the conception of a God who could suffer, or could submit himself to the coercing hands of men that he might be made to suffer. There was every reason, therefore, both in respect to the Jews and in respect to the Greeks, why a different line should be followed.

In the thought of Paul, Christ made manifest a view of God which had never before been so clearly brought out, which had been seen, if at all, only in twilight, and in which was set forth the supreme power of the family government of God in the world. Paul declared, in preaching Christ and him crucified, that God was one who was capable, through sympathy, of suffering for his creatures. He brought near—I might almost say he brought into—the household the long-exiled Father, and united the human race in Jesus Christ to its lineal and lawful Head, and so revolutionized, from the very foundation, the theological conceptions of God, of the divine government, of the human race, of its relations to God, and of its destiny. You cannot maintain the two systems—the old Greek monarchical conception of an absolute God, crystalline, pure, lifted up above all needs and infirmities, and demanding exact obedience, or punishing disobedience; and the Christian conception of a Father whose is the whole human race, with its great burdens of sin and ignorance and mistakes and aspirations and yearnings and longings, which have no meaning in the heart of a Deity such as the Greeks believed in. You cannot reconcile these opposing theories. Paul, having felt the more true and divine conception of God as an infinitely sensitive Being who had always felt for every single living creature in the race, coupling himself to mankind so that they should be trained

up along their stumbling way by the invisible and unconscious drawings of his great paternal heart—Paul, having once gained this idea, could not extinguish it. Once receiving this light, it was to him transcendent over every other; and he said, "I determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ as the epitome and incarnation of God, and I determined not to know him simply in his syllabic teaching among men, sweet, serene, and beautiful: I determined to know him as set forth by the supreme and emblematic act of dying for those whom he loved, and those that hated him. In this aspect, disclosing the nature of God, I determined to know Jesus. And I determined to preach that view among you, so that they should not say that it was the man; that it was the voice of cunning, or the glitter of magnificence; so that they should say that it was something that had risen out from the bosom of divinity: so that your faith should stand in that grand view of God which represented him as a suffering parent."

Such is the aspect of the divine nature which the apostle determined to present; and it was the disclosure of a great partnership of God with the human race, like that of a father with his family. It implies no such suffering of Christ as comes to man in his animal nature. It implies no such suffering as comes from ignorance or from corruption. We should ascribe to God that which would shock your sensibilities if we represented him as undergoing any such suffering as that which comes from the lower nature of man. There is a vulgar suffering, and there is royal suffering. That suffering which comes from the baffled and disappointed and unlawful endeavors of men to compass wrong ends by wrong measures; that suffering which falls out by reason of our stumbling against law, unseen or unknown, is a low form of suffering; but there is a much higher form. We have analogies and exemplifications of it in human life itself. It is the indispensable condition of nobility. There was never a hero in this world, there was never anybody that the human race conceived of as royal, who had not suffered for others; who had not given himself in some sense for his fellow-men. The heroes, for the most part, that have been known, the men

who have been erected into demigods or deities, were, all of them, in spite of their faults, beings who had had the heart and the greatness to suffer for their country and for their kind. We cannot imagine a true nobility that is self-contained; that is able to ward off all suffering; that never does suffer; that never will suffer; that can live in the midst of human life and all its unfoldings and environments and contrive to maintain itself inviolate from suffering. It is inconsistent with our fundamental notions of true manhood, that a being should go through this life in the conditions in which men live, and be able to shield himself entirely from suffering, and wrap himself in a serenity of perpetual joy. We may say, "That is a beautiful conception;" but there is nothing in it that wins the admiration and reverence of men.

Coming down from the higher levels of heroism, we cannot conceive of a friendship which does not carry in it the willingness to suffer one for another. Friendship is a partnership in sorrow and sympathy. There is no friendship which has not in it the willingness, not only to prevent, but to take, rather than inflict, suffering. You cannot conceive anything that is beautiful in the parental relation except through the medium of suffering. For although without suffering the father and mother may be faithful, after all, it is their labor, it is their care-taking, it is their saving their children by, in some sense, the bearing of things which would come upon those children, it is using their strength to lift up weakness, it is their using experience to ward off the mischiefs of inexperience, it is making their hearts large enough, divine enough, to suffer for their children—it is these things that make the mother what she is in the reverence of every affectionate child, and that make the father venerable as he is in the memory of every true son.

Now, when men say, "It is a desecration of the divine idea to say that God is competent to suffer," it is true if that which is meant is suffering from the animal nature. No such feeling is to be attributed to the divine nature. But if I say to myself, "God is a being who never suffers through pity, or sympathy, or benevolence, or love," I take away from the divine character those elements which

would lift up human nature and make it admirable in our sight; I take out of the divine nature those very qualities which draw men together; I destroy in the divine nature those very attributes for which the human heart, everywhere and always, longs and yearns.

Transferring to God material elements; physicalizing the heavens; representing the divine Being as sitting upon a throne of crystal, and as having a pavement of glass under his feet; surrounding him with every quality of external magnificence which an Oriental imagination can conceive—this makes God a poem; but it is a poem to which no wounded heart, no transfixed soul, would ever draw near. When men are in trouble they do not go to the house of revelry. When men are needy they do not seek out those who enjoy mere external prosperity in the highest degrees. Men who are broken in heart seek those whose hearts have been broken. Men who are in trouble seek those who have been in trouble. Men go to those who are reputed and believed to be in sympathy with their wants. And if there is to be a divine nature disclosed, away with the barbaric idea of universal power! That does not make a God such as the wants of men require. You may make a being the wisest and the most universal in the out-reaching of his governing forces; but that does not make the God which the universe needs, and without which it collapses into despair. It is not till you go from the hand to the heart that men begin to find the medicine for inexperience and ignorance. What the world wants is a God that can feel for those who are out of the way, and have compassion upon them because he knows what they are. He remembers their frame, that they are dust. As a father pities his children, so the Lord pities them. Such a Lord, so pitying, is an object of universal desire and universal attraction.

Hence the æsthetic conception of divinity, the philosophy, whether ancient or modern, that lifts God above suffering and sorrow, even if it teach that he sent his Son into the world to die for it, does not reveal a being that draws men powerfully.

Ah! if when Jesus came into the world, God stayed at home to enjoy himself, he is very little to me. Would there

be any benefit in such a God? Oh, yes; some. If I were sick, poor, suffering from need, and there should be some near relative of mine—my father's brother, my mother's sister, or some one else—who should receive intelligence of my distress, and should send me a pound of tea by an errand boy, that would be something. If such an one should say to his child, "Go down, and convey for me my sympathy and some succor to yonder suffering one," that also would be something. But there is nothing like going one's self. No person can take the place of a friend. There is in trouble and in sorrow no salve and no balm like that of personal affection and personal sympathy.

Now, if Jesus Christ came into the world to tell me that God for a time intermitted the great seal of absolute government, and permitted him to be sorry for the world, and to die for it, that is something; but it is not that glorious something which I think he brought to light—namely, the fact that he was divine himself, and that, coming into life to suffer, he came to make known to men that the willingness to suffer for them was the divine nature,—his and his Father's. It does not seem to me that he invented and got up some plan with which he came into this world, and by which he meant to save as many as he could. He came to make known to the human race, in tones that will vibrate to the last centuries of time, the central truth that God is supreme and sovereign, not because he is perfect, and not because he is lifted above care and trouble, but because he has in him a heart and soul that feels for sin, for infirmities, for sorrows, for mistakes; for all that goes to wreck and ruin. Such was the divine nature, brought to us in a language which we can understand, through the incarnation of the divine Spirit in Jesus Christ, and revealing to us, not something gotten up as an episode, not something interjected upon the course of time, but that God was the eternal Father of ages, and that he was a Being whose sympathies were vital, universal, exquisite, and full of stimulating, rescuing power. And for the ages and ages yet to come, the eternal sovereign is to be named Father; and he earns and deserves the title, by having transcendently and infinitely more compassion and

sympathy and suffering power for those who are in peril than any earthly parent has.

"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good gifts to them that ask him."

It is the infinitude of Fatherhood in God, and the connection that there is between father and children, which always implies sympathy, and willingness to suffer and give one's self rather than that trouble and mischief should come upon those that are as dear as children. The whole great race of mankind on the earth, and all their dark passages, and all their thundering cries, have been going on under the eye and beneath the heart of a Father, who has a wise purpose which he will fulfil in his time, and reveal in the days that are yet to come.

So the service of Christ, as our tender high-priest, was to bring home to mankind the actual sympathy of God with all the sorrows, struggles, aspirations, mistakes, sins and punishments of mankind. This, I think, ought to set aside the very insufficient and unskillful notion that prevailed (and it is not strange that it should have prevailed), in days past—namely, that in bearing the sins of the world, men have supposed that there was a literal bearing of every sin which every single man committed; or that there was a literal bearing of the scoffs of men. It was thought that Christ had heaped upon him the sum total of every sensibility that ever had throbbed as a penalty for sin, or ever should throb, thus turning the gulf-stream of all human suffering to set in on him, and making him, in one hour, or in a single period of time, bear every one of men's actual sufferings in his heart.

Now, how unnecessary is this! How it turns a figure into a scientific dogmatic statement! God suffered for the whole world, and suffered for every creature; and if by his mighty power, by his moral influence, by his transforming potency, he is leading men out of sin, he is doing in the heavenly sphere what parents do on earth. The mother suffers, in some respects, more than the child does; it is proper to say that a mother has borne her child's sufferings and cares

for twenty years; but does anybody believe that every thought or feeling of pain which that child has experienced has been experienced by the mother? Is it meant that there has been an absolute transfer of the moral quality of the penalty for every transgression, of every item of suffering, from one to another? This transgresses the law of the human mind. It is mechanical, it is physical, it is false. Instead of that, we have revealed the more glorious sense of God in his sympathy, united to the whole human family by his love, by his patience, by his kindness, by his self-denial, by his activities, serving not himself, but the household of ages. And what need there is of such a God! What other view of God can you have when you look at the actual condition of men through time?

If there is going on a sublimer process than it has entered into the heart of man to conceive; if the method of creation is greater than any conception that we have; and if God sits sovereign as the Father, the Lover, and the long-patient Waiter of the universe, by his own thought and by his own long-suffering kindness carrying men onward and upward, then how sublime a being is God! how transcendent is his function! how is he lifted up above the small and niggling notions of moral government derived from the impressions of human government!

Without this view, it seems to me the conditions of the human race are not reconcilable with any conception of God which men can worship. I certainly admit that it is impossible for me to worship a God such as has hitherto been taught. I think the world has been cheated. I think the priest has been transferred from the old cruel service of pagan Rome to the mediæval ecclesiastical service, and that a cloud has been thrown between God as a Father and mankind. I think that whatever is tender and merciful has been usurped by the external and the visible. Pity and mercy have been in the church and in the world in the hands of a priesthood who have used it partly for good, but more for the maintenance of their outward authority and reign. And God has been robbed of his attributes. Some parts have been taken from him and given to the Virgin Mary; but God himself is

as full of compassion and tenderness as the wildest poems have made the Virgin's heart to be. Other parts have been given to the pontiff; but God has in him every gracious quality that belongs to the true pontiff. He has in himself all that the human soul needs. Man, brought into life as he has been, struggling with ignorance, oppressed by passions, thrown into a society that has little regulation, tempted, biased, warped far more than he has power to resist, finds in God everything that is needful to him. In God there is a nature that is not delegated to any virgin nor to any priesthood, which he will retain forever, and which embraces all those elements of patience and loving-kindness which are necessary for the development of the world and the salvation of the race.

Therefore, the substitution of parental sovereignty for barbaric and despotic sovereignty, carries with it a balm of hope, and a regenerating, recuperating and cleansing power, which cannot be derived from anything else.

I say, I am determined to know nothing else but the sovereign majesty and the suffering power of love. In other words, I am determined to know nothing but the capacity of this love to suffer for men. We need sympathy. We die without it. Jesus Christ is to me the emblem of God. He came to teach me by his suffering, not that God, is a mere conservator of law, but that the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, one God, are filled with patience and mercy and loving-kindness and forbearance and atonement.

Do you ask me if I believe in the atonement of Christ? I believe in the atonement of God. I believe that there is no other atonement but that everlasting nature of God which spares the weak, which pardons the guilty, which draws men out of themselves, which is long-suffering, but which says, "There shall forever be a difference between truth and lies, between right and wrong;" which says, "Forever and forever selfishness shall be painful, and benevolence shall be blessed; and I will maintain that which is high and noble, and will bring the race up to it by stripes, by chastisements, by tears, by suffering, by long trial; and I will bear and forbear with them, never forgetting that I am striving for the glorious en

franchisement of the animal into manhood, and for the elevation of manhood into the sonship of God; and I will see that men shall not be contented and untroubled in wrong ways. I will smite and punish; but the smiting and the punishing will be for the sake of making my love manifest. Whom I love I chasten, and I scourge every son that I receive."

Such is the divine moral government. Such is the sovereignty of God's paternity and Fatherhood.

This view does not destroy the right and wrong of sin and holiness. As I have shown, they stand as facts under organic systems of the laws of the world. There is no need of teaching men that there is wrong, and that it carries penalty. The whole creation has been groaning and travailing in pain until now. The necessity of law and obedience has been evident for incalculable generations. Men need no testimony that sin is sinful, that it is dangerous, and that they must in some way live above it. What was needed was the revelation of the divine paternal sympathy, of the love of God, brooding upon men, and helping them out of that which is evil and into that which is good.

Modern theology goes on preaching and turning end for end the doctrine of sin and repentance. It teaches that when men have repented God will be lenient; but that is not where we need to have the emphasis put. When we are born, we are born in sin. "In sin my mother conceived me," is the experience of every human creature. We are born blind. We are born without holiness. We are born without arithmetic, without oratory, without poetry, without skill. We are born without anything. I was born with nothing. I did not have the making of myself. I was not consulted as to what I would like to be. I have been unfolding under laws the nature of which and the range of which I did not understand. I have been driven hither and thither, and have suffered much, and shall suffer unto the end. And that which I want, is the medication of hope, and the confidence that all this wilderness which men go through is the training ground on which they are to develop and rise higher and higher. What I want to know is, that though invisible, the great Power which in the center sits to control all things

is a Father, and not a despot. If it be Father, then I rejoice in afflictions and in infirmities. I am made strong out of weakness, and confident out of despair, and glad out of tribulations. If God be a sovereign who has shown what his nature is in that he bowed his head in Jesus Christ, and who suffered rather than that I should suffer, I will find my way to him, even though it be through myriads of ages.

Even the poor mute root in the cellar, that lies all winter long—the turnip, or the potato—dead, yet knows when April and May come, and knows that there is a sun outside, and begins to sprout, and finds its way, growing in the dark with long, long vines; and if there be a slit or a crack, it will work toward the light; and shall not I, that am no root nor vegetable, no matter through what winters, find my way toward the great Center of warmth and light? If there is summer in heaven I will find it. Though I be plunged into the depths of hell, I long for such a God as is manifest by Jesus Christ; and I will find him. I shall see him for myself, and not another for me. I shall be like him yet, though it may be myriads of ages hence.

It is this hope and this certainty that give power in spite of darkness, and doubt, and skepticism—the hope that we are soaring toward the great Center of the universe, that is love, and shall not fail to find it.

This view of the character of God—not of Christ on earth, but of the eternal Father whom he represented to us—lies at the root of that sympathy, that humanity, which the Gospel sets forth. We are taught that he who would be first must be servant of all; that he must be willing to subordinate his nature for the good of others. A man who will lay down his life for his brother is noble; but the man is still nobler who will keep his life and all the time, purposely, patiently, and with long-suffering, use it for his brother—for the unappreciative, for the unrequiting, for the uncleanly. The man who has such a sense of benevolence that he can perpetually lift up by his sympathy and kindness those who do not thank him and repay him, and who are not apparently benefited by his service to them—that is the man who has in him the spirit that was in Jesus Christ, who died

not for those that had loved him and longed for his coming, and who came not to open prison-doors to those that reached out imploring hands, saying "Rescue! rescue!"

God showed his love in that he died for us while yet we were his enemies. He showed his love for us in that he suffered for our sake at every step of unfolding in this life while we were at such a distance from true, disinterested requital and gratitude—from everything like the divine disposition. God is obliged to bear us as sick babes are borne in the arms of nurses, through all the years of our lives. And when at last we come to the heavenly gate, we are none of us to enter into the land of the blest because we shall say, "Behold, I am accordant, symmetric, perfected!" None of us are to go into the heavenly land by reason of the many good deeds that we have performed. Every one of us, entering in, will say, "I am come borne by the motherhood and fatherhood of God, who has taken pity on me in my distress; and I am what I am by the wondrous love and care of God. Open, ye gates, that I may see Him who loved me, and died for me. Open, ye long ranks between me and my God, that I may behold that love and salvation which has by its virtue and power never let men alone, but has drawn them upward and outward, as the sun draws flowers from the soil. I shall not enter heaven by reason of what I have achieved. I shall open no gates as the conqueror of a besieged city, to take possession of that which is mine. I shall not, either, go to heaven as a pauper or beggar, but with my head lifted up, and with my heart full of gladness, and with my soul vibrating with joy. I shall go as one redeemed by the love of Christ, by the love of God the Father, and by the ministration of the Holy Spirit: I shall go as an infinite beneficiary. I shall go to the Source of all bounty and sweetness and happiness, and lay down my crown, saying, "Not unto me, not unto me, but unto thy name, be all the glory and the power, forever and forever."

This is my Gospel—the tidings of a God who is, out of his own patience and suffering, working the salvation of the universe. *Yea, and amen!*

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We lift up our thoughts to thee, our Father, not as they do who stand in thy presence; for we see through a glass darkly, and they face to face. To them are no more such mysteries as bewilder us. They behold, backward looking, that which they have been, and that from which they have been delivered. The higher understand the lower things; while the lower cannot reach to those that are higher. We look for the retreating forms of those who are gone from us, and wonder if they remember us. We wonder if they are the same, or if, by the translation of death, they are so changed that we are out of sympathy with them, and they with us. We wonder at their occupations. We marvel in regard to a thousand things. Out-reaching thoughts concerning them are shot forth by affection. We yearn for them. But there comes to us no answer from them—no touch, no help; but often darkness and heart-ache, and trouble, thick and deep. Thou art the Light of the world: why are thy children in darkness? Thou art the soul's Bread: why do we hunger? Thou art the Captain of our salvation: why are we struggling in the wilderness, unled? Thou art the Saviour, the Redeemer: why are we thralled? Thou didst come to open the prison door, and to break the chain, and to set the captive free; and yet, behold the moaning of captives, and hear the sounds of chains everywhere.

O Lord our God, we look away from the reality of experience to what we believe—to that which is revealed to us by faith; and we cheer ourselves, we hardly know how, to bear our lot, aspiring vaguely, yearning strongly, and yet without definite apprehension. But all this thou knowest; for thou hast been tempted in all points like as we are, without sin, though we are tempted with much sin; and we believe this, that whatever may be reserved in the future, thou art our Elder Brother, our Forerunner, our Mediator, our Intercessor, our loving Friend, our sustaining Power; and nothing shall overthrow the hope and the trust which we put in thee. Neither height, nor depth, nor things present, nor things to come, nor the fear of conscience, nor remorse, nor sorrow, shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. All the way we are ignorant of; but of this we have abiding trust, and in it we have the utmost faith that when we shall see thee as thou art, everything that is good in us will spring toward thee; that all that is strong in us will seem to have been borrowed of thee. We shall know why we are called sons of God. We shall feel thy presence breathing life and balm into all our nature. We shall be held back from trouble. We shall be lifted up above every infirmity. We shall stand in immutable manhood. We shall be under the influence of a higher manhood than we have ever yet known upon earth. We shall rejoice with a joy unspeakable and full of glory—and that forever and forever.

In this hope we desire to purify ourselves, to walk patiently, and to discharge, as best we may, and according to the measure of our knowledge and our strength, all the duties that are incumbent upon us, having this rest of soul, that whatever we lack Jesus hath it: that wherever we are weak thou art strong; and that thou wilt lift

us up with infinite helpfulness, and wilt bear us from strength to strength, every one of us, until we shall stand in Zion and before God.

For the greatness of this faith we render thee humble thanks this morning; and we pray that Jesus Christ may be made unto us to-day more of wisdom and more of righteousness. May he be made to us all that we need. And as in him we live and move and have our being, so may we feel that his strength is ours, that his goodness is ours, and that we shall walk unconquered and unconquerable through Him who loved us and gave himself for us.

We pray that thy blessing may rest this morning, in a special sense, upon all these who are gathered together, according to their need. May all those who mourn because thou hast stricken them sore, have borne in upon them a sense of God's great mercy in the midst of afflictions; and may they realize, as never before, that which thou art saying to every tried and troubled soul: For the present it is not joyous but grievous; but afterwards, my children, it shall work peaceable fruit of righteousness. And we pray that everywhere this suffering may lead hearts to God in a sweet confiding faith. While they cannot see, may they be able to say, Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to all those who are drawn toward thee in importunate petition. Remember, we beseech of thee, those with whom is sickness, and who long for the recovery of their beloved, and appeal to thee in prayer without ceasing. We pray that thou wilt be with all those who are, with sore and troubled hearts, praying to-day for those who are not sick of body but sick of soul. Draw near to all those who are vehemently tried by their various tanglements and relationships in life. Hear them; and may they have boldness to draw near to thee. Thou that hast been able by reason of thine own troubles to succor those who are in trouble; thou that hast pity upon those who are out of the way, we pray that thou wilt draw near to all those who are in the consciousness of their dereliction or weakness and fallibleness, scarcely daring to cry unto thee, or who have courage to address thee with only a feeble faith, saying, I believe: help thou mine unbelief.

And we pray that thou wilt draw near to all those on whose souls rest clouds; who wander about unknowing, and yet longing to know; who drift as upon a sea in the darkness of an unstarred night. O Lord our God, thou that art the Comforter of ages, forth from the infinite recesses of the mercy and pity of God, canst thou not, upon all that need, pour abundantly that sustaining and refreshing Spirit by which they shall be enabled to renew their strength and confidence in thee, so that in the midst of night, they may stand as they who stand in the morning.

May thy blessing rest upon all the families that are gathered together in this place; upon all those who are with us, and upon all those who are absent from us; upon all whom we love. Remember any who are upon the sea, and any who are in foreign lands, and any who are scattered by thy providence in distant parts of our own land. Will the Lord be with them to-day, and breathe upon them the breath

of the sanctuary. And we pray that far as they may be from us, they may never be far from Jesus.

We pray that thy blessing may rest upon this whole land. We pray that all those who labor for its upbuilding, in whatever humble spheres, and with whatever self-denial, may have the presence and enlightenment of the Comforter. We pray for schools and academies, for colleges and seminaries of learning, of every kind. We pray for all those who seek to straighten the ways of justice. We pray for all those who seek to ameliorate the condition of men, and bring in all the sweet amenities of humanity. We pray that thou wilt look with compassion upon all those who are suffering from the inflictions of plague, and are in great distress. May they have not only our sympathy but our succor. Wherever there is suffering in this land, may the hearts of this people be bound together so that where one suffers, all may suffer, and that we may learn to feel that all are ours, and that we belong to all.

We pray not for our own land alone, but for all lands throughout the world. Thou hast taught us that the field is the world. Grant that we may take into our sympathy the welfare of every nation, as if it were our own. May we long for peace, for education, for knowledge, for things that pertain to the rights of men, and their duties toward God and toward each other. We pray that the day of superstition and of darkness may be driven away by the brightness of thy coming, and that all those providences which dimly have illumined the future, and have encouraged the hearts of many generations, may begin to blaze in fulfillment. And may all the earth begin to show forth the coming of the Son of God, and the glory of redemption. Grant, we pray, that from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same, right speedily the name of Jesus may be known and honored and loved.

And to thy name shall be praises immortal. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

GRANT, our Father, thy blessing upon the truth. Take away from it that imperfection and that unskill which must needs be the result of human handling of divine themes. Give to every heart in thy presence the sense of need, and out of that the sense of supply. Give every one a willingness to see how poor, how sinful and how unworthy he is; and yet, give to every one who needs a sense of the wonder and power and universality and presence of the redeeming love of God as it is made manifest by Jesus Christ. And O! that we might, every one of us, be lifted into some such sympathy with thee that we might be to each other something of what thou art to us. Forbid, since we have been saved a thousand times in our life from utter wreck and destruction by thy gentleness, that we should go out and lay hold of our brother by the throat, and say, Pay me

what thou owest, and cast him into misery and ruin. Give us hearts of compassion. May we manifest that spirit which thou hast shed on us. May love reign everywhere. Let thy kingdom be established in the hearts of thy children. Cause sympathy, man with man, to spread around the world, till the whole earth shall be filled with thy salvation. And to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, shall be the praise forever more. *Amen.*

PRAYER.

"I exhort therefore, that, first of all, supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks, be made for all men; for kings, and for all that are in authority; that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty."—1 Tim. ii. 1, 2.

I have selected this passage because in its phraseology it gives some idea of the breadth of the exercise of prayer which really belongs to it, and tends to lift it up out of that narrow, and I might say personal and selfish, circuit in which it so often moves, and where it is so often contemplated by those who are arguing against prayer from grounds of material truth. For men have been too much accustomed to regard prayer as a mere profitable transaction; as a running to God, as men run to the store, or to the doctor, or to the lawyer (never except when they lack something, and wish to procure it) making prayer a sort of serviceable errand business. They do not ask, therefore, that the ten thousand wants of daily life shall be supplied by vigilance, and industry, nor through the methods of suffering and enjoying by which men are built up and educated, but beg them of God off-hand, as if it were his business to supersede his own law, and set aside his own method of educating the race, and to give a premium to self-indulgence and indolence, instead of adhering to his system of providing for the needs of men by the employment of a certain economy.

Prayer is, in its fullest conception, the noblest parts of the soul in the noblest attitude of communion or converse with God. It has in it an element of supplication; it has in it an element of intercession; it has in it a hundred elements, because the generic conception of it is the bringing of the

SUNDAY MORNING, October 19, 1873. LESSON: John xvii. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 166, 816, 660.

soul in its higher faculties into immediate communion with God, and giving it perfect liberty. Of course, under such circumstances, in differing strains and in different emergencies, prayer will vary.

Prayer is not, therefore, the voice of a beggar. It is not simply the expression of want. It is the expression, in our best hours, and in our best moods, of the best thoughts, the best sentiments, the best emotions, the best aspirations, the best of everything. If the soul be a mighty estate; if it hath everything of flower and of fruit in it, we bring something of everything, and the best, and offer it to God. Prayer is not, then, simply a desire that we may have that which in the present hour we may need. It is a sense of our alliance with our heavenly Father. It is an endeavor to be in such converse with Him as a child is during the hour of its joy, or of its sorrow, or of its burden, in the presence of its earthly parent. It is lifting up the soul out of matter, and out of its poor surroundings, into the presence and sympathy of the Spirit of God, the great Love and Lover.

From the material side, prayer may be criticised philosophically, and has been, and is to-day; but if you look upon it from the material side alone, and criticize it, you only criticize its abuse; you only criticize what may be a disease, and not the thing itself—not its full self—not its ideal self. That is psychologic. In its last analysis, prayer is a state of the soul in the presence of God. It is the radiancy, the communicativeness, the aspiration, the spontaneous utterance, of thought or feeling or words, or all that which is in us in those moments when, separating ourselves from every other thing, we stand consciously in the presence of our heavenly Father.

Let us look, then, at prayer as it is presented in the New Testament, and see if it has not something of this largeness—if it is not essentially a condition of the soul in its best moments, open and disclosed before God. Look, for one single moment, at the construction of our Lord's prayer, which he gives, not as a form, but as a universal type, of prayer.

"After this manner, therefore, pray ye:"

Pray, not in these words, necessarily, but according to the

genius of this prayer. And what is it? Every word is a separate jewel.

"Our Father which art in heaven—"

The One above limitation, above imperfection, above the touch of sin and frailty; the Sovereign; the Lord God Almighty; He who is interpreted by the word "Father," and who is "ours" to every man who utters it; the Being that is Father in the most exalted of all possible ways.

"Hallowed be thy name."

The soul's highest and most disinterested aspiration, the glorying of a child's love for the honor of a father, is here indicated.

"Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven."

In uttering these simple sentences, the soul finds itself walking in the procession of ages among invisible spirits, and in that vast stream of tendencies which from eternity to eternity is rearing up the kingdom of God, and perfecting it.

After this communion with God, this utterance of all that is most disinterested and spiritual, then comes,

"Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

All of these petitions are of such a tone that they become specific of the generic phrases with which the prayer opens. For the honor of God, and for the advancement of his cause, specific things are asked—support, forgiveness, defense.

So, then, if you look into the Lord's Prayer, you shall find that it implies the noblest of all mental conditions and experiences. It is not a whine; it is not a long confession; it is not wrestling: it is the effluence of a blossoming soul on which has fallen the sense of God's love.

If you look again at the prayer of our Lord which I read in your hearing as a part of the opening service, which he uttered near the close of his ministry, and in which he besought God for his disciples, and for all who had caught the sacred contagion of love, or should do it, through the ages, you will see how lofty that strain is. You will see how far it is removed from personal and selfish supplication in his own

behalf. Yea, and when, in that mysterious trial of the Garden, he was borne down with woes undescribed and indescribable, in that hour in which, pressed to the uttermost, he had recognition of his own suffering, he besought God that the cup might pass from him, he sprang up from that personal petition, instantly, saying, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done"; thus joining, in a petition of the extremest anguish, his own welfare to the honor and glory of God's name.

Consider the subject of prayer as it is laid out for us in the history of the apostle Paul. In him it was the enthusiasm of fidelity, of admiration, of love, out of which he prayed, and from which, as from a central motive, he commands prayer upon all the disciples. He says:

"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving."

All his experience of day and night, everything that he had suffered, wrought out in him a sense of divine beneficence; and whenever, during his life, he came into the presence of God, he had some reason for thanksgiving.

"In everything, by prayer and supplication and thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God."

Go to God, not with an empty scrip, asking your daily crust: go to him in the full recognition of his bounty and love and goodness, and pour your prayer through the heart's warmth of admiration, and adoration, and thanksgiving.

In another place he says:

"Rejoicing in hope; patient in tribulation; continuing instant in prayer."

In still another place he says:

"Without ceasing I make mention of you always in my prayers."

Speaking in the language of personal friendship, and so revealing his daily life—how he bore up his beloved ones incessantly in his thoughts, and communed with them in the presence of God, at the feet of the One who was pierced—he says again:

"I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, making request with joy."

Consider the whole state of mind implied by such language as that.

In writing to Timothy, he says:

"I thank God that without ceasing I have remembrance of thee in my prayers night and day."

Take one other passage, which is recorded in Ephesians:

"For this cause I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, that he would grant you, according to the riches of his glory, to be strengthened with might by his Spirit in the inner man."

He has risen up to the very highest atmosphere of inwardness and spirituality.

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to *know* the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

Now, I aver that in the most disinterested and the most resplendent friendships of the noblest natures there is room for an interchange of offices—for giving and taking; I declare that it is consistent with the very magnanimity of a true friendship to ask help, to ask sympathy, to ask succor; but what would be thought of a friendship that had gone down so low that the only suggestion which a person had of this relation was that it gave one the opportunity of getting indorsements in time of trouble, of getting nursing in time of sickness, or of getting a good word spoken from influential quarters in time of need? What if the mere begging or gift side was the only thing that came to our thought in contemplating friendship? What is there in the intercourse of true friendship that is so enriching as the casting of one's self on another? What gifts can any man offer to you that are comparable with those which he gives in trust, and love, and praise, and incitement? That which brings out my soul for you, brings a better gift than my hand can render, even in the most desperate emergencies; for there is nothing that can be compared to it in all the coin exchanges that are known among men. There is no treasure like that which the soul has.

How sweet are gifts which come from love, whether they be of intrinsic value, or only associational! When two persons have walked together, and interchanged the highest and purest and noblest things, if one plucks from the hawthorn

or some other near bush a blossom for a memorial, how sacred is it, as though it had grown by the throne of God itself! That flower is of little intrinsic value; yet how is it perfumed and stained through with the odor and color of heaven! And the memories of it—how sacred are they! Or if, instead of that, one should take from the neck a simple locket, and give it as a souvenir—as a token of mutual pledges and aspirations and hopes—how precious would such a gift be beyond any other that the most exquisite skill, dealing with the rarest values, could construct! For it is the soul that gives value to these things.

But what if love were to become so degenerate that the moment the friend left the house another should rush in and ask, "Did he give you anything?" and the answer being, "No," should say, "Humph! what is the use of his visiting here if he does not give you anything?"

Our souls rise into the very personal presence of God, and have the consciousness of God's life breathing through them; the nobler passages of our being are opened; the sense of eternal blessedness dawns on us; the favor of God, and the love of God, and the bounty of God, as expressed through Jesus Christ, come home to our realization; and there are men so degenerate in their conceptions of prayer that when we return to our consciousness after such high communings, they say, "What is the use of praying? Do you suppose that you will get loaves of bread by praying for them? Do you suppose that harvests will be given to you in answer to prayer? Do you suppose prayer will protect you against storms, and relieve you from diseases?"

Is the hope of getting something the only thing for which men come into each other's presence? Is there nothing higher than gifts? Is there not something more royal than abundance? If the soul may lift itself up into the presence of God, so that it feels, "I am a king, I am a priest, I am God's own child, and I am an heir of God and a joint-heir with Christ to an eternal inheritance," is there no remuneration, no royalty, in that presence of God? I say that a true friendship must include the interchange of interest, of confidence, and of love. There is, indeed, also the advantage of a

friend's kind offices; but that is lower down. It is the last and the least thing to be considered in connection with friendship. And often that is beneficial to us more on account of the testimony which it bears of the kind feeling of him who gives, than on account of the intrinsic value of the gift.

It is right in me to say, "Give me my daily bread," leaving it to God to give it in any way that it pleases him—to minister it through one agency or another. This point is never expounded. There is no word of philosophical explanation given in regard to the manner in which prayers shall be answered. The petition is, simply, "Give us our bread; forgive us our sin; lead us away from tempting; deliver us from evil." The language is given without comment. It does not imply whether the things asked are to be wrought out by our being stimulated to work for them, whether we are to be inspired to take care of ourselves, or not. Paul and other eminent saints have been accustomed to plead with God for favors, doubtless; but it is in the higher atmosphere of the soul that those elements of prayer become lawful which imply intimacy with God.

Therefore I hear the two extremes of this subject of prayer expounded. I hear men arguing, seriously and long, to show that God is a prayer-hearing God, and will answer prayer; and to prove it they cite instances which have come under their notice. Mr. So-and-so was on the point of starvation, and he prayed for food, and a sheep came to his door, and he ate it; and so his prayer was answered. Another man wanted wood, and he could not get any, and he prayed, and at night somebody came and left a load in his yard; and so his prayer was answered. Another man had a note to pay, and he could not get the money, and he prayed, and somebody came and brought him the money; and his prayer was answered, also.

I do not doubt that there are answers of prayer on that lower plane; but this I say: it is an absolute vulgarization of the whole grand theme of prayer to represent it from that side. It is so low that it is a stench in the nostrils of any man who has a sense of what is the altitude and glory of

prayer. I would not permit a man to call me his friend who had no other friendship for me but to bring me fodder and supply me with something for my body. The friend himself is the best answer to our wants. I do not disdain these lower offices, among others; but when prayer is argued as being true on this low ground, chiefly and continually, until men come to think that praying is like dropping orders into the Post Office, or sending around boys to the store, it is degraded far below its real character. True praying, beginning here, ends in the kingdom of God; and whatever comes short of that is such fantastic vapor, such effluvia, as to be unworthy of the name. And anybody who represents prayer as consisting in these lower and perishing elements demeans it, dishonors God, degrades the soul, and under-estimates that altitude which belongs to us in our better moods before our heavenly Father. Prayer, chiefly, is the soul's communion with God. It is chiefly translation. It is chiefly transfiguration. It was worth more to Peter, James and John, to stand for an hour and see the spirits dawn through the heaven, and talk with Christ, whose face shone as the sun, and whose raiment was white as the light, than if the three tabernacles which they craved had been built of diamonds and rubies on the mountain-top. It is what we get by the *soul* that makes us rich.

In regard to these lesser wants, it is not always best that they should be supplied. It is a great deal better for a man who wants to be relieved from pain to find that he can bear it than to have it taken away from him. It is a great deal better for one who wants to be relieved from sorrows to find that he can walk through sorrows unharmed, than to have them removed from him. It is a great deal better for one who suffers lack and wants abundance to have some invisible inspiration come into his soul by which he can say, "I have all things even when I have nothing, if God be mine," than to receive that abundance. When we have the inspiration of reason, and of faith, and of hope, and of conscience, and of love; when the influence of the higher sphere rests down upon us; when we are walking with God, and abiding with him, then we have everything that we want, and we do not

feel the lack of these lower blessings. We are brought into such a state that we no longer crave them, or think about them.

Our wants, it seems to me, are very much like a dandelion blossom—or rather that which follows the blossom. A man goes to God to ask for something the need of which is oppressing him; and when he has come consciously into the divine presence, he has forgotten what brought him there, and he pours out his soul in love, and thanksgiving, and hope, and rapture, and goes away, and by and by remembers the circumstance, and says, "Why, I did not ask God for what I meant to; I meant to ask him for such and such things, and I forgot all about them." The winds of the higher heaven blow away a thousand of men's petitions. There is no more occasion for them. When the presence of God makes the soul consciously rich, it no longer wants outward mercies. We live low down; and more than half of all the wants which we feel, more than half of all the things which we dread, are the result of low living; so that anything which exalts us, delivers us from many peculiar necessities, and therefore from the need of prayer concerning them.

You will find abundant confirmation of these thoughts in following out their lines in the New Testament. Take, for instance, the experience of the apostle Paul. He was fairly bedewed with prayer, if one might so say. Day by day prayers were to him what dewdrops are on summer mornings to fragrant bushes, all of whose leaves are wet. He was fragrant with prayer. It was the end of his living. He exhaled before God perpetually. His soul rose up out of care. He derived strength from weakness, and wealth from poverty. No man ever extracted more than he from a life which was such a martyrdom as his was. He declared that he died deaths daily; and yet I affirm that human nature has nowhere else given utterance to such exquisite phrascology, representing the soul's calmness, and triumph, and blessedness, and richness received from God, as that which came from the lips of that apostle. As birds that are low down in dusky forests, and are chased by owls, escape in the broad sunlight; so our souls, when they are in low, dark places, flying away from these up toward God, find release, and sing for joy.

Paul prayed for himself. I do not know what he did not pray for. He prayed for his friends; he prayed for churches; he prayed for communities that he wanted to see, but never had seen; he prayed for his associates; he prayed for magistrates; he prayed for rulers; he prayed for those that loved him, and for those that hated him; he prayed for God's cause and kingdom everywhere; he prayed day and night; he prayed in season and out of season. Prayer was the continuous action of his soul.

Praying, then, is not so much an office as it is the soul's whole attitude toward God, so that everything which one does he does in conscious communion with God.

If these views be correct, they will throw a great deal of light on the difficulties which lie in the way of men.

First, consider speculative difficulties. There are many persons who study prayer altogether from the side of natural law, having taken the lower view of it; and they exercise themselves in questionings and arguments as to whether prayer can be answered or not. I say that prayer is the highest psychological experience; that therefore it runs outside of the range of material science: and that no man who is only competent to judge by the senses, and of the qualities of matter or material things, is in a position to judge of the nature of prayer, or of its reality, its scope, or its indirect consequences. This is a chain of argument that has not been enough brought out.

A man asks in prayer that he may write a *Novum Organum*: and his friends say to him, "Oh, fool! Do you think that God is going to answer that prayer? Do you think that he is going to so operate on your mind that you, who never could write, who have no talent for writing, shall be able to write a book like that? Do you think you are going to have a *Novum Organum* written, and printed, and given to you because you ask it?"

But suppose a man, in offering such a prayer, comes into the presence of God, and attains a state of most ecstatic exaltation, so that every power of his nature is brought under the direct influence of the divine mind; and suppose that in this exalted state, which comes from love and communion

and gratitude, his mind, eclaircised and stimulated, begins to act, and performs some noble literary feat, accomplishes some wonderful oratorical achievement, or produces some sweet hymn or poem that charms the ages, does he not receive an answer to his prayer? Is not that an answer to prayer which, by inspiration, so empowers every part of a man's soul that he becomes reduplicated in his forces, more unerring in his judgment, and more competent to think and do a thousand things which he could not otherwise think and do? Do you not know the difference between an army led by a man who has no courage and who inspires no confidence, and that same army led by a general whose very name makes every soldier's heart bound with zeal and enthusiasm? Do you not know that many and many a battle is lost because men are not themselves, or because that which is in them is not aroused and brought out; and that many and many a battle is gained because men's souls are fired, and they are made to feel that they are doubly men? Have you never noticed how strong the child becomes in the performance of duty under the smiles of the parent? Did you never see how much better a boy fought when his companions clapped him on and encouraged him? Are you not aware how all the influences of society multiply the power of men and their successes? And shall the soul, that lifts itself into the very presence of Power, that is able to conceive of God, and that takes on the divine atmosphere and stimulus—shall it not, in its higher and normal action, be more and do more than it otherwise could be or do? And is not the answer to prayer the result which is wrought out in those elevated conditions to which prayer leads?

I pray to God, saying, "Give me roses;" and up come clouds. I pray for roses, and God sends rain. Very well; do not clouds and rain bring roses? They may bring them in circuitous ways that I do not expect them to come in, but they bring them nevertheless. The *Opifex maximus*, the Architect of the universe, works out our wants, not according to our ideas, but along the line of his own supreme knowledge. I think the answer to prayer is that which gives

inspiration to the souls of men ; and he who walks in the presence of God, and lives under the inspiration of his down-brooding touch, has in himself the great causes which will work out the answers of prayer—and that in the higher spheres, as well as in the lower. Are not sentiments realities as well as physical objects? Is love, the ultimate of human life, nothing? Are not peace, joy, and faith anything? Is the dirt that Wallace trod on a real, scientific, substantial reality, and shall the indomitable hope and courage that were in his soul go for nothing? Is all that exists outside of mere material facts of no account? Is there nothing but what the sensuous faculties can feel or see? Is there no God? Is there no invisibility? Is there nothing but body, matter, mud, very dust? I should think we had come from the dust, and that we had not got a great way from it yet!

Another reason why prayer is not more in vogue and more in the faith of men, is the low and selfish forms of it which are so prevalent. For, what are your prayers? What is your daily habit of prayer? Is it the higher realms in which you are living in your thoughts? You need not say what they are ; I know what they are ; but take the daily round of men's prayers, and what is it, but an extremely low, secular, materializing series of petitions?

Where men begin their prayers by piling up old, long, familiar, worn, empty titles ; where they commence their prayers by saying, "O thou omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, all-seeing, ever-living, blessed Potentate, Lord God Jehovah!" I should think they would take breath. "Why," it is asked, "are not such titles as these right?" Yes ; but what should be the state of a man's mind when he can fill up such big words as these with the reality of their meaning? That there are extreme moods, that there are great and critical times, when God has, by the breaths of heaven and the currents of earth, moved men in these higher elements ; that there are periods when these words are as majestic as God himself in the souls of men, there is no doubt ; but think of a man in his family, hurried for his breakfast or to get away to his business, praying in such a strain! He has a note

coming due, and it is going to be paid to-day; and he feels buoyant; and he goes down on his knees like a cricket on the hearth, and piles up these majestically moving phrases about God. Then he goes on to say with hasty formality that he is a sinner. Yes, he is *proud* to say that he is a sinner. He goes with the multitude in this respect. Then he asks that he may be forgiven, and that his heart may be changed. And then he asks for his daily bread. He has it; and he can always ask for it when he has it. After running on thus briefly, in the old stereotyped way, he winds up with, "For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, forever and forever, Amen." Then he jumps up, and goes over to the city, and attends to his business affairs. At night he comes back, and if he is not disturbed by sleepiness, by company, or by something else, he has "evening prayers;" but he never dreams of approaching his Father in heaven in any other than this hard, formal, matter-of-fact way. And he is called a "praying man!" A *praying man?* I should sooner call myself an ornithologist because I ate a chicken once in a while for my dinner. In outside affairs, does occasionally having something to do with them constitute an acquaintance with them? Does any man really pray who does not know the inner man that belongs to his nature? Does any man pray in reality who has not a consciousness of God present with him? He that goes to God "must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him." How large is the interpretation of that saying! He that goes to God, goes to One whom the heavens cannot contain, nor the earth, which is his footstool. How lordly is the soul that mounts up into some sort of conception of the amplitude, the grandeur, the glory and the desirableness of the Father in heaven!

Now, I do not wonder that, when men pray, as they often do, regulation prayers, they have a great deal of doubt whether prayer is anything more than a kind of punctuation in life, separating the different parts by commas, and colons, and periods, and other stops, so that they shall not huddle themselves too closely together. Often it is a very vulgar and low life that they lead, and their living takes away not only their

own but other men's faith in prayer. Yet I never found any man who prayed through sorrows, through great distresses, through darkness; I never found a man who prayed with a spirit that had life and power in it, and who was by prayer lifted into his higher and nobler self—I never found such a man who could bear to listen, for a moment, to any argument against prayer. If prayer has been to you like sparkling wine; if it has filled your soul with ecstatic joy, not once nor twice, but a hundred times; and if you bear witness, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me," who can establish a battering-ram against your experience? Who can take away the confidence which it breathes?

Then, another reason why people doubt prayer is because, to a large extent, it is occasional. Men pray when they are pushed to it. Prayer is not life to them; but, to be efficacious to you, prayer, preëminently, must be your very life.

Who could write poetry that had never practised writing? If a man who for twenty-five or thirty years had not taken up a pen, thinking it convenient to write a poem, should sit down and try to write one, would he succeed? Suppose a man who had never addressed an audience, or framed a sentence, should undertake to deliver an oration, would he succeed? Could a man be a writer or an orator under such circumstances? A man cannot write until he has learned and practiced writing; and a man cannot speak until he has learned and practiced speaking. The mechanic, if he is to succeed, must have experience in his business, and so must the merchant. We know that education and training are essential to the attainment of the lower objects of life; and shall those which are unspeakably higher, and which call into play the nobler faculties and laws of our being, be had just for the trying? You can draw a stop of an organ, and it will give the sound which belongs to that stop; but you cannot do the same thing with the soul. If you would enjoy the richest fruits of prayer, you must abound in prayer; you must live in the conscious presence of God; you must be in constant and intimate communion with him. Then, there can be no doubt, no skepticism, in your mind as to the effi-

cacy of prayer. It is the infrequency of prayer, as well as the economic view which is taken of it, that breeds doubt in the minds of so many men on this subject.

The unwise use of forms is also a reason why so many doubt the efficacy of prayer. I do not disesteem forms; but I think they are like walking-chairs that are used for teaching children how to walk, but which are dispensed with as soon as they have served that purpose. I do not say that there are not emergencies when persons might much better pray in the language of another than in their own language; but certainly precomposed forms of prayer are not the best. They may be relatively good, they may be better than nothing under given circumstances; but they are not to be preferred.

I see a man take out from his pocket a spelling-book in his intervals of leisure, and spell "a–b, ab; b–a, ba; h–a–y, hay," and so on; and I say, "A person ought not to be carrying around a spelling-book all his life;" and he says, "Why, how could a person learn to spell without a spelling-book? If it were not for this old book I could not get along." Now, a spelling-book is useful for children to learn to spell from; but when they have learned to spell, it is to be left behind. And in respect to precomposed forms of prayer, in the beginning they may help, but as soon as a person limits his spiritual flight by the range of fixed words, or thoughts or feelings, that moment he has of necessity dwarfed himself. There may be reasons of order and decorum why it is proper that public prayers should be read; I do not deny that there are strong reasons on that side; but if that is so, then all the more the heart ought to develop itself in private, not by employing precomposed forms of prayer, but by exercising the largest liberty in praying. When persons go privately into the presence of God, there should be the utmost freedom in the outflow of their emotions. It may be indecorous for a man to parade his weakness in oral prayer before a great congregation who would be led into a misapprehension by that weakness; but a man who is weak in prayer, going alone into the presence of God, should go, not walking as if he were the prophet Isaiah, or the seer John, or the apostle Paul, but just as he is, in his ignorance, in his inferiority, in his perpetual

stumblings. The very thought of prayer is, that it is something by which a man may lift himself up out from under the dominion of physicalness, of materiality, and become baptized into the presence and power of a serene and spiritual God, where he shall find himself wrought upon by influences such that he shall be able to carry himself as a man, and not as an animal. The imposition of set forms of prayer upon a man girds him; laces him; cramps him; confines him. No man can be free in prayer who prays habitually and always according to precomposed forms.

Let me say, further, that where the habit of prayer is such as I have described, where it is the flight of everything in us into the presence of God; where it is abiding there; where it is sunning one's self in the light of God's countenance; where it is walking in sweet familiarity hand in hand with the Savior; where it is enduring "as seeing him who is invisible"—where this is the habit of prayer, it should be encouraged. It is that which we should seek. And this being true, it becomes necessary that we should everywhere carry it out into our pleasures and our business avocations. And either our living will correspond with our praying, or our praying will be such as we dare not take into the presence of our God. Prayer works not on narrow lines. It consists not simply of asking for something. It works through a celestial magnetizing of the whole soul. It lifts a man above the infirmities of the flesh. It brings him into the region of supernal power. It gives him the inspiration of God himself.

Sometimes prayer may be answered by the granting of the specific thing asked for—if it is best. Sometimes it may be answered by the taking away of the desire. Sometimes it may be answered by that bright shining of hope and love which comes down on the soul. God answers prayer just as in nature he answers the wishes of the husbandman. He makes the clouds to rain, and the sun to shine; and forth from the earth come ten thousand voices of birds and insects, singing and chirping, making the air vocal, and filling our hearts full of song. And all things grow and flourish under the influence of the great vivifying Force of nature.

So, when we walk with God, and live with him, our

prayers are answered, whatever we may ask for, because to love, all things are lawful. We pray for whatever we want, because we love God, because we are near to him, because we adore him, and because we are enraptured with the thought of his glory; and he sends answers to our prayers through ourselves, and outside of ourselves, in ten thousand ways. It is not of half so much importance that we should know how the thing comes, as that we should know that the thing does come—peace; rest; purity; hope; aspiration; courage in darkness; insight into the life to come; the prolongation of our manhood into the eternal sphere; that we may feel the crown before ever it is put upon our head; that we may hear songs before ever they are uttered by us, sung by those who await us in heaven.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We desire to draw near to thee together, our Father. We come together because we have experienced thy common protection, and the common bounty of thy providence, and the mercies and comforts which have been extended to us in daily life. We desire to make mention of all thy goodness; to acknowledge thee as our sovereign Heart and Lord; to rejoice in thee as our Father and our benefactor. We pray that thou wilt accept our love. We mourn that it is feeble, that it is inconstant, and that it hath in it so little of control. We pray for deeper sincerity, and more earnestness of affection. We pray that we may have that faith which works by love; by which thou shalt be brought nearer to us; by which thou shalt be coupled with all our affairs; by which we discern thee, not afar off, but near at hand, in ourselves, in all our affairs, in every surrounding circumstance. Grant, our Father, that we may have, in a richer and more perfect way, the sense that we are in very truth thy children —the children of God, of the household of faith; and this, not because of our own mind and will, but because of thy bounty and grace. For we love thee because thou first lovedst us. It was the outreaching of thine arms that kept us around about thy feet. It was thy voice that called us, and not ours that called thee. And every thought and aspiration which we have toward thee, our very importunity, is awakened in us by thee. For the Spirit maketh intercession within us and through us with groanings which cannot be uttered. The Spirit knows our want better than we, and understands the reason of our trouble better than we. And more blessed than the parent is to the child art thou to us, filling us with rest, with inspiration, with hidden strength, with hope and with courage, in all things that tend upward, and are divine.

Now we pray that thou wilt grant to every one who is seeking a clearer sky, an unobstructed horizon in the truth, that he may day by day gain a knowledge of God in the doing of his will. Grant that we may, every one of us, in the Lord Jesus Christ, find on the hither side our birthright with him, and thitherward his affiliation with God; so that in him we may approach the Father, understanding him and his disposition toward us. We pray that thou wilt help every one who labors and is heavy laden to come to thee. Help every one that hath doubts and fears, and is repelled from religion thereby. Grant that every one may find in thee the yoke and the burden which shall not tax nor task, but bring strength, and strength to be employed in usefulness. Grant, O thou great Giver, that the inward and divine power of truth may be infused into every needy and hungry heart. How many there are who wander to and fro, saying, Who will show us any good? How many there are who cannot find truth in things external! O thou who in every age hast inspired thy servants that have led men, canst not thou breathe the Holy Ghost upon hearts that are needy; that hunger and thirst; that are consciously falling into the darkness of death? Thou that art the source of light and love and joy, lift upon every one who desires to know the truth, and to walk therein, the light of thy countenance. May every one hear inwardly

the unvocalized call of God, saying, This is the way: walk ye in it; and may those who walk in it behold that it is Jesus. We pray, O Lord our God, that thou wilt become more and more dear, through thy Son, to every one who has tasted thy graciousness, and the sweetness of thy love in the soul.

We pray for those who need humility; for those who need help to overcome pride; for those who need disinterestedness, and are in strife and struggle day by day against their easily besetting selfishness. We pray for those who are abusing their power, and treading upon their fellow men whose burden they should bear, and whom they should carry in the arms of kindness. Take thou away from them hardness of heart, and teach them the royal lesson of suffering, rather than to make others suffer. More and more teach those who are in communion with thee to rise above care, above trouble, above the corroding anxieties of life, above the battle in which they are called to stand. May they be able to put on the whole armor of God; may they be able to equip themselves with weapons of offense and of defense; may they be able to stand, and having done all to stand. We pray that thou wilt thus give us a sense of thine overruling sovereignty, of the certainty and righteousness of thy providence, and of the nearness of the life that is above this life. Give us such a sense of our nearness to those that are in the spirit land, and to thee, the Head of all, that we may walk without disturbance; that we may walk in the midst of care and trouble with a perpetual song, and triumph before we triumph, and overcome before we overcome, conquering and to conquer, by faith in Him who loved us, and loves us still. Let love work mightily in us, that we may achieve the victory at last.

We pray that thy blessing may rest upon all the households that are represented here, and especially upon the little children. Teach the parents how to rear those whom thou hast given them, as voices of God speaking to them of the better land. And as they are taught by their parents to call the name of God, so may they teach those parents their relations to thee in patience, in self-sacrifice, in disinterestedness, and in faith: and we pray that thou wilt grant that those who are carrying up the young to man's estate may be saved from the temptations which beat vehemently upon them. May they be able to gird themselves in the armor of God, and be proof against seductions. We pray that they may become manful, truthful, full of honor, full of sensibility, and courageous for that which is true, fearing only that which is evil. Grant to all who are in the midst of life, bearing the toils and conflicts which must needs come in this world, grace according to their time, that every day they may be equal to the emergencies thereof.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt remember any who are sick. Be with them very graciously, as an angel in their presence. And grant them strength, O Lord, that such as are appointed unto death may behold no gloomy exit, but rather the rising joy of immortality.

Be with all who are mourning for their departed ones. Be with all who are bruised of heart, and to whom come many vague memories of days gone by, that come not again. Lift them above time

and sense into the great realm which is above time and sense. Grant that they may walk with God to-day, and be comforted.

We pray that thy blessing may be upon those who are absent from us,—our dearly beloved,—upon the sea, in distant lands, or in our own land. Wherever they are, may the blessing of the Sabbath and the Lord of the Sabbath be theirs.

Remember, O Lord, thine own churches in this city, and all in them who are laboring according to their light and their strength for the cause of God, and the welfare of men. Take away every root of bitterness, all alienations, all those secret and divisory influences which so often, through the conscience, lead to separation and harm. Bring together, in the simplicity of truth and love, all those, of every name, who work in thy cause, so that they may glorify Jesus Christ; so that the whole brotherhood of men may walk together in undivided ranks. We thank thee for the influences that are tending toward greater unity. We pray that all causes of estrangement may be taken out of the way, and that thy cause may prosper through the diligence and fidelity of thy people.

Remember all parts of our land. Be pleased to bless the President of these United States, and all who are joined with him in authority. Remember our courts, and the magistrates therein. Remember the citizens of this country. We pray that our laws may be just, and that the execution of them may be impartial. May knowledge be spread abroad amidst all our people—especially among those who are perishing for lack of vision.

Deal gently, our Father, we beseech thee, with any parts of our land where thy hand afflicts with sorrow and grievous sickness. Be pleased to sustain the sufferers, and to raise up about them such sympathy as shall bring them all needed succor in the day of their fierce adversity. May we not take pride in our immunity, but look with tenderness and compassion upon those who suffer, as suffering with them.

We pray that thy kingdom may come everywhere throughout the world; may those hateful dissensions, may that arrogance, may that domineering pride, may that cruelty and grasping selfishness which have so long been legalized among nations in their intercourse with each other, pass away; and may the truth of the Gospel, the love of Christ, the power of God among men, be seen in all the peoples of the earth. And may the glory of the Lord at last fill the whole world as the waters fill the sea.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

MAN'S TWO NATURES.

"But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man."—1 Cor. ii. 14, 15.

After the arrogance with which in many ages the Church has distinguished itself—its pomp, its pride, its despotism; after the intellectual assumption which has been shown in every age in theology—its enormous claims and its shortcomings in the matter of truth—it is natural that persons out out of the Church and out of what is ordinarily regarded as a religious life, should read words like these not only with distrust but with disgust. For, surely, interpreted in an outward way, and in the light of the history of an external church, they have something of arrogance. Especially the declaration that a Christian man (for men would in a general way suppose that the apostle means such) is a great deal shrewder, more capable of understanding, than a man who is not a Christian; that he has gifts and graces of intelligence that do not belong to ordinary men; and yet more, the climax apparently of conceit, the declaration that he judges everybody, but is himself exempt from examination or judgment, seems thus to put a man, because he thinks he is a Christian, over all his fellow-men, saying down to them, "I understand a great deal more than you do"; and, if they make any reply or raise any question, saying to them, "I understand you perfectly, but there is no one of you that can understand me"—this is the very quintessence of papacy in its arrogance, apparently; but it is only because it is interpreted in regard to the outward church and outward profession;

SUNDAY MORNING, October 26, 1873. LESSON: Rom. vii. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 907, 787, 908.

for I think there is no truth more capable of being presented to the willing reception of men than the real truth which lies enfolded in this statement. Not only is there no repugnance to the natural reason, or the experience of men in it, but it opens up in many respects a sphere or view of truth which is to be desired by all men.

If, when we come to look at Paul's idea of mental philosophy, it shall be found to approach exceedingly near to the views that are being deduced from physiology in modern days, it will be among the many instances in which, by a kind of moral intuition, that apostle's mind discerned beforehand truths which science, for centuries lagging and indolent, has at length reached. For I hold that the views which are more and more obtaining in our day in respect to mental economy are substantially the views which are held by the apostle here.

What, then, is his view of man? What does he mean by the "natural man" and the "spiritual man"?

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

The same apostle held man to be made up substantially of two separate natures. Although we are not to give a strict scientific or philosophical interpretation to his words, pressing them unduly; although we are to make all allowance for the figurative way in which he expressed himself, yet the sum and substance of his teachings on the subject of psychology is that men are by nature born animals, born with physical endowment; and that there is given to them, superinduced upon this, a higher capability or capacity. He takes the ground that by nature men tend to act simply in their lower natural bodily estate; and that if they rise above this and come into their higher, or spiritual nature, it is in consequence of divine stimulation. That this is substantially his view I think must appear from the reading of the seventh of Romans, which was made a part of our opening service, where he contrasts the one and the other—the man within and the man without; the man that is under the dominion of the flesh, and the man that is under the dominion of the Spirit.

Now, he says that these two quarrel—the natural man, the physical man, the man who is an animal, endowed with defensory appetites and passions, and all the enginery for the maintenance of his existence in this outward world; and the inward spiritual man. He says that the lower, fleshly man is too mighty for the higher, divine man. He says, "With the law of my mind I heartily approve the service of God; but with the law of my flesh I seek other things. So then," he adds (as if in the enthusiasm of poetic reasoning he felt assured that the interior manhood was superior to the exterior) "it is not I that do these things: I retreat into the citadel above. It is not I in my moral sentiments and in my sympathy with God: it is the animal growling and grumbling down below. It is that which is not I after all, any more than the candlestick is the candle."

This is not to be pressed to the extreme of scientific accuracy; but the substance of it is, that man is a twofold creature, having those appetites and passions which are necessary to the sustenance of the body; that these are mighty; and that the higher moral and spiritual nature has a hard time in attempting to control the lower man.

These same ideas are shown still more in contrast, and more pertinently, in the fifth chapter of Galatians. It is there made evident that in speaking of the natural man Paul means it, not in the sense that he has not passed through a spiritual change, but in the sense that he has also an animal nature.

"This I say then, Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfill the lust of the flesh. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these are contrary, the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

Here is reproduced in a little different form the argument of Romans:

"But if ye be led of the Spirit, ye are not under the law. Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revelings, and such like."

The marks of the natural man, then, are simply the marks of animal passions all the way through. Now he delineates the fruit of the other nature—the spirit-nature:

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law."

Here, then, you have these two natures contrasted. It is plain that in the one case he means the body, with its different natural appetites and enginery, and that in the other case he means the intellect and moral sentiments. These constitute, in his philosophy, the two natures, or the double nature of man.

Precisely that is in these later days shown to be true. Even if you were to take the extremest form in which mental philosophy has developed itself, without giving any adhesion to its hypotheses, it would not be found to vary much from Paul's theory. It is singular to see Mr. Darwin and Paul walking together in their ideas, as they certainly do—Paul saying that there are two men in man, the animal, and the spiritual superincumbent upon that; and the school of Mr. Darwin saying that man was an animal, and has unfolded and risen up into a spiritual sort of manhood. The parallelism is remarkable.

Now, Paul affirms, in relation to these two men in man, certain things. He is not speaking in regard to the converted class of men as opposed to the unconverted class; he is not speaking of the Christian world in contrast with the non-Christian; he certainly is not speaking of church people as distinguished from those who are not church people. He takes the abstract man, he takes some individual, he takes yourself, he takes anybody, and he says, "The under nature does not understand the upper nature; it is not subject to it; it cannot look up into it, nor understand it; but the upper nature can look down into the lower. The inferior does not reach up to the superior, but the superior includes the inferior. And so, man acting as an animal does not understand man acting as a divine being; but man acting as a divine being does understand man acting as an animal.

It is not, then, an affirmation that Christianity is a kind of secret society which, upon initiation, puts men in possession of facts which do not belong to those who are outside of Christianity. There is no such thing as that. It is not an

esoteric doctrine. It certainly has no relation to ecclesiastical matters. If any man has told you that if you join the Church you will understand in a minute things that you never dreamed of before, I say it is a lie. There is no truth in it. It is not meant that when a man becomes a Christian his state is so transformed that secrets are unlocked to him which are hidden from ordinary men. He may become more familiar with creeds and ceremonies and services; but it is a truth a thousand times more profound, which is taught by the apostle. He is not referring at all to histories, doctrines, or policies of the Church which are hid from men of the world while they are understandable by men in the Church. In the first place, men in the Church itself cannot understand some of them, and never did, and never will. But if you take the historic facts of the Church in this world, one kind of man can understand them as well as another, if they both have the same intellectual capacity, and are equally diligent in examining them. There is nothing in a Christian man's mind which makes a fact seem different to him from what it does to another, provided it is a fact which is on the plane of both of them. An unbeliever, if he brings a candid mind to the investigation of historical developments of Christianity, can understand them as well as a believer who also brings a candid mind to their investigation. There is no distinction between the capacity of the one and that of the other to understand such things. The polity of the Church is open to all men alike, without any regard to their religious states. The theological facts which have come down with Christianity are within the reach of all minds. A man can understand the doctrines of religion, strictly so called, whether he be a Christian or not, if anybody can understand them. The existence and agency of God, as mere philosophical matters, do not confine their light to those who have joined the Church, or have become spiritually minded. It is competent for unbelievers to understand such ideas as easily as any other class of men. A person can understand the doctrine of election whether he is elected or not. A man can understand the divinity of the Saviour so far as it is understandable by human intelligence, whether or not he believes it to be a fact—that is, he can understand it

as a philosophical statement. His understanding depends not upon his moral condition, but upon his intellectual acuteness and apprehensiveness. The doctrines of man's depravity, of his regeneration, and of the efficacious spiritual influence by which that regeneration is brought about, are not secret doctrines. When a man becomes a Christian he is not for the first time able to comprehend them. Men are assiduously taught in these doctrines before they go into the Church; and after they go in they do not find that every important truth is disclosed to them of which they were ignorant before.

It is not the intention of the apostle, therefore, to say that there are in the Church, or among associated Christian men, certain secrets which are disclosed to them and not to others. It is not his intention to say that the doctrines and external developments of the Church are more difficult to be understood than the doctrines and developments of the world. It is not his intention to say that there is any transformation which makes a Christian man a better *reasoner* than a man who is not a Christian. The facts are not so. But the essential *power* of Christianity Paul everywhere declares to be in the spirit man. The primal conception of the New Testament on this subject is that the living soul, whose higher nature is developed, and who is under the influence of that higher nature, is itself the greatest moral force; and a Church of such men becomes a most efficacious power in the world. For hundreds of years it was the only power; because there was no creed in the primitive Church, with the exception of the Apostles' creed, which is extremely simple. For hundreds of years, in the Church, the power by which the world was transformed was simply the power of the individual living or personal experience.

Now, precisely this is taught by the apostle, time and again: that the power of the Gospel is *Christ in you*, or the divine mind developing the higher nature, the moral sentiments in you, putting plenary power into them by informing the whole life, fashioning the character, and bringing them out in many men in their living moral state. It is that power which the Church was to have had, and which one day per-

haps it will have. The power of Christianity is the power of man trained after the pattern of Christ, inspired and inflamed by the Holy Ghost. The higher being, the new creature, created in righteousness by Christ Jesus—this is the sovereign notion of true spiritual power in the Church. This brings the statement within easy comprehension. In other words, when it is declared that the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit, it is not the statement of any novelty: it is the statement of a principle as broad as universal human experience.

When a savage man looks with curious eye upon the whole complex civilization into which he is brought—a Piute, a Sioux, or an Appache, who has always dwelt in the woods—what do you suppose he thinks of as he travels over the plains and through the States to Washington? Is not that which he sees a mighty maze, which is unintelligible to him? And is it arrogance for a man to say, "Well, the savage man cannot understand the civilized man"? He can understand him so far as his foot, or his knee, or his arm is concerned; he can understand him so far as eating, and sleeping, and getting drunk, and being cruel are concerned; these are things which are common to all men; but there are other things in the civilized man which the savage cannot understand. The things in which a civilized man differs from a savage are higher and finer and nobler than those which I have just enumerated; and as the savage has not had them developed in him, he cannot understand them. And the civilized man might say to the savage, "Well, well, my old swarthy friend, I can judge you, but I am not judged of you!" Is it not true? and may it not be said without arrogance?

A man who is thoroughly educated to the physical forms of pleasure is absolutely unacquainted with men who are not so educated, but who are trained to the enjoyments of scholarship. Nay, more: it is very difficult, as you all know, for men to comprehend other men whose tastes differ from theirs in kind, whether higher or lower in grade. There are men whose life is in the domain of ideas. They are built so as to have very few physical temptations. They may be said to be long in the head; and most of the

length is on the front side; and they are straight down the back; and they have a slender neck; they have a slender chest, and a more slender stomach; and they make but little blood—just enough to keep the machine going; they never feel the impetus of destruction; they never see blood in their imagination, as bullies do; they are not quarrelsome; they have no love of eating and drinking; the passions are hardly known to them; they dwell in the realm of taste; they rejoice in ideas; the whole world is populous to them, not of *things* but of *relations:* they glory in scholarship; and their idea of heaven, I take it, would be a vast hall full of books, with little nooks and corners for disputation, where men could get together and talk for hours, of subjects of no more importance than the question whether the tail of the comma ought to turn over this way, or over that way!

Take one of these men to a dance-house, and let him stand on the curb (that is near enough), and look into that hell-hole, and he would turn to the policeman that was with him, and say, "What are those creatures? Who are they? What are they doing?" He has not the first idea of their loathsome amusement. He looks at them, and cannot understand them. He has not in himself that which they have in them, and which makes them what they are.

Well, bring one of them out, and let him step up to this man, and slap him on the shoulder, and say, "Old covey, come down and have a good time with us." He would rather have a snake touch him. He loathes this familiarity, and cannot endure it. And the man of passions and appetites does not understand the man of mere brain-power, any more than the man of brain-power can understand the man of appetites and passions. They are foolishness to each other, because they cannot understand one another. The peculiarities of each can only be understood by an experience of them.

Take another and more familiar example. Here is a man of facts. He is a good, honest, straightforward, moral man, and he has relations to things. He has powers of combination. He would make a good mathematician, or engineer, or farmer, or miner. He looks at physical elements all the

time. He is brought in contact with an emotive man; a man who is full of imagination; a man who is poetical in his nature. In the case of one everything solidifies. He wants to feel, to see, to know, to measure, to test. Nothing is real to him which has not some bodily substance. In the case of the other everything exhales; and nothing is real to him until it has exhaled, in the form of poetry, or imagination, or something beautiful. There are two classes of men, one of whom are all the time running toward facts, and the other of whom are all the time vaporizing from facts to higher regions. They cannot understand each other. The men of facts ridicule theories. Oh how they talk about beauty and imagination and poetry! "These things are all moonshine," they will tell you confidentially. And men of theories look with contempt upon mere facts. One of these two classes lives in sensuousness, in the sphere of the lower reason. The other lives in ideality, in the realm of the higher reason and the moral sentiments; and they do not enter into an understanding of each other.

The man who, after reading Milton's *Paradise Lost*, said "Well, what does it prove?" is a good illustration of a man who lives in sense, and not in ideas, not in imagination, not in poetry, not in art, not in esthetics at all.

How potent is this non-apprehension of one kind by another in every school! One boy sits down, in the class-room, and, while his next companion is deep in his books, of his own accord, without instruction, he is deep making a caricature of the master. Drawing is natural to him. Pictures come out at the ends of his fingers as easily as sap comes out of a maple tree in spring. The other boy, seeing what he has done, smiles, and is pleased, and thinks he will try it—but only a few times! He does not get along well! And he looks with wonder upon his companion. They go out to play, and he says to him, "Sketch me that." And the boy makes a mark here, and another there, and another there, and out stands the object unmistakably. It is a complete picture, and there are not twenty strokes in it. The boy of books is amazed at the work of the boy of the pencil; but not any more than the artist-boy is at the recitation of the expert scholar, when

the master calls him up, and he stands at the blackboard, and goes through a problem, the master stopping him with an imperative, "No, that is wrong;" and he saying, "Yes, it is right," and going on through, and demonstrating the correctness of his position. The artist-boy wishes he knew what it all means, but he cannot see anything in it to draw or sketch. Each excels in his own sort of knowledge, but their minds move in different channels, and they cannot understand each other.

A man cannot understand any mental process except so far as he has had experimental participation in it. For instance, I never think in music. Beethoven never thought out of it. Doubtless, when he looked upon life, the flight of birds, the movement of clouds, everything interpreted itself to him in the form of sounds. In almost any one of his symphonies a man can see the procession of life. His immortal Fifth Symphony is one of the most voluminous histories of psychological experience that was ever indited; and when I am listening I have enough of sensibility to interpret a great deal of it; but for me to have written it, or to have thought it out, would have been an absolute impossibility. If I attempt to whistle a new tune it is always made up of scraps of old ones, it is a hash(—and so I observe it is with most tune writers.) One can understand another only so far as he lives in the same faculties and in the same experiences. And while even the most spiritually-minded men generally have enough of the animal in them to understand the lower or natural man, the converse is not true, and men who have not had their eyes spiritually opened cannot discern spiritual truth; they have not experienced the spiritual life.

Now, it is a philosophical fact that no man can understand the Christian experience of a soul except so far as he has had that experience, or an analogous one. Let us look at some elements which go to constitute a Christian experience. Among the first experiences that a Christian has, is that of peace following struggle. In an overt form, or in a latent, gradually-developed form, to everyone who has attained a mastery over sin, over the flesh, over the natural man, there is given a seeking, a yearning, a longing for

something better, a sense of condemnation, and the resistance of pride and selfishness ; and there follows a struggle in the soul. With some it is vehement, and it is mild with others ; but to a greater or less extent it takes place in all. As in the case of the prophet of old, after the earthquake, the whirlwind, and the fire, God came in the still small voice ; so there comes into the soul of every man who has succeeded in self-renunciation, and who is able to say in his innermost being, to God, to the Lord Jesus Christ, "I yield ; thy will be done,"—there comes into the soul of every such man a light, a hope, a faith, which is full of possibilities for the future.

Early in life, at the age of four or five years, or thereabouts, every child comes into collision with its parents ; and unless there is great care there will be a conflict of jurisdiction. In some unthought-of moment the child is told to do something, and it says, "I won't"; and the parent repeats the command, and commits himself ; and the child and the parent come into collision ; and if the parent yields, that is the end of government there, in all probability ; but if the parent insists, the child resists, and it is punished ; and it resists, and it is punished ; and it resists, and it is punished ; and then it falls back on the fox instinct, and does many amiable things : it does this, and that, and everything but the thing where the issue was made ; and by-and-by discipline presses, firm, quiet, steady, intense, till the moment comes when the child has to give up on *that* point ; and in giving up on that point it gives up all over and all through ; and it bursts into a flood of tears, and runs to the parent's arms. Oh, if I recollect aright, there are no sweeter moment in life than the moment when the struggle gives way, and the child runs to the father's or the mother's arms ! The sense of yielding one's self to that which is right, and to that which is superior ; the sense of giving up one's lower nature, and mingling in the higher nature of a parent—that is pleasant, even in the minor experience of a child in the household. But when persons have grown older, and the conflict is not with an earthly parent, but with the Representation, in their imagination, of justice, of truth, of love, and of

mercy; when it is with the infinite Benefactor of the universe, and the man's soul is consciously in opposition to him, not in respect to this, that, or the other law, but in respect to something which is in the man's own self, God saying, "Wilt thou have me to rule over thee?" and the soul saying, by its pride, "No," by its selfishness, "No," by its vanity, "No," and by its appetites, "No"; and when the struggle has gone on until in some happy moment the balance is struck aright, and the soul is able to say, "Not my will, but thine be done,"—then the experience is blessed. In all the world is there such an hour of deep tranquility, is there such an hour of peace which passeth all understanding, as that which comes to a man when he feels in his higher nature—in his moral consciousness, in his whole spiritual instinct,—that he has yielded himself to God, and that he is the Lord's?

Now, who can enter into this experience that has never had it? Who can understand it who has never felt it? Almost any man can understand the Catechism, the Confession of Faith, and much of the historical parts of the Bible, and a great deal of theological lore; but this is a point of tremendous importance; it is transcendent above all other questions in moral magnitude—that the natural man, the man who is living in his lower nature, cannot understand the things of the Spirit. It is only when he has come into the full development of his higher nature that a man can understand spiritual things.

Consider those hours in which the vision of God is given to men. It is true that in the divine economy of this life we are not to live on the top of the Mount of Transfiguration, where Peter and James and John desired to live. It is not possible that we should. It is very rarely that any one lives in a continuous vision of God. But there are hours when all of those who have really felt the touch of the divine Spirit, and who have really in their ruling will gone over, through their spiritual elements, to the divine control, have an eminent vision of God. It fills the heaven. It floods the earth. It bewilders them with strange joy. One of its tokens is the totally different measurements which they give to things. To them property is no longer what it was; pleasure is no longer

what it was. Height, depth, length, breadth, quality, quantity, value, everything seems changed; and under the illumination of the conscious presence of God, in the rapture of the thought of God with one, and loving one, and looking upon one with tender compassion—the sense of this transcends all other experiences. And how shall I explain it so that you shall understand it if you never had it?

Take an infinitely lower case than this. Take the development of a child that has been carried away from home, early in life, and that has such a thoroughbred nature that all its gipsy attendants could not pervert it. For six, seven, eight years or more, it has gone through camp after camp, and has not been contaminated, or has been contaminated only externally and superficially. At last, through some strange evolution, when it is ten years old, the child is brought again to its native village, and is rescued, and treated kindly, and inquiry is made for its parents; and finally the father and mother are discovered. Most noble natures are they. The child is now sent home; and quick with sensibility, and with an imagination that in all its wanderings has been feeling after true parentage, its heart has never known what it was to be loved disinterestedly. It has been yearning for sweetness and affection, but has never found them; till at last, going home, it is received by a saintly woman who is its mother; and then it experiences the outpouring of disinterested love; and there is enacted the grand and glorious scene of one soul, unfolded, unfolding another soul. Can you conceive, to some extent, what would be the experience of such a child, lost and brought home? And yet, to those who are competent to be raised to the sense of being brought back to God, and to the bosom of his love, the vision is transcendently better than that. Do not scoff at it in others because you do not have it yourself. For there are thousands who have it; and it is increasing; and it will increase for ages to come, I believe. And how shall the natural man understand it? It is not because he lacks intellectual reasoning power that he cannot understand it, but because it is a truth of such a nature that no man can realize it except by feeling it. No reasoning can make a generous man understand

what is meant by covetousness. I do not think it is in the power of man to make me feel pleasure in hoarding money; nor you, nor you; but there are men that I am afraid no power on earth can make understand what is the pleasure of giving money away. The stingy man cannot understand benevolence, and the benevolent man cannot comprehend hunkishness and miserliness. These are things which may be perceived, but which to be understood must be felt.

I have some idea of what it would be to have cautery performed, because I have burned my hand before now; but my knowledge on the subject is very imperfect. Suppose you were to see the white iron, sparkling, moving slowly down the whole length of a man's arm, would you say, "I understand it because I undertook to snuff out a candle once, and some of the wick stuck to my finger, and burned it"? Would that be an interpretation of such an experience?

In short, the world is recognizing the fact that there is a large class of truths (truths of matter, external facts) which belong to the outward understanding and which one man may understand as well as another. And the world is recognizing another fact—namely, that within every man is a realm of imagination, of love, of faith and of hope, where the royalty of disposition dwells; and that they who feel these things understand them, while those who do not feel them do not and cannot understand them.

Let us read, now, again, in the light of these illustrations, the words of the apostle:

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God."

It is not unconverted men as a class that are here spoken of, but the ideal, universal man.

"The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

They are to be discerned by an operation and an experience of the spiritual faculties which he has not had.

"But he that is spiritual judgeth all things."

That must be taken with discretion. *All things* must be interpreted to mean all things through which a man has passed in a long line of development. What a man has not known personally or experimentally he cannot understand.

"He that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man."

He knows what pride is—he has felt it; he knows what selfishness is—he has felt it; he knows what it is to be under the dominion of carnal appetites, having felt it; and he has a tender sympathy for all men who are under their dominion. He has been in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity himself; but having risen into the altitude of joy, and of that peace which passeth all understanding, he can be judged of no man who has not also risen into that altitude. No man can understand these things from below; but when men have gone up to where they are, he can understand them.

If these views be correct, there are a few applications that may be pertinent.

First, a sweet and Christlike nature goes deeper into moral relations and truths than it is possible for a man of mere culture or mere thought-power to go. I state this, not so much as a general proposition as to point out some facts which are recognized by all who have much to do with the Christianization of the lower classes of society. We often find a poor and ignorant man or woman in this world who is a better teacher of spiritual things than the ripest and richest scholar. I have known, in my own history, several whom I revered as my spiritual superiors, while they were far inferior to me in acquired knowledge, and even in intellectual force. The deep things of the Spirit they had grown familiar with. Their souls had entered into the Spirit of God, and they had so abandoned themselves to the divine indwelling, that their sense of spiritual truths, their soul-experience, was vastly greater than mine. Their judgments were almost unerring.

One of the wisest women that I ever saw in my life was an old negress who came North for the redemption of one or two of her daughters; and this congregation had a hand in their emancipation. The manifestation of tenderness and the absence of wrath in her case were extraordinary. She had a strong nature; she was capable of feeling all that any soul could; and yet her patience and forgiveness toward those who were her oppressors, her pity for them, and her humility, were remarkable. Her refusal to be carried away

in bitterness, or to speak severely of the system under which she was brought up, was sublime. She showed herself to be transcendently superior to most of us in these respects. The spirit which she exhibited was a revelation to many. I remember the profound admiration with which I looked upon her, and saw the deeper life than that of mere superficial experience which she was living.

Here was this slave woman, with comparatively no knowledge. A little light had found its way into her soul. She had come under the influence of the Spirit of God in Christ Jesus, and it controlled her. Her eight or ten children were one by one taken from her and sold; and yet she was without bitterness, without wrath, without revenge toward those who had wronged her. Nay, she had the profoundest yearning toward them. She stood as a trunk with branch after branch torn off; but the topmost boughs were bright with blossoms, and the light of heaven rested on them.

It is not what we know by the outward understanding that fits us for instructing men in matters pertaining to the Spirit. It is the glory of God that sweetens that chamber of the soul which has the deepest spiritual elements in it, and which makes men powerful in dealing with their fellow-men to elevate them.

"For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God has dealt to every man the measure of faith."

Men may be in external elements masters of Christian history and of Christian theory, and yet be ignorant of essential Christian life. They may be competent to teach in many external things, but not competent to teach that which is the deepest and the best. And so God makes the last to be first. The despised things of this world he makes to be honorable, and the weak things he makes to be strong, in the inward and most beautiful sense.

The assaults which are being made upon Christianity in our day make it necessary that all those who believe profoundly in Christ, in God, and in the Christian scheme, should enter into the spirit of true religion, and not allow

themselves to put their faith in religion upon any historical grounds—though there are historical grounds which are important. Religion should not be made to rest on mere ratiocination. There ought to be in the church such a spiritual knowledge of God, such an innermost communion with invisible things, such a development of the spirit of man, that he should see God, and be able to say, "I know, I *know!*"

Drifting forever, like fishermen on the banks of Newfoundland, who have lost their reckonings, and are obliged to find their way by the blowing of horns and the ringing of bells, is greatly to be deplored; yet how many thousands there are in the chilling mists of skepticism to-day! and they are to be brought out, if they are brought at all, not by the power of external reasoning or historic asseveration, but by the development in men of the power of Christ Jesus.

You may take a bronze statue, and set it up in the marketplace, and if it has a disproportioned nose, and hideous ears, and ungainly limbs, you may get all the artists in the world to praise it, and to declare that it is natural and beautiful, but men will not believe it. Some from indolence, or from some other motive, may say, "Yes, yes, I see it;" but they will not see it—they cannot. On the other hand you may set a whole school of artists and critics to reviling a statue as being infamous and outrageous; and yet, when you come to remove the raiment, if it is intrinsically beautiful, in spite of all that can be said against it it will stand and shine, and men, whether they want to or not, will have to confess that it is beautiful. Beauty is its own argument, its own evidence.

Now, there is nothing so beautiful as the graces of the soul. There is nothing like meekness and gentleness and sweetness. Shut up half a dozen sharp, acidulous, skeptical, cynical patients in a hospital with two or three Sisters of Charity. These ministering angels are kind to them in all their frets; they are patient with all their unreasonableness, they are gentle under all their insults, feeling superior to them, and not caring for them; they watch them through delirious hours; they serve them during their convalescence; and they are conscious all the time that there is inside of them a hidden man that has never yet come to development. They have

been dealing with them in their animal nature, but they are continually knocking at the door of the soul, and saying to that inner man that has never been awakened, "Wake up!" And I tell you, great is the power of Christian faith and Christian kindness in bringing out the divinity that is in the souls of men. What we need more than anything else is the power of long-suffering; the power of being injured, and yet being like God; the power of loving, though you be not loved; the power of looking on men with compassion, according to your measure (and a small measure it is), as Christ looked upon those who were around about him: the power of the inward spiritual man, acting in all the relations of the household, and in the whole sphere of life.

Oh! if I could call together with a trumpet such an army as I would like, it should be made up of men clad with the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians; and I would march through the earth with these soldiers, with that panoply on them, and they would be irresistible.

Christian influence is not external administration, and it is not mental excogitation. These are well; but power in the soul is that which makes it like God. It is the intrinsic beauty of that manhood which is like Christ Jesus. And that is the hope of the world.

When I call men to a Christian life, I am met, a thousand times, by objections to which I think the foregoing considerations furnish a fair answer. One man says, "I could not conduct my business if I were to become a Christian, and were to live a Christian life." You do not know anything about it. Another man says, "I have a violent temper, I have a nature that has never been trained: and if I were to go into the Church I could not restrain it; and I should bring disgrace on religion." Very likely you would, if you came in from mere external motives; but if you entered under the influence of the Spirit of God in your soul, you do not know what that influence would do for you, and you never can know, till you try it. Another man says, "I never could give this up, and I never could give that up." You never could appropriate all the blessings that would come flocking to you. Only once let a soul enter the Chris-

tian life with conscious fidelity to the truth, in the sublimest act of consecration to Christ Jesus, realizing him to be the Lord of the universe,—and all things belong to that soul, and he knows it and feels it. The New Testament says, in language transcending anything which man can say :

"Therefore let no man glory in men; for all things are yours, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's."

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We draw near to thee, our heavenly Father, rejoicing in thy strength, in thy wisdom, in thy knowledge of all our affairs, and in that divine sympathy which makes thee our Father, as thou hast taught us to call thee. We rejoice in thee more than in ourselves; for our sufficiency is of thy great power. All that is good in us must needs be lifted up by thy quickening. That which is evil, or works toward it, we find drawing us down habitually to the earth. We are tempted to be earthly. We need thine inspiration and thy Spirit that they may become ours, that we may thrive in them, and that they may take possession of us, and become the strength of our whole nature, and rule in us and over us. We rejoice, since thou art the Fountain of all virtue and grace, that thou hast manifested thyself to us in Jesus Christ our Lord, and revealed the plenitude of thy patience and mercy and benevolent love. We rejoice in his example. We rejoice in the words which he spoke. We rejoice, most of all, that he transfigured to us the thought of God as one no longer cold and far away, and holding in his hand all the lines of fate, but full of blessedness and warmth and desire and yearning toward those beneath him. Thou art, out of thine own soul, carrying our souls. Thou art mingling in us those divine elements which shall yet be perfected. When they are perfected, we shall be born into the life and into the estate of sons of God. And blessed is the work by which we attempt, either in ourselves or in others, to develop the divine nature; for thou hast promised that by sorrows, by joys, by thy whole discipline, we shall be partakers of thy divine nature—not of thy power, nor of the outreach of thy wisdom, but of thy beneficence, and of the glory and beauty which are in thy divine nature. We shall yet be like thee, not in stature but in kind.

And now we bring to thee, our Father, the wants of this great congregation. Though close shut up to every other one, and to themselves, they are open before thee like the pages of a book; and thou knowest where is gladness, where is sorrow, where is care, where is fear, where is perplexity, where is remorse, where are bereavements,

and where is real heart-sickness. Thou knowest the whole lore of human life. Thou knowest who have come hither from curiosity, and who from soul-hunger. Thou knowest the weary ones, who have come hoping that the bread and the water of life may give them strength to bear their lot. Thou knowest those to whom everything looks gloomy and dark. Thou knowest those whose burdens are not yet light according to thy promise. O Lord our God, look with compassion upon the great needy multitude that throng with their thoughts around about thee to-day. What is there in the great battle of life that any one needs, with which thou art not willing to equip him? O that every one might come as to a fountain that flows on forever, inexhaustible! O that every one might know the secret by which he might take from God strength and patience and fortitude to bear necessary evil, and uncomplaining serenity in the midst of trials! O that every one might borrow from thee the raiment that he needs, the armor that he needs, and the inspiration that he needs, so that as his day is his strength may be also. However much outward things may vary and waver, and whatever assaults and storms may come, may there be to every one of us a hidden pavilion, a refuge of sacred thoughts in the bosom of our God. May we feel sure that thou art, and that thou art the Rewarder of those who diligently seek thee.

We pray that thou wilt grant that we may not be unmindful of those who are around about us. Make us wise to teach the ignorant, and to gather in the untrained. Give us wisdom to spread abroad the Spirit of meekness and gentleness and forbearance and self-sacrifice. Grant that the truth may go out from us, not alone by the words of our lips, but by our unconscious influence.

Bless this nation. Bless the President of these United States, and those who are in authority with him. Be pleased to bless the governors and the magistrates throughout our whole land. Bless our entire citizenship. Grant that our people may abide purely and truly under just laws wisely administered.

And why should we pause here? Art not thou the God of those who are beyond the flood? Are not they thine who are of a different tongue? We pray that men may recognize their relationship to thee, and their brotherhood with each other. We pray that all wars and all cruelties which have filled the earth may cease. When, O God, shall the winepress no longer be trod with fierce feet? When shall the time of the flowing of blood cease? When shall all groans which have filled the air as one vast requiem moving to the motion of the globe come to an end? When will that day arrive on which the bright herald shall come blowing the joyful tidings from his trumpet, that the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and that he is reigning, and shall reign? Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly; for the whole earth doth wait for thee.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit, *Amen.*

ALL-SIDEDNESS IN CHRISTIAN LIFE.

"Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."—Eph. vi. 13.

This phrase is repeated. It occurs in the 11th verse, and again in the 13th.

"Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." "Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day."

By nature Paul was a general. He had all those sympathetic and magnetic qualities which tended powerfully to influence men. He had the sense, as it may be said, of mankind. He knew their feelings. He knew how to approach them. He had an intense nature. He was full of allowable ingenuity and strategy in the art of thinking. His figures are not meditative. They are almost never drawn from the quiet aspects of nature. There is very little of simple sweetness and simple beauty in them. The idea of beauty seems hardly to have entered into his mind. It is inconceivable that a man should have gone to Athens in the day of its glory, and seen that which one might almost give a life to see, and should have left no word about it. No statue glitters in his reminiscences. Of no temple did he give any description. The gorgeousness and glory of Grecian painting and Grecian art at large seem to have left upon his mind almost no trace. Nor do we find anywhere a sense of the beautiful in his mind and thought. But wherever men strove to the uttermost, there he saw something. His whole soul was filled

SUNDAY MORNING, November 2, 1873. LESSON: Matt. iii. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 666, 655, 657.

with the thought of men—men developed to energy. Whatever there was brought forth anywhere of skill and zeal and endeavor furnished him themes for contemplation. Men practicing athletic games, men at work, soldiers in armies—these provided him with illustrations. Though some of his figures are drawn from the household, some from civil life, and some from governments, they are all astir. They march. They move. It could not have been otherwise.

The best pointed arrow may go leisurely flying through the air from a weak bow; but even a poor arrow whizzes from a bow of steel; and whatever the figures were, when Paul let them fly, they went! Here he brings up before the mind the equipment of an old Roman soldier, covered with iron from head to foot, waiting for attack, and withstanding to the uttermost.

Now, Christ came to put an end to war; he was the Prince of peace and good-will toward men; and it is strange enough that a warlike figure should have been chosen to designate the life of a follower of Christ; yet, there was no unfitness in it. The spiritual conflicts of men, or their endeavors to live aright—evading, resisting, overcoming, subduing utterly, or annihilating spiritual enemies—these are a part of the great warfare in life; and so the illustration is not an unfit one. It implies the all-surrounding dangers that beset a Christian man, and the need of most ample and thorough preparation on the part of every Christian for the life-conflict.

According to the apostle's view, every one who would rise into a full Christian state of mind, and abide in it, must put forth efforts to that end. We cannot inherit religion. We may inherit more or less a moral constitution; we may inherit aptitudes in the direction of religious thought and religious emotion; but character was never born, nor does it ever come by accident. Character is built up from the very foundation. It is but another name for consecutive habits; and habits are the results to which men come by successive and continuous operations of their own will. Nothing, more than a high religious character, demands that men should put forth the utmost exertions, and exertions long continued.

The adversaries which the apostle mentions here are worthy of our regard for a moment:

"We wrestle not against flesh and blood."

That is, we do not wrestle against them principally. We are not to take our measure from them. We wrestle against governments, against the rulers of the world, against powers, whatever they may be, and wherever they may be.

"We wrestle against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day."

There is something in this very obscurity; there is something in this very amplitude of description of dangers above, dangers below, dangers on every side, dangers from common men, dangers from magistrates, dangers from governments, dangers from occupations, dangers from within and from without, dangers everywhere and always, dangers that environ us in every way, dangers proceeding from all sorts of temptation—there is something in these things which would seem to make it necessary for us to arm ourselves, and to never cease watching and fortifying ourselves against the multitudes of evils which surround us. We are nowhere and at no time free from liabilities to temptation and downfall.

The customs and usages of life in business or pleasure all tend powerfully to educate, not the highest nature but the lowest feelings, as they are conducted by men. For though I do aver that the course of nature and the normal operations of society are moral educators, and were designed to be such, and have inherent tendencies which are constantly striving to produce in men a moral basis and a moral character; yet, these natural schools where men are educated to higher and truer manliness are constantly perverted. They are under influences which tend to make them false educators; so that this world, which should teach men industry, and frugality, and foresight, and sympathy man with man, and kindness, and punctuality, and truth, and honor, and fairness, is teaching them these things in a measure; but, after all, it teaches them pride, and inordinate self-reliance, and vanity, and avarice, and selfishness, and brutal combativeness. It fills them with all manner of unregulated passions and appetites.

But you cannot avoid this. If you go out of the world to get rid of the temptations which spring from without, you fall upon temptations that spring from within. For no man is in such fatal danger as the man who is lazy, and who is with himself alone or mainly. There are no temptations which work such mean fermentations as those which spring upon men who live solitary lives. Though outward associations, by turning a man unduly one way or another, may impair the moral tone of his character to a certain extent; yet they carry with them a sanitary influence, many of them; and a man who has broken away from his fellows, and retired from life; a man who feels at liberty to go out from the great battle of manhood, and sequester himself, and dwell in his own sweet meditations, and live for his own perfection; one who avoids burdens, and yokes, and conflicts, and dangers—such a man is the meanest of men. There is in him a lack of pluck, a lack of stamina, a lack of moral enterprise, a lack of generosity, a lack of large benevolence, which is indispensable to manhood.

So, then, you cannot go out of life if you would. You meet the grim devil of selfishness, you meet the minor evils of life more in solitude than anywhere else. In life you meet all the fiery seductions which come from one spirit or another of the passions and appetites which are inflamed among men, the strong biasing the weak, and those of inordinate means sweeping away those who have little or no means, and the wise domineering over the simple. If you go into the Church, it has its dangers and temptations. If you go into the Exchange, it has its own liabilities and perils. If you go into the street, you find dangers there. In the wilderness, on the highway, upon the sea, in foreign lands, at home, doing the work of morality, performing the necessary economic duties of human life, in high positions and in low, everywhere, men are surrounded by temptations, by evils; and no man can avoid them or evade them. He cannot shut himself out from them.

When summer comes, and I leave my house, I shut it tight. Every window is closed, the blinds are fastened, and the curtains are rolled down. Now the house is clean, and

clean it shall be. But through the window, in spite of the shutter and in spite of the curtain, the dust slips in; and when I return I could write my name on every bureau and on every drawer in every apartment. There is no solitariness in a house such that dirt cannot find it. And men may shut themselves out from life, and think that they have between them and the various temptations to which they are liable such impediments that they cannot be reached; but they are mistaken. In your quiet home, in the solitary places to which you resort, temptations still come where you are; and no man is let alone. Through much tribulation are we destined to go forward in life. No matter what your circumstances are, your journey upward is a journey step by step through all manner of difficult ways. Life is a battle, and it is to be fought from first to last. There are some pauses to be sure, there is a space here and there, where pæans are lifted up, and victories are celebrated, and chants are sung of hopes that lie in the horizon of the future; but nevertheless, continuously, and in every part of the soul—in the intellect, in the moral sentiments, in the social affections, and in the basilar forces, the passions and appetites which are most needful in their place as a means of impelling mon forward in the strife—man is being tried, pushed and beaten down. He is intensified where he should be moderate; he is dried up in things which should flow; he is fiery where he should be cool, and cool where he should be fiery. So when a man attempts to carry himself, with his complex parts, in symmetry and harmony, he is perpetually thrown out of concord and unison.

On every side temptations beset men. Nor is there any possibility of their getting rid of them. They are to be met, and they are to be overcome, so that at last we may get through safely.

Nor is it enough that men should have intensity of desire. It is necessary from the nature of the conflict through which we are passing that there should be continuity of feeling and of effort.

Oh, if we could do by character what we can by money, how splendid it would be! A fortunate speculation will

sometimes sweep into a man's coffers all that he needs; and if men only knew only one single word, how happy they would be to-day! That word is *enough*. Why, there have been thousands of men who have had enough, if they had only known how to be contented with it; but no, they had the gambler's greed, and the earnings of to-day were put at stake to-morrow; and then, inflamed with hope, they began again. Men are eager for a little, that it may be yeast to raise more; and they are desirous that that more shall have many children, and that those many children shall have many again; and so the thoughts and desires of men in regard to wealth multiply and multiply. Like circles, which when made on the tranquil surface of the water run far out of sight, so are the thoughts and desires of men. Thousands have gathered in enough—that is to say, enough to feed them, to clothe them, to bring all instruments of culture about them, to advance their children in education, and to put them forward in life sufficiently to enable them to achieve their own way.

(And here let me say that the child that is lugged through life on the back of his parent is no better than an Indian papoose. He is nothing but an everlasting baby. And no persons go though life well except those who have learned to stand on their own feet, and to achieve their own success.)

But as I was saying, thousands of men have had money enough to support themselves and their families, and to give their children an education, and to set them up in life; and some are happy enough to know it, and while continuing active in good works do not toil in the acquisition of money. But we cannot do by character what we can by money. I may buy me a farm, and stock it, and build a house and a barn on it, and can live contentedly; and I may feel that I have enough of this world's goods; but no man can say this of character, or disposition, or knowledge. No man has enough of these. Born as sparks, we are to kindle to a flame; and the flame is to go on enlarging and enlarging till it shines unto the perfect day. We are brought into this world by the smallest, at the least, and in the lowest, and we are to rise by its disciplines to the highest—to a stature which no man can

measure, and of which no man can have any conception. And this is a work which requires incessant building.

Mark the growth of a stately edifice such as that which is going up now in New York under government auspices. How long the walls have been rising! How long the materials have been accumulating! But the work must go on, or that which has been done will be lost. The building as it stands is of no account. The storms can now come into it from above, and on every side. The structure must be completed if it is to serve the purposes for which it was designed.

Men are building their characters. Some are laying the foundations, and some are carrying up the side walls; but no man can stop. As long as the elements of this world beat upon him he must go on; and it is not until he is roofed in, it is not until he is in the mansions above, that the continuous strife will cease which goes to make his perfected manhood.

Men who go up on inclined planes are pulled back incessantly by the attraction of gravitation; and unless they put forth effort incessantly they slide down again. So we that are on the upward road from the animal toward the angelic are pulled back incessantly by the gravitation that tends to draw men down to the lower condition of life. Every endeavor to go upward is attended with work. Men who carry burdens up hill must exert themselves till they get to the very top; and so we, through life, must exert ourselves incessantly to the very last.

"Put on the whole armor of God."

If one omits a single part of his armor, he leaves a port open for death to enter. If the part is exposed where the helmet should be, the stroke may light there, though the man be protected everywhere else. And what boots it that his head is protected if he leaves his corselet off, so that the spear or the arrow may pierce him through the heart? If one part of the armor is left off all the rest is useless. The *whole* must be put on.

When the careful householder retires to bed, he locks the front door, he fastens the front windows, the rear windows and the kitchen windows; and all that he neglects is the front basement door. That he forgets to lock. He might as

well have left the whole house open ; for to lock every door but one is to leave all unlocked, to all intents and purposes.

What if, when the wind rages, you shut every window but one ; will not the wind find you as certainly as though you left all the windows open ?

When the winter sets in, and you would protect your flowers, it is needful to protect them on the north, on the south, on the east, and on the west. Any amount of protection, if you leave one side open, is invalid and worthless, and the smiting frosts shall come in.

So the lack of a single quality in a man destroys the value of all the qualities which he has. A man may have the noblest intuitions, he may form the noblest purposes, and he may engage with the utmost enthusiasm in right courses, but if he lack the single quality of patience, the want of that undoes the whole. One might knit and knit and knit, through the live-long day, but if at night a child ravels and ravels and ravels all that was done during the day, it is rendered completely void. Men may by the mere want of perseverance bring to naught the noblest things after the noblest endeavors ; and so they do, largely.

Our moral experiences are flashes. Would that they were such flashes as light-houses give, which revolve at times with diminished and extinguished light, only the more to make emphasis with the renewed gleam on the eye of him who, afar off at sea, is reading the signs and tokens of the shore. Men do not intermit their experiences in this way. They let the fire go out.

The housewife puts her tea-kettle on—for tea must be made. Shavings are heaped up under the kettle, and are lighted. Soon they are all in a blaze ; and for a moment the water begins to simmer ; but presently the fire goes out ; and she, going out too, forgets her tea ; and when she speedily comes back, it is as if there had been no fire. So there is no tea, and there is no meal. How often do we, in like manner, kindle a momentary zeal ! How often do we inspire intense enthusiastic feelings that quickly run their course, and turn to ashes, and destroy our purposes, and turn our feet aside from the true path !

Now, the continued action and the comprehensive unity of all the graces of the soul are indispensable to the building up of a right character, and the attainment of an inward and Christian manhood. There are many Christians who set themselves to the acquisition of single excellences, to the neglect, and almost to the ignoring of others. One man is negative. He is very careful not to do anything that is wrong—and this is right. He watches his thoughts, his feelings and his every-day actions, to keep them from going wrong; and he seems to think that when thus he has put a bridle on his lips, when he has shut off all wrong, he has made great attainment.

Surely, it is a great deal to avoid wrong-doing; but what would you account that husbandry to be worth which succeeded only in keeping down weeds? A man goes on plowing and plowing, harrowing and harrowing, hoeing and hoeing; and he rejoices, as July comes on, saying, "There is not a weed on my farm—*not a weed.*" Round and round he goes, looking into every corner, and under every hedge, to spy out any weeds that may have been left; and he says, "Not one weed shall grow on this farm." But where is thy corn, O farmer? "I have no corn." Where is thy wheat? "I have no wheat." Where are thy fruits? "I have no fruits." What hast thou? *No weeds!*

How many there are who are circumspect, and are in earnest, not only, but whose whole care is not to speak a wrong word, nor to speak a word in the wrong place! The result is that they succeed in doing nothing. Their life is comparatively vapid and void, because they have adapted themselves and confined themselves to one single element. They violate no propriety, but they are living negative instead of positive lives.

Now, to avoid evil is good only so far as it impels you to perform the right; only so far as it leads you to grow in the direction of true manliness.

We feel that for one to be equable and steady of mind, and to be even sober, is not criminal: we believe that it becomes a man who is the creature of two worlds sometimes to be thoughtful and grave; but for a man to act as though he

thought simply avoiding wrong and then looking solemn was the whole duty of man—this is a serious mistake. I do not count it against a man if he is so made that he cannot help being solemn—because I have known a great many solemn men who were, after all, good men, notwithstanding the fact that solemnity is a mask behind which the devil dances in more hypocrisies than any other; I do not blame men for being solemn where it is natural to them, and they cannot avoid it; but where men emphasize solemnity, and feel that going through the ritual of duty day by day consists in maintaining a negative propriety, and being intensely solemn every day as if their thoughts were dwelling on evil subjects—that kind of piety I condemn. And yet, how many affect it! and how little it affects them!

Others there are who, because their natures are emotive, and because their feelings are moved as easily as mercury is moved up and down in the barometric tube, have the idea that being intense, and feeling quick and deeply, and pouring out their emotions readily, is being like somebody. They love to see men who have feeling. They are themselves children of emotion, and they intensify that quality; and it is a thing to be desired. As calmness and tranquility are to be desired, so are tides and flames. But if one gives himself simply and only to these; if his Christian experience is to be measured by outbursts of feeling, by periodic emotions, coming to-day and skipping to-morrow, like the chills and fever—if one so regards religion, how imperfect is his understanding of it! How treacherous, how transient, how foolish are those hopes, those inspirations, and those endeavors after a manly life which are not permanent!

There be others who devote themselves to practical life, as though that were the whole of character-building. They do not esteem very highly those men who spin cobwebs in moonshine, as they say; who indulge in what they call *metaphysics*. They do not think very much of philosophy, which bewilders men, and sets them by the ears, and leads them into everlasting disputes. And as to sentiments, they do not believe in them. They like substantial things. They like to see men who take flour to the poor, and carry tea and coffee

and sugar to the needy. They admire those who make pantaloons and give them to ragged boys. And so do I. I like practical piety. I like to see that kind of godliness which serves the outward wants of men. But why should some persons say, "What is the use of sentiments? What is the use of inspiration? What is the use of a faith which lifts men into the invisible?" And why should other persons go to the opposite extreme, and say, "What is the use of practical religion?" Both of them are necessary to the symmetry of Christian character. Faith that works by love, and love that works by imagination—these are to be united in every true Christian. They should go hand in hand. And yet, how are men continually, as it were, standing on one leg, as if both feet were not needful to locomotion!

How many men insist on single virtues! One person is frugal and economical; and his criticism of his fellow-man is on that point which is over against his own virtue. Another person is generous to a fault; and his criticism is on that point which is over against his virtue. Men's criticisms of others are generally laudations of themselves. How many men are partial in their development! How few put on the whole armor which belongs to a man when he is fully developed in mind and in body, and stand perfectly clad with weapons both offensive and defensive!

Let me say, still further, that to build up the character all together is much easier than to build up any single qualities. There is a great advantage in the coherence of virtues. One virtue tends to find another, and to help another. Thus the supreme virtue, the mother of all virtues, the fountain from which every virtue flows—the great disposition of Benevolence—that fundamental and controlling law of Love which likens us to God—the law which Christ himself exemplified—that law which is, if I may so say, God (for God is love)—that one virtue in a man tends to develop out of itself the whole circle of virtues; and these strengthen each other by contiguity and sympathy. If a man is in the disposition of a true benevolence, it is easy for him to cultivate humbleness of mind; and he that cultivates humbleness of mind finds little difficulty in joining meekness with it; and he

that has humility and meekness always has patience; and he that has humility and meekness and patience finds very little trouble in the matter of long-suffering; and he that has long-suffering has faith; and he that has faith has hope; and he that has faith and hope has zeal, and he that has zeal springing from faith and hope, and all the other virtues which take their rise in love, has knowledge. For in spiritual discernment love is the great interpreter. Love is the one philosopher. It comprehends all other graces. It teaches us, and it inspires us. We think under its inspiration in various directions. It impregnates the understanding, so that we become wise in things which cannot be brought out by science, and which are transcendent. It is easier, then, for men to build up the Christian graces in fellowship, as it is easier for a man to travel in company.

"Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

And so it is with all the virtues. They love company. By taking hold of hands they give momentum to each other. It is easier for a man to put on the whole armor than a part of it. It is easier for a man to be perfectly than partially equipped.

In view of these considerations, I scarcely need to say that the crying fault of men who are attempting to live Christian lives is feebleness, or weakness. Men lack strength, vigor, intensity, breadth. Christians are not voluminous. Too often men who attempt to live Christian lives are so narrow in their conceptions that when they have put one faculty in sovereignty, they refuse to put confidence in any other faculty; and they strive to humble themselves all through. Men often, by subduing the strongest elements, feelings, affections of their nature, become almost negative.

I have seen many men who were made men by joining the church; I have seen many men to whom the church was as the garden of the Lord, where they had root-room, and room for their boughs, and where the wild boar of the fields could not whet his tusk against their trunk; I have seen many men to whom the church was as a father, a nurse, and a mother; and yet, on the other hand, I have seen the

church spoil men who before were genial, sympathetic, full of cheer, full of laughing gladness. They thought when they came into the church they must be severe with themselves, and gird themselves, and lace themselves so that they could not breathe. They came into the church with a generous flow of natural affections; but they put on artificial manners, and became cold and uninteresting. They did not sanctify, by the power of love, the gifts which God had given them. Having wit and a general buoyancy of spirits, instead of letting them flash out in the service of religion, they thought it necessary to rake them up and hide them; and so they became inane. They were good—O yes, just as juices boiled down till they are saccharine are good. Many persons boil themselves down to a kind of molasses goodness. It is not such goodness as there is in the live peach, in the luscious apple, or in the delicious pear. It is not such goodness as has in it the power and the sharpness which belong to a combination of acid and sweet. It is inspissated goodness. It is partial goodness, joined to feebleness, caution, fear.

How many persons are in the world as flies that have been caught in some sweet liquid, that have got out at last upon the side of the cup, drabbled, and that crawl up slowly, buzzing a little to clear their wings! Just such Christians I have seen, creeping up the side of churches, soul-poor, imperfect, without inspiration, and drabbled. If it must needs be so, that is better than nothing; it is better than to die without moral rebound; but this is not the whole career. You are called to manliness, and to strength, and to variety, and to development. You are called to an all-sidedness in Christian life.

"Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ."

These, and whatever good things there are anywhere, add to your stock; for this it is to be a Christian. It is to have in one's self all attainable excellences, or to seek them. They are to be sought by different degrees of power and skill, there

being gradations all the way up. There is every variety and every vicissitude. Nevertheless, it is the ideal of a Christian man that he should be a Christian all over, all the time, in everything, growing stronger and stronger, better and better, to the end. That is a noble standard.

I am not ashamed to preach thus to young men and maidens. I do not stand to rebuke them, and say, "You are sinful because you are living too much in the enjoyment of pleasure." I say to them: You are called to religion because there is the broadest pleasure in it. It is a pure and undying fountain. It enlarges you. It makes you more than you can make yourselves in the ways in which you are living. I blame you for narrowness. I inveigh against you for throwing yourselves away. Because you emasculate your nature; because you are so much in your own light; because you are content to eat such poor food, and to have such meager joys; because you are spending the little that you have to no purpose; because you waste your transient hours, and do not care for the eternity that rolls before you—this is why I blame you. This is why I scoff at you. This is why I ridicule you. This is why I say, "Fool! fool!" to you. I say it, not because you are strong and courageous. Strength and courage are good. Be more strong, more courageous, more bold, more joyful. Take in the whole sense of what a man's life is in this world. Find, if you can, an ideal of manhood that is like the Christian deal—so generous; so sweet; so in affinity with everything that goes upward; so opposed to everything that goes downward; so in alliance with noble instincts for this life and for the life that is to come.

It is in accordance with this ideal of Christian manhood that I call you to be men in Christ Jesus—not sectarians; not wasp-waisted, critical Christians; I call you, not to narrowness, and gloom, and despondency, but to energy, to combat, to victory, to joy, to hope, to all firmness and courage, and to the realization in the eternal sphere of that which here we dimly conceive, and there shall see face to face.

May God give to us who are in the Christian life more of the symmetry, more of the richness and sweetness, which belong to the ideal Christian. May God call from their

thoughtlessness, from their narrow, imperfect, unripe ways, those who are walking without God and without hope in the world. Remember how fast life is going: and if you have anything to do, O young man, do it speedily. You are not far from Greenwood. Not on the rose is the blush fairer than on your cheek; nor in the lily is the white more delicate than on your brow; and yet, in a year flowers will grow over some of you. You are on your way; you are not far from the grave; and it behooves every one of you, when you know not who shall go and who shall stay, to have your loins girt about, and your lamp trimmed and burning, that at whatever hour the Bridegroom and the Bride shall come, you may be ready to go out and meet them.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

THOU ever-blessed God, we thank thee for all the light which has been shed abroad from thee upon the earth. We thank thee that we know what we know. Though it is but a part; though it is but dim; though we see through a glass darkly, we rejoice that even the little is so effulgent; and we look forward with ardent expectation to the disclosures of the life that is to come. For if that which the senses may understand be glorious, how much more glorious is that which shall transport our ransomed spirits to the paradise above. We rejoice that thou art made known to us by so many tokens; by so many symbols. We rejoice that the names with which thou hast crowned thyself are names which bring to us everything that is pure, and just, and true, and loving. We rejoice that thou hast developed in us the power of somewhat understanding thee. And thou shinest more and more refulgent as we ourselves grow deeper and purer and more in love with that which is true and just. But what shall be the vision when we come to that world of blessedness where there is no sun, nor need of it; and no moon; but where thou art the light; where day and night are gone; where there are no marks of limitation; where there are no lines of latitude or longitude; where there is no change of seasons known; and where the spirit-form shall understand as it is understood! We aspire to that glorious vision. We know our inferiority. We feel the continual pressure of temptation. We know the weaknesses of life. We stumble, and we fall. We are verily little children, without their simplicity and their purity. We have all their faults, but how little have we of their excellence! We confess what we are now as an argument of thy mercy; for thou art one that canst spare. Thou art infinite in compassion and in sympathy, and art drawn to us by that which would repel us one from another. How proud we are against those who offend us! How hard and cruel are we in our revenges! How quick we are in our anger! But thou hast infinite patience. Thou art longsuffering. Thou dost wait to be gracious. Thou canst not speak of thy kindness but as *loving* kindness, nor of thy mercies but as *tender* mercies. We crown thee with our praise. We draw near to thee with the little confidence which our hearts know how to give. We give thee the best. We aspire, we yearn, to know, and to be better worthy to know thee. Fill us with thy Spirit, that we may achieve great things in life, in courage, in patience, in bountifulness, in perseverance, and in every good word and work. We pray for those who labor in our midst; for all who teach; for all who have compassion upon the poor; for all who seek to visit waste places, and are drawing around about them, by the law of kindness, those who need succor and help. Will the Lord bless them, and crown their efforts day by day with radiant hope and with gladness. We pray that they may not be weary in well-doing. Even in the most desperate cases may they be sustained by the thought that they shall reap in due season if they faint not.

We pray that more and more those who are in darkness may be brought into light. Have compassion upon those who are out of the way. Look upon those who are vicious and criminal, and have

compassion upon them. Our hearts, when we think of the multitudes who are suffering, and are ignorant, and are filled with evil, are turned within us; and we pray for them, and entreat that influences may be brought to bear upon them which shall ransom them from their adversaries, and bring them back from all that is bad to all that is good, manly and pure, in Christian living.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to go with all those who to-day are preaching the gospel. Bless the sermons that have been preached in so far as they have set forth the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. And we pray that the light of the gospel may be shed abroad over the earth, leaving no unillumined place. We pray that thy work may be continued until the knowledge of God shall be a universal possession; until the love of Christ shall dwell in all our hearts, and subdue them to thyself.

Let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. We ask it for Christ's sake. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, wilt thou grant thy blessing to rest upon the word which has been spoken. May it encourage men to endeavor. May it inspire effort in those who are listless and careless. We pray that thou wilt open the understandings of thy people, and the understandings of those who are living without Christian hope and Christian purpose. We pray that thou wilt bless this church, and make it as the garden of the Lord; and may the truths which are spoken here from day to day be divinely guided, divinely inspired, divinely blessed. Accept our thanks for the service, the joy and the experience of the day. Go home with us to-night. Abide with us through all the week. May we so live with thee that we shall find that thou art doing to us what the sun is doing to all the land over which it shines, bringing forth all sweet and blessed things. So, as we draw near to the heavenly land, may we be as they that draw near to the tropics, where growth never ceases. And, leaving behind all infirmities, all weights and all bondage, may we rise disenthralled, perfected, to rejoice in thy presence evermore. And to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, shall be the praise. *Amen.*

FACT AND FANCY.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."—II. Cor. iv., 18.

The relations of the ideal and the practical, of the visible and the invisible, of the real and the imaginative, are of transcendent importance. It has been said that everybody in the world is either a Platonist or an Aristotelian—Plato standing for ideal philosophy, and Aristotle for the real and practical. Everybody tends, it is said, to follow one or the other. No: the perfect man unites them both, and is at once Aristotelian and Platonist. His feet standing on solid facts, his head goes philosophizing, and his heart is the balance between them; so that it is wiser to say that he who begins as a Platonist should end also as an Aristotelian, and that he who begins as an Aristotelian should end also as a Platonist; for the two together bring a man where, if he will, he can see One that is greater than either Plato or Aristotle—Jesus Christ, the perfect embodiment, in this world, of the intellectual, the emotive, and the practical elements of life, that are so often dissevered and represented partially. Some men being full of emotion, some being full of thought, some being full of morality, the true man is made up from them all in harmonious relations.

The tendency which God has implanted in the soul is from the visible toward the invisible. Consider what generalizations are in science. We collect facts; we observe their likenesses and dissimilarities; we deduce from a sufficient number of collected and observed facts certain truths; and they

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are truths which have no visibleness. They are to be found, not in physical reality, but in the imagination or mind of man. They are invisible, and yet they are irresistible.

You cannot develop a savage tribe without perceiving that the normal law of development is in the direction of abstract truths instead of isolated and disconnected facts.

When ideality, or the imaginative, is added to the physical, then men are understood to have ideals; and if they be poetical, and have the sense of beauty, then refinement and the esthetic elements come in; and if you forsake the first physical observations, every step, intellectual, imaginative or emotive, is a step away from the visible and material towards the invisible, but not less real—for a thought is as real as the thing that makes the thought; and the relation between two thoughts is just as much a fact as if they were two outward shapes with different colors and different properties.

The relation of this truth to those experiences which have to do with the operations of life is a matter of great importance. All large wisdom consists in the application of the higher invisible qualities which we have deduced; in bringing back again these invisible qualities and re-incarnating them in facts. He is not a painter who simply copies a tree just as it is. A photograph of a tree is not a work of art. He who, observing trees, brings to bear upon them the imagination, the fancy, the reason, the emotions, the law of association, so that from the sight of them there arises in his mind an ideal conception, and who then brings back again to the canvas these idealized trees, even if he takes the visible ones for his model, adds to them those subtler graces which come from him, and do not hang upon them—he who does this is an artist. First he takes things seen, and of these he frames, in the higher realm of thought, ideal conceptions. These ideal conceptions vanish, evaporate, if they remain ideal. If he would make them valuable he reduces them to a visible form, but with features which did not belong to them until they had been through his mind. So the human mind may be said to be a womb, as it were, out of which lower forms are born, first into ideas, and then into

things. There is a perpetual reciprocal interchange by which facts become principles, and by which, then, these principles become facts again, as rules and measures and guides for practical life.

You may say that the same thing is going on between the human mind and the visible world that is going on between the ocean and the sky. All the water is subject to evaporation; it rises in a continuous vapor; and when in the sun it has disported itself long enough, down it comes again in the form of drops, and flows through rills and rivulets and rivers back to the sea. The life of the sea and of the land are dependent on this continual change of the visible water into invisible vapor, and of the invisible vapor into visible water again.

There is a like circulation in the functions of the soul. There is the reality of the outward life lifted up by soul-power into the form of an invisible life, and there is the bringing back again of this invisible life as a means of carrying on the process of growth and culture among men. This forming of loftier conceptions, and applying them to practical concerns, is the continuous law of Christian civilization, and of all civilization. It is a process which, the more you examine it, the more you will find it to be true.

It is out of this double action which is going on, or which ought to go on in all men, that I propose to develop certain knowledges in reference to practical life.

There is light thrown, in the first place, upon those who are theorists in religious life; upon doctrinaires; upon those who live to follow out and to deduce great truths. It is certainly right for men to reason and to carry their reason as far as they can; but he who dwells only in the higher and subtler elements, he who deals with ideals, seldom going back to facts, becomes impractical and unfruitful; he is a partialist, and a partialist remote from life; and he is neither very useful to himself nor a very safe guide to others. Theories and principles are to be tried by their relations to practical life. I have sometimes said that life was a test of truth; that that which men believe on philosophical principles, being carried into outward life, will very soon show

whether it is harmonious or at discord with it. Life is, in an important sense, the test of truth.

We see, secondly, what is the true sphere and the true character of the reverist. There are many who suppose themselves to be dwelling in religious meditation when they are only dwelling in a religious revery. Revery is the exhalation, I might say, of sentiment. It is the emotional nature of man touched by the imagination, rising out of facts, and standing above them,—having no other connection with them, than in looking at them as pictures. A reverist is one who, having forsaken practical life, is dwelling in ether, from which he never returns in any practical or beneficent form. How easy is the heroism which goes on in revery, when we have lost all sight of real life and facts, and perform great deeds in imagination! How easy it is for us to sit with closed eyes, on a balmy day, in some shady nook, during summer, and enact the part of a hero! How easy it is for us to go out as a victorious general! Marching no longer wearies us. With what ease we abstain from food! How brave we are in the endurance of all the hardships of the camp,—the aërial camp,—the camp of the hearth! How, when the shock of battle comes on, are we very knights—a *Cœur de Lion*, every one of us! How we are wounded! How we are nursed, lying in our tent! And what wondrous gratitude springs from our sense of obligation! Meanwhile, all round about us are those who are going on with the realities of life which we do not share. We do not take hold and help in the duties of the household. We reserve for ourselves the best places. We are so refined that nothing must come to us that is rough. We become self-conscious and exacting. Thus, while the reverist is dwelling in visions of heroic life, he is, in fact, a self-seeker—a selfish person.

Now, if revery acts in us to quicken the dull sense which over-addiction to matter produces; if revery operates upon us as silvery vapor under the rays of the sun operates on the face of nature, forming beauteous shapes, and making the landscape more attractive, then it is beneficial; but there are thousands and thousands of persons who think they are something when they are nothing. They think they are some-

thing because they dwell in such reveries ; but their practical life is barren and poor and selfish and mean.

Then, thirdly, there are the meditatists. I have been taught a good deal that meditation is a Christian excellence —and so it is ; but meditation is largely a running of the mind-mill ; and certainly it does not do any good to run the mill when there is no grist in it; and yet, thousands meditate when they have nothing to meditate on. Indeed, the great majority of men are unable to supply themselves with food for continuous reflection. When they meditate, or suppose they do, there is nothing that is really profitable in the operation. There is not one man in a thousand among intelligent men, who is able to take up a train of thought and carry it on connectedly and consecutively. Reading is good because it brings something to you ; memory may also help you ; and there may be times when under strong excitement the mind is lifted up into positions where it can carry on noble trains of thought—and far be it from me to undervalue them ; but where it is thought that every person must meditate every day, how piteous is the exemplification of meditation !

I meditated when I was young, with a healthy body, with an exquisite sensibility to fact, and with undisclosed and undeveloped intellectual powers. I meditated—or thought I did ; and when I woke up I was watching the creeping of a fly on the wall. I meditated—or tried to—about heaven, and about the wondrous truths which belonged to the heavenly state ; and when I came to myself I was watching the birds out of the window. I meditated ; but meditation with me consisted in constantly checking myself and bringing myself back to the thing in hand ; for as the thing in hand was nothing, it was hard to stay to it.

Many think that religious life requires meditation; but I say that religious life first requires knowledge and consideration ; and the question is, whether a man can sit down by himself and consider truths which are disconnected from the practical flow of his daily duties. My impression is that he cannot. One cannot carry on a process of meditation except in connection with things that are occurring in the world and under his hand.

We may now perceive, fourthly, the position of men who are *moralists* according to the common use of that term. There are many persons who are so disgusted with the visionary forms of life that they rebound to the other extreme. They say that metaphysics are unprofitable, that they are dry, that they mislead, that the imagination is a false guide, that the only real man is the man who sticks to reality, and that our business is to live about as well as we can, and then trust God for the rest. That is certainly a truth. Everybody has to live as well as he can, and has to trust God for the rest; but that is not the question: the question is, whether a man who stands on the ground which is usually called morality has aspiration; whether he is endeavoring to develop himself, and whether his conception of what his life and character ought to be is such that the invisible is perpetually tending to his elevation, and to the development of the visible in him. Morality usually consists in a sort of loose compliance with the civil law of the land—and that is right; in a sort of mild obedience to neighborhood customs and rules—and that is right; in a sort of general avoidance of the grosser forms of indulgence which public sentiment condemns—and that is right; in an observance of those courtesies on which the ease of intercourse in society so much depends—and that is right. As for the rest, it is said that a man should be a good father, a good husband, a good neighbor, a good citizen, and a good business man. It is claimed that that is about all you can expect of a man.

But those who are usually called moralists, and who continually play round about their duty as fathers and husbands and neighbors and citizens, are so slavishly addicted to fact that they have very little ideality; and having no picture spread out before them, having no constantly recurring conception that condemns them and rebukes them all the time, that leads them to higher endeavor, and that all the while shows them that they have not reached that after which they aspire, they become dim, dull, lethargic, stationary, stagnant.

Fifthly, we may from this view of the double-action of man, from the ideal to the real, and from the real to the ideal,

give a practical solution to many questions that are asked, and that ought to be asked, of parents by their children. There is the question, for instance, as to the profitableness, or the injuriousness of reading—especially the reading of fiction. If all fictions—all theological fictions, all legal fictions, all business fictions, and all literary fictions—were taken away, there would be very little left which we call common life, and which is familiar to us. Nobody who has not made it a matter of investigation has any idea of how largely the imagination is made to be the alphabet out of which the real is spelled. No parent has brought up a child who has not been obliged to betake himself or herself from the real to the imaginary. The moment a child is old enough to have glimpses of things that rise above the mere physical realm, he asks questions which are puzzling; and the parent in answering them almost always finds it necessary to tell the child some little story, some little fable, some little fiction, and generally winds up by saying, "That is as near as I can tell you now, my child; but when you grow up and are as big as mamma, you will understand it as well as she does." Oftentimes fiction is nearer the truth than truth itself is. For instance, if you undertake to explain to a child the distinction between the judicial, the executive and the legislative powers of the nation, I think you will find yourself, even if you understand the idea perfectly, unable to bring it, in its complete, unmodified form, into the mind of the child. In other words, how are you going to put a truth that is large enough to fill your mind into a child's mind? Can you get a full quart measure into the space of a gill? No. What do you do? You go down to the child's plane of life, and imagine about what he can understand, and reduce that to the form of some little fairy story, or fable, or fiction, in which, perhaps, the ant, the bird, or the beast plays a part. You take things which are familiar to the child, and with them represent, as well as you can, the truth which you wish to impart; and the child smiles, and thinks he has an idea—and so he has; but it is not the whole of that which you have in your mind. What you have told him is not true. If you were to tell him the truth, it would be nothing at all to him. That

is to say, if you were to state to him the actual facts, he would interpret them according to the undeveloped state of his mind, and would not understand them.

The picture goes into the *camera obscura* bottom side up, and you are obliged, by a second set of mirrors, to bring it back to its right position. And when you make your block for printing a picture, you make it so that that part which belongs on the right side is on the left, and that which belongs on the left is on the right. You have to make your block backwards in order to have your picture forwards. The block must be false to the eye if you would have the picture, when it is printed, true to the eye.

This process of fiction has marked the development of civilization all the way up. Men have come to higher qualities by an imperfect rendering of things. When things have been interpreted in a lower language, such as men could understand, they have been imperfect and fictitious in a great measure.

If, then, one asks, "Is the use of fiction improper"? I say, It is scarcely a question whether you will use it or not. It is indispensable, yea, inevitable, that you should use it. You cannot help using it. If it is not right to use it, then our Master was a sinner above all men; for when literature is dead, and men are forgotten, those magnificent parables, those grand fictions of his, such as the story of the Prodigal Son, will stand in everlasting remembrance. Nowhere more than in the Scriptures is fiction used for purposes of instruction.

Is it true, then, since fiction is wholesome and desirable, that the more you have of it the better? A great many persons reason in that way. Ha! because it is useful for you to take (asking the pardon of one school) twenty drops of paregoric, would it be beneficial for you to take a gallon? Because ten slices of bread are enough for a growing schoolboy, would twenty loaves be better? Is there no measure or rule in these things? Because there is a proper use of fiction, is every use of it beneficial?

According to the principles which we have developed this morning, just so far forth as fiction enables one to rise above the vulgarity, the commonness and the sordidness of the real

without separating himself from practical life, it is beneficial; but he who so reads fiction that he forgets to come back again to practical life, reads it to his harm—to his damage.

Begin, if you will, upon the earth; but you must rise, and having risen, you must come back again to earth from whence you ascended, bringing something more than you found when you took your flight. A reading of fiction which throws off care, or a reading of fiction which brings knowledge to men's minds, as does much of the fiction that is written nowadays (for many of the fictions of to-day are histories, biographies, moral philosophies, scientific treatises, not a few writers of fiction having taken imaginary voyages in the air, beneath the surface of the terraqueous globe, and through the water, for the sake of setting before men truths of science which have been found out)—such a reading of fiction is beneficial. He who reads fiction to rest himself, to refresh himself, to lift himself above the dead level of the vulgar real, reads it to his advantage and profit; but he who reads it to abide in it, never giving back a better man to his every-day household or business duties, is hurt by it. It has decomposed the texture of his mind. He is not so good a man as he was before. And a man to be benefited by the reading of fiction not only must be lifted up by it above the affairs of earth, but must come back to those affairs again with renewed strength. It is said that Antæus renewed his strength when he touched the ground; but we renew our strength when we rise into the air. We derive our strength from the invisible rather than from the visible.

It is not, as a general thing, a very safe or wholesome process to excite strong feelings or emotions which have no proper outlet. There is a great deal of unwholesome effect produced by going to meetings. For instance, where a man goes to exciting religious meetings for several nights of the week, where he habitually attends religious services on Sunday by which he is lifted up to a great height in his emotive and ideal nature, if he never comes back again to the ordinary affairs of life with increased fidelity, his condition is not improved; it is made worse; for to go to church and have strong feelings excited, and not have those feelings applied

to daily life and duty, is positively injurious. There is such a thing as *spiritual* intemperance, as well as *spirituous* intemperance.

If, on the other hand, a man returns from the kindling in him of a high ideal state to be more faithful as a friend, to be more heroic in disinterested actions, to be more patient in troubles, and to be strong where he is tempted to be weak, then this stimulation is beneficial to him. Wherever by preaching, or any other means, one is brought into a very high state of feeling—a state of feeling higher than he can work off in practical ways—it is injurious to him.

That is why you shall see men of very eminent religious experience, but of very faulty ethical life. People say of them, "They are insincere persons—they are hypocrites." There are insincere persons, there are hypocrites, among such men; but a great many of them are a great deal more inconsistent than hypocritical. Of inconsistent people not one in a thousand is necessarily a hypocrite.

Many persons think that emotion is religion; but it is not. A person may be greatly hindered by emotion. One may have such rapturous views of God, of heaven, and of that rest which remaineth for the people of God, as to be unfitted for either heaven or earth.

Which is the better mother, she that is intensely emotive, or she that is very practical? The one never caresses her children; she never seizes her darling and kisses him "all to pieces"; she never talks sentiment; she is quiet; she wears a placid face; her eye is like an open book full of pictures; her presence is peace; her heart carries warmth wherever she goes; there is nothing which the child does which she is not cognizant of; she is incessantly inspiring and lifting him up; and she is all the while molding his character by invisible touches. He cannot remember that she ever went into a paroxysm of affection toward him; and yet there is not a thought or feeling in his memory that is not twined with his recollection of her. She was the *doing* mother. She was the mother whose feeling worked itself out in perpetual fidelity, and tenderness, and sweetness, and lovableness. Her life consisted in turning the power of a great angelic heart in to

that which was physical, in order to make that physical spring up with divine colors and blossoms like those of the eternal sphere.

Another mother, right across the street, is all vitality and vivacity and imagination; and her children are her "darlings"; they are "precious little angels," and she is running after one and another of them all the time, throwing out her arms, and saying, "Come to my bosom"; and yet their clothes are neglected, and so is their training. She loves them too much to work for them. Her love for them pours over; but they grow up wild and ignorant.

Now, which is the better mother, the one that has a great deal of feeling, but comparatively little practice, or the one that has comparatively little apparent feeling, but a great deal of practice?

Many and many a river works. The Merrimac runs with a small channel. It is called a prodigious river; but I could almost ford it. Where are its waters? For a hundred miles they are busy turning vast wheels. They have turned out to the right and to the left, and gone to work; and that is better than for them to be in the middle of a deep channel, and not work. So there are great hearts that turn the currents of emotion into actual practical deeds. It is safe and wholesome to have intense feelings, high excitements, if they take on practical forms; but it is neither safe nor wholesome to have such feelings and excitements if they do not take on such forms.

Why is it that the skillful surgeon can stand by the side of a suffering patient, and take the dissecting knife, and cut down to the nerve, and along the most delicate veins and arteries, and cause that patient the most exquisite torment, and do it composedly, with his hand as firm as a rock? You say he has overcome his feeling. I say that his humanity, his sensibility, his tenderness, have all gone into his action, and are embodied in what he is doing. His act is a kindness; and it is a kindness greater, frequently, a thousand times, than the forbearance of it would be. To do a thing that is beneficial for the sake of another is often a million times better than to do a thing that is pleasant for the

sake of that other. It indicates more love and more kindness.

Now, to be heroes in novels, and never anywhere else, is demoralizing. To be full of overflowing sympathy in fiction that has no inspiration is demoralizing. And if any young people want to know my opinion about novels and stories, my opinion is this: use fiction as you would spices in your diet. No man takes a quart of cloves, nor exhausts the cruet, at a single meal. These things may be used with moderation to season one's food with, but they are not to be used alone; and so fictions, while they are not to be resorted to exclusively, may be used with discretion to season life with. If you find that using them brings you back to duty with more alacrity, with more cheer, and with more aptitude; if you find that it makes you better in your relations to your fellow-men, then it does not hurt you, and you are at liberty to use them; but if you find that using them makes you morose; if you find that it gives you a distaste for work; if you find that it inclines you to run into a hole that you may get away from your fellow-men; if you find that it makes you unkind, disobliging and selfish, then you may be sure that, whether it injures anybody else or not, it injures you.

This law which I have unfolded, that we must first go from the real to the ideal, and then come back and incarnate the ideal into the real form—this law will throw some light, sixthly, on the reason why beauty is almost invariably beneficial as it is developed in nature, and why art, which is the science of beauty, has been on the whole, perhaps, an injury to the world. Architecture stands apart, and may be left out; but I think it will be difficult to show that painting and sculpture, and all else that goes under the term "fine arts," have been a benefit to the world. In the early periods of the world art was elevating to a large extent; but as soon as it began to be a thing of beauty for the sake of beauty it began to deteriorate. Pre-Raphaelite art was sincere. It was profoundly ignorant of the human form, of combination and of perspective; but there was that intensity of reality about it which always makes things comely and attractive to refined natures. As soon as you come down to the time

of Raphael, you perceive that he began to make art an instrument of human pleasure. His Madonnas were no longer so intensely filled with a sense of God being themselves homely, long lank, lean, not knowing nor caring how they looked. Raphael's Madonnas got out of all that: they were plump; they were handsome; and they knew it; and Raphael knew it: he meant that they should be; and he meant that nobody looking on these holy pictures should fail to admire them.

Now, why has art been deteriorating and demoralizing since it began to be an instrument of pleasure in the world? Because to take real things from life and present them to the senses of men, and not to their higher imagination, is always deteriorating. If, for instance, the element of beauty works in you a conception of purity and nobleness, then it helps; but if it is presented so that it draws you toward the sensuous part of your nature, and not toward the spiritual part, then it hurts. It is safer to go where that art is from which our lower nature revolts, than to go where that art is which is pleasing to our lower nature. It is dangerous to go where art has been employed to make things which are sensuous sweeter and pleasanter. We need nothing to help the senses. We need nothing to cultivate the passions. The strength of life lies in its grosser elements; and if the finer elements are brought in to work downward toward the passions and appetites, the effect is damaging. No matter how faultless art is in symmetry, no matter how magnificent it is in expression, no matter how exquisite it is in coloring, and no matter how charming it is in grouping, if its effect is not to lift a man higher, but to make him content with his lower nature, then it corrupts—and that is what art does largely at the present time.

Now, the beauty of nature does not deteriorate men, because it brings them under the operation of the great law by which the visible works purely on the invisible, and the invisible on the visible again. This perpetual interchange from matter to mind and from mind to matter keeps it in health and vigor and power.

We may also, I remark, seventhly, from the principles

which have been stated, throw some light on the subject of the emotive element in religion. Unquestionably the pure emotions of hope and love and joy produce happiness; but where the law of feeling is introduced as a test of religion, men render themselves liable to great mistakes, and most fatal ones. The true test in religion is not how impressionable one is. I put an Æolian harp in my window. The evening breeze, having nothing to do, and finding the harp in the window, courts it, and an interchange of sweet sounds goes on. I take a crowbar and put that in the window. The same wind sweeps over it, but it does not sing. Why did the harp sing? For no reason except that its nature was impressionable. It put forth no volition. There was no merit in what it did. Why did not the crowbar sing? Because it was made a crowbar.

Here is a man with an abdominal temperament. He is cold, sluggish, stupid. Under the most stimulating influences he barely wakes up. He goes to church. The sermon is a most stirring one, but it does not affect him. Right over against him are people whose parents were intensely excitable. Their parents, too, were intensely excitable. There was a double and treble charge of nervous tendency given to these children; and they are so sensitive that if you look at them they change color, and if you breathe on them they quiver all over. They have no difficulty in keeping awake, and they are deeply affected by the sermon.

Some men are made like crowbars, and some like Æolian harps; but if a man is like an Æolian harp, it is no credit to him that he sounds quickly; and if a man is like a crowbar it is not his fault that he does not sound readily. The point of judgment is to lie in this: A man's temperament being given to him, what has he done with it? Has he used it to augment the sum of his own being, and to benefit the world around about him? These are test questions.

There are men who are prodigiously joyful in religion, but to whom no more merit is due than to the trumpet that sounds loudly when a strong man blows it.

There are other persons who have slow, methodical, unexcitable natures; and, looking at these excitable people, they

say, "If I were really a good Christian man, there is what I should be; but I cannot get up to where they are. I wish I could. God be merciful to me a sinner."

Now, these unemotive men are as true to their nature as are those emotive men, and very likely they are better; for although the emotive men are sensitive to feeling, the unemotive men never use their feeling as a cascade to fill the air full of flying drops and vapor: they use it rather as a mill-stream with which to turn the wheel of purpose and activity.

I mention, eighthly, the relation of our daily duty in our several callings to piety. There are those who believe that it is impossible for them to be Christians because they are so busy; but that is the reason of all others why a man can be a Christian. There are those who think that when they have got through the pressure of life they will be Christians; but they will then be in the condition which is most unfavorable to piety; for men need the higher forms of experience to animate the practical daily duties of life.

When you think of saints, you think of pale persons who are very still, who stand apart and commune with God, and wish they were not alive. Now, when I think of a saint, I do not think of any such thing. I believe there are just such saints; I believe there are saints in every relation of life; but I tell you, that brown maiden woman in New England, who in the morning rolls her sleeves up above her red elbows, and, because her sister, who is the mother of children, is feeble, is not going to let her do the work, and occupies herself about the house, and takes the burden upon herself, bearing with the children that she did not bear, and gives her life all day with intense industry to lighten that sister's toil, and has done it for five years past, and will do it for twenty years to come—she is my saint. A busy, bustling saint she is, to be sure, but she is a saint. Her emotions do not go off in chance ethereal experiences. Her great soul rises into the conception of God, of the other life, of love, and of spiritual things; and instead of dwelling in them, she turns them back upon her life as fruitful showers which produce worthy deeds; and people say of her, "She is good as goodness. What a homely old good creature she

is!" I think it more complimentary to be regarded as a person whose life, in a disinterested way, has embodied or incarnated itself in works of goodness, than to have the Pope put your name in the calendar.

Do you think that that is religion which goes on in the closet, but not that which goes on in the store? I will admit that a great deal goes on in the store which is not religion; but I will admit, too, that there is a great deal that goes on in the closet which is not religion. The closet for the store, and the store for the closet.

A man is profoundly immersed in mathematical studies—and that is right; he is working out most important problems—and that is right; but when they are all wrought out, there is a big bridge to be built; vast piers are to go up; the span is to be carried across. The stability of the structure is to be tested; the strength of the materials is to be measured; the strain is to be known; and when the man has worked out all these elements he goes into the field and applies them. Then the bridge rises slowly, and it becomes more and more comely as it goes up; and by-and-by it stands in the air, at a distance, apparently as filmy as though a cobweb had been thrown over the chasm; and yet it is so strong that the wind, the storm, and the tramp of a thousand feet cannot break it. And is he any more a mathematician when he is studying upon these problems than when he is applying them, and working out the result which is to grow from them? Is not the glory of his study shown at the point of application?

Your true religious life consists in standing where God has put you, and exercising Christian qualities. It consists in showing pity where pity is called for; in manifesting patience where patience is required; in exhibiting gentleness where gentleness is needed. It consists in forbearing with others; in bearing others' burdens; in not being easily provoked; in thinking no evil, when evil things are brought to you; in loving, where other men would hate; in doing, where others would sit still. In other words, as it is indispensable that the mathematician should make an application of his problem, so it is necessary that the theory of religion should be applied to life.

The best part of one's life is the performance of his daily duties. All higher motives, ideals, conceptions, sentiments, in a man are of no account if they do not come down and strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.

Once more, and lastly. The power of rising to Christian experiences and duties is not a power given to those alone who have gone through a mystical change. I think, perhaps, this is the head for which I mainly planned out the whole sermon. I see a great many persons of whom I say, "I wonder that they are not avowedly religious persons." When I talk with them, and urge upon them the higher Christian life, I find that they have a vague conception of ecclesiastical ceremony, or flummery, or both—of the vast, operose, intricate beliefs which are prescribed by the Church. And they say, "Oh, it is appalling to think what a man has to assume if he becomes a Christian! I do not understand all the doctrines which I should be expected to subscribe to; I cannot understand them; it is useless for me to try; so I must do my best, and take my chance. That is about all I can do."

There is another class of persons who think they do believe all these doctrines—though, thank God, they do not. There is a great deal associated with religion that a man would be the worse for believing. It is with religion as John Milton said it was with the old Fathers: "A net thrown into a river, that brings with it stones, and shells, and sticks, and leaves, and all manner of rubbish—that," said he, "are the Fathers of the Church." Historical religion, religion as it is oftentimes represented by religious teachers, is a net with here and there a fish in it, but mostly filled with sticks, and leaves, and ever so many other things. Much of that is rubbish. It has no vitality; or its mission is ended, so that it is to true religion what last year's straw is to this year's grain. And where a man says, "I cannot become a Christian because I cannot adopt all the ideas of the Church," I say to him, "You do not need to."

Other men say, "It would be insincerity in me to pretend that I was a Christian. I have never had any such conversion as Christians tell of having experienced. I have

sought this great blessing, but it has not come to me." I want to say, in all fidelity and tenderness, to every one who is looking upon Christian manhood as depicted in Christ and as taught in the New Testament as something difficult of attainment: You do not need to wait for any systematic belief, or for any special change. Take the duty that stands next to you, and attempt to do it for God's sake, and continue doing it, and the proper discharge of your obligations will of itself develop in you a spiritual state. The tendency of right-doing is to raise the doer into a higher mood.

To take an extraordinary case, if I had the talking with a usurious old miser, I would not say to him, ordinarily, "Change your whole nature instantly." If he could be caught in a great congregation, and subjected to the electrical influence of the multitude at a revival, he might be changed in an hour, perhaps; but probably not under other circumstances. I know of a case which illustrates the way in which I think such a man should be dealt with. I speak of it with profound reverence.

A woman of a great and royal nature married a man who was as small as a man could be and yet be called a man. The strength of his being ran to selfishness. They lived together two scores of years, and he died in the odor of sanctity; for he became the most benevolent man in all the region; and his name was a proverb for generosity and charity. How was he transformed? Not by lectures; not by any ideal attempt to transform himself; but by the sweet example of her to whom he looked up as his queen—though he thought he governed her. Everybody knew that she governed him. She did not know it, and he did not know it, such is the power of a kind and loving heart. She gradually led him to the performance of noble deeds. As a little child that is tempted to take medicine sips first, and, finding that it is not bitter, sips again, and, finding that it is sweet, takes the whole spoonful, so this man was tempted to try works of beneficence. The experience of the first trial felt so good that he tried a little more, and then he tried a little more, and then he tried a little more, till by and by he had the conviction that it was a good way to be happy. At length he

began to understand the principles which governed doing good. He rose into the sphere of the ideal. The conception which he formed there he brought down and wrought out in acts of humanity. Thus he overcame that which was vulgar in his life. He was transformed. He did right things; and the doing right things brought right feelings; and these right feelings led him to do other right things.

If right feelings do not produce right conduct they die out; and if right conduct does not produce right feelings it is because you do not let it. Every good deed that a man does is like the germ of a plant. Give it a chance to grow, and the earth beneath will counsel it to shoot up, and the sun above will counsel it to shoot up; and up it will come. Every right thing done, if it be not hindered, will be fruitful in spiritualizing the mind; and a spiritualized mind will occupy itself in doing right things.

"Do you say, "This is teaching men to undertake to work out their own religion"? Why, yes, I think it is; and this might be fitly joined to the text, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

I say to my tulips and hyacinths and crocuses, "I will plant you this fall, and you are going to come up, every mother's son of you, in the spring." That is throwing my confidence upon nature—no, not upon nature, but upon nature's God. Do not I know what is going on in heaven? Do not I know that the sun has gone almost as far from us as it will go? Do not I know that he will soon come back with all summer blessings in his hand? Do not I know that the plants will grow as soon as the sun finds them and sheds his warmth upon them?

The Sun of Righteousness has no north and no south; he is continually exerting his influence upon men; and to every man who has capacity, and will apply it to the thing that is next to him, saying, "For Christ's sake I will do the best I can," there will be given that power which will refine the deed, and make it a spiritual experience; and that deed will produce others; and these will rise to make aspiration; and that aspiration will come back to water the field, and cause it

to be more fruitful. And so, step by step, doing Christian acts will give us trust in Christ. Working for him is to manifest trust in him.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The Lord stands behind every duty, and says, "Do it for the love of it, and it will strike through to me. I am behind every sorrow; I am behind every burden; I am behind the whole creation; I am the Deliverer. Creation groans and travails in pain until now; and I know why; and I stand behind every trouble, to relieve it. He who stands among men doing right for right's sake, and for my sake so far as he knows how, does it unto me, and I will reveal myself to him."

If in the doing of right things men rise to a higher conception, there will come a day when Jesus Christ will rise upon them with healing in his beams. There will be times when they will say, "I know how God feels." They will have experiences which will interpret God to them in strains so far above anything that they have ever felt, that they will know that they are children of God, that they are born of God, and that the Parent has blessed the child.

Do not wait for ideal experiences. Begin where you are. Refuse wrong things, and do right things. And do not be content to do right things in a listless, purposeless way, but understand that right deeds produce right feelings, and that these feelings act back on conduct, and that the conduct and the feelings together bring a man, step by step, up to a higher experience.

There are men in this congregation who know what I mean—men that I found afar off—men who were skeptics. I said to them, "Do the thing that is right, and light will come to you." They took my advice; and little by little they have had formed in them the Lord Jesus Christ the hope of glory. You are my witnesses. Bear the testimony to others. It is right that every man should succor those who are in the same strait from which he has been delivered. He that has been brought into the right way should guide those who are out of the way. Go to those who are dark-

minded and skeptical, and say, "The way to be a Christian is to begin to live Christianly. Do that, and follow on, and you shall know the Lord."

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.*

Our Father, we rejoice that thou hast crowned thyself with that name, which is to us the name above every other, of love and kindness. Our thoughts go back to our childhood, and to the tenderness of our parents toward us—to their diligence in our behalf; to their suffering for us; to their love for us, which was greater than their love for themselves. We go back to the household, which was ordered for the good of those who dwelt therein. We thank thee for such fidelity, for such examples, for such prayers as theirs. We thank thee for all the benign influences that shaped our early life. We thank thee that thou hast caused it to be a treasure-house of our memory, so that we still talk and think of it with gratitude as years roll by. We thank thee that we were so blest in the sanctuary of our homes when we were children. We thank thee that thou art still inspiring the hearts of so many to fulfill toward their children the work which God fulfills toward the race. We thank thee that in so many families there is an interpretation of the divine suffering and the divine faithfulness. Not that any of us are able to reflect even the smallest full beam of thy light. Thou art infinitely greater than we are in all the excellencies which make our households seem dear to us. Thy mercies outrun ours past all conception. Thy faithfulness, all that thou art willing to bear and to do, thy patience, thy loving-kindness, and thy tender mercies—these transcend the imagination of man. Where shall we find in imperfect human beings anything that can compare with the grandeur, and perfectness, and purity, and depth, and sweetness of an infinite Being? Thou art loving; and all the heavens do know it. Thou art pouring abroad the divine beneficence throughout all the earth. Thou art filling every generation with light and warmth. Thou art sending forth all the influences of nature. They are thy messengers. Thou art impleting the universe with thy will, and it serves those who are to be heirs of salvation, rearing them up through many trials, through much suffering, through a thousand influences, seen or unseen, recognized or unknown. Thou art preparing them for that higher and better life where thou art disclosed, not as power nor as wisdom, but as love, including power and wisdom. Thou dost fill all the realm with thyself; and therefore it is light, and in it is eternal summer. We beseech of thee that thou wilt interpret to us more and more of thyself; more and more of our own experiences; more from the tasks and duties of life well done.

Bless, we pray thee, this morning, in a special manner these dear children that have by their parents been offered in consecration to

* Immediately following the baptism of children.

God. And bless these parents. Give them grace to fulfill all that to-day they intend and promise. May they watch in all patience over their children. May they bear and forbear with them, being themselves exemplars. May they still instruct by right-living those that thou hast committed to them. And may they reap joy and happiness for all their tears.

May the lives and health of these little ones be precious in thy sight; and if any of them are to go, will the Lord prepare those who are thus to be smitten, that they may be able still to say, It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth to him good.

We pray for all the households in this congregation; for all that are in darkness and trouble; for all that are in midnight. We beseech of thee that thou wilt draw near to console those who are in great distress of mind—for sorrows come often, blinding men, as storms in winter; and they cannot see their way, and grow numb under their touch. Lord, thou dost have compassion upon those who suffer overmuch; and we pray that thou wilt breathe thine own Spirit into them, that they may understand that thou art near to them; and when they cannot discern thee, still may they wait until faith itself shall have resurrection in their hearts.

We pray that thou wilt be near to those who are sick, and to those who are heartsick in view of the things which are to come upon their well-beloved. May the Lord be gracious to them, and reveal himself to them. May he prepare the departing to go, and those that remain to tarry; and may both those that go and those that stay, those that rejoice and those that suffer, be in the Spirit of the Lord, and in the full fruition of faith, discerning things that are yet to come. May they have power given them yet to believe that all things are overruled for good; that all events are in thy hands. And so we pray that they may strengthen themselves, and may be lifted up continually.

We pray that thou wilt be near to all who feel the burden of life; to all who find the cares of this world heavy; to all who are chafed and worried by their daily duties. Give them strength of body, and clearness of understanding, and patience, until the battle shall end, and victory be achieved.

We pray, O Lord our God, that every one of us may behold the life that now is, and all its visible realities, with gratitude, and yet stand upon them as merely a road leading to the other life, which is more real. This life is for the senses: that is for the spirit. This is for the flesh that perishes: that is for the immortal soul which is imperishable. This passes: that abides. And grant, we pray thee, that all thy dealings with us in this mortal state may more and more draw us toward the real and invisible life.

Bless, we pray thee, all who differ from us. Bless all who worship to-day, though they be not of our name, and though they hold the truth fragmentarily. Who are we, that hold it also as in the twilight, that we should arrogate authority over them, or do despite to them? O Lord our God, we pray that thou wilt have compassion upon all who are trying to believe right and to live right. Have compassion upon all those who are crying out to thee, though they may not know

how to pronounce well thy name. May all uncharitableness and unkindness one toward another be put away from them, and may they be bound together in the common sympathy which they have in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Sufferer, who gave his life as a ransom for his enemies.

We pray that thou wilt bless every effort which is made for the diffusion of knowledge. Bless our schools and colleges and seminaries of learning. Bless all the efforts which are made to disseminate instruction among the extremely ignorant. Build up in intelligence all those who have newly come to their liberty. May the love of Christ make them free inwardly.

Lift the light, we beseech of thee, upon all who are lying low and groveling in the dust, that they may become strong, and that by faith in thee they may achieve all those victories which by unaided nature they cannot have. Let the world come, at last, towards its ripeness. More and more may the nations learn to love and obey thee. And finally may it be proclaimed upon earth, and everywhere, that the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; and may he reign from the rising of the sun until the going down of the same.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray for thy blessing to rest upon the word which has been spoken. May none misinterpret it and be misled. May there grow up in every heart a sovereign desire to be at one with God. And if any find the warfare which is going on within them to be greater than they can endure, thou Burden-bearer of the universe, put underneath them thine own strength. Thou Holy Ghost, that canst develop the hidden power of the soul, breathe upon all troubled, struggling, striving spirits. Bring near to us a sense of the shortness of this life. It is but a hand's breadth. It is only a vapor. It passes quickly. It appeareth but for a little time, and then is ended. It is but just begun before it is finished. Therefore teach us that we are to live, not for that which is here, but for that which is to come. Bring us near to the great hereafter—to its rest, and to its peace, and to its joys. As thou hast put us here, O thou God of infinite compassion and love, take every weary soul up into thine arms. Lay thine hand upon us and bless us. And may there be multitudes that shall turn from this benediction to make known to those who are round about them what the Lord hath done for them. And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

CUBA, AND THE BROTHERHOOD OF NATIONS.

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."—Gal. iii. 28.

How splendidly the old Jewish feeling comes out in that third chapter of Galatians.

Paul stood in Athens a veritable Jew. The temples glistened on every side of him. The streets were lined with statues, a single one of which is the envy of modern nations. But through all these the moral element broke; and that which occupied the apostle's attention was the preaching of the true Jehovah, who dwelt not in any temple; who could not be worshiped by men's hands bringing various offerings into the temple; who was not a God of gold, or silver, or precious stones, or ivory, or marble, or what not, but a God who made all these things, and who united the whole human race under him into one great brotherhood.

This was the apostle's thought, and this is essentially his annunciation here—the substantial unity of the human family. God's kingdom—that is, the ideal mankind, looked at in the light and under the influence of Jesus Christ—is not divided up by artificial lines, but is an absolute united brotherhood. From the spiritual plane, looking down upon the human race, it is one great family; and as God is the Father, the whole race is his house hold; and all the diverse scattered elements of the human family are, after all, inte-

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riorly grouped together, in the eye of God and of his providence, as one great unity, one vast brotherhood.

This truth, which in our time is becoming so much insisted upon, is not a vague sentiment. Still less is it sentimentality. The brotherhood of the race of mankind rests on well defined ideas. It has a substratum. It has most important relations and uses. The essential likeness of all the races on earth indicates their unity.

There are but two views which science propounds. One is that the race is an extension of the lower animal kingdom, and that by successive evolutions the present estate of mankind was at last developed from lower conditions. If you look at the race upon earth from that point of view, it is absolutely incredible that there should have been five, six, or seven successive evolutions resulting in races all having substantially the same departmental faculties; all having animal inclinations alike; all having social affections in near analogy—homologous; and all having intellectual and moral faculties in close resemblance. I cannot believe that there ever has been an evolution that five times stumbled into the production of the same sort of animal. That is a theory which draws too strongly upon our credulity.

If the school of Agassiz are correct, who hold that there have been five distinct typical creations of men—I do not believe that to be true, but assuming that there have been five such creations—then they are creations in which the substratum, the great leading features, are the same. According to observation and the deductions of fact, there has been substantially the same idea expressed in them all. The same peculiarities are found in each of them. There are variations in their structure and their proportions; some nations have more of the intellectual element and others have more of the moral element; but then, they are not separated one from another. Whichever view you take from the standpoint of science—whether you take the view that men are absolutely created by an instantaneous fiat at a given period, or that creation has been a thing of slow development—all the nations of the globe are substantially the same. They express in their organization substantially the same

idea. And it seems to me that every fair-minded man must come to the conclusion that the race, which covers the globe with all its variations and degrees in animal economy and in structure of body, is organized with but small differences—with differences so minute that it requires the most expert eye and the most trained judgment to detect and specify them. They are substantially the same in the great preservatory and defensory faculties; and they are substantially the same in their appetites; they are substantially the same in their affections; they are substantially the same in the development of the lower forms of feeling, and the higher forms of moral sentiment; they are substantially the same in the generic play of the understanding or the intellect, whatever may be their physical differences. So that the great outlying races, grouped together with all their variations and conditions, are at agreement in a thousand points more than they are at disagreement. They are substantially one everywhere. Throughout all the races upon earth love is the same at the root; pride and vanity are the same at the root; ambition and avarice are the same at the root; and so are aspiration and faith. In the most savage, in the semi-civilized, in the civilized, and in the Christianized man; among the old pagans and the new pagans; amidst Christians of the earlier day and of the later day, differences prevail; but I think no one who has not a theory to support can doubt the substantial unity of the human family. The respects in which men differ are fewer and less important than the respects in which they agree and are alike.

Men are alike, also, in the grand necessities which rest upon them. All their temptations and weaknesses are substantially alike. They must needs be so; for they are under substantially the same laws of organization, and essentially the same problem is everywhere to be evolved in human life, in mortal conditions. Men may differ in detail, on occasion, and in degree, but they are substantially alike.

The struggles by which all the world rises above its animal conditions, and works itself into civilization and into a spiritual and Christian state—these join men together. Their common enemies are ignorance, ambition, and sordid avarice.

Lusts and appetites act in the same way everywhere, causing the same kinds of suffering, demanding the same exertions, and being overcome by the same instruments which lead to the same victories.

This general view of the brotherhood of man is one of the most important doctrines that can be taught, and it grows more and more important as the scope and facility of intercourse increase. As strong nations are brought face to face with weak ones; as commerce excites selfish instincts together with more generous ones, among the nations of the earth; as great inventions and improvements from science and the mechanic arts bring the world into an incomparably smaller space than it used to occupy; as the utmost bounds of the globe come nearer together than neighborhoods once were; as the circulation of thought and action is accelerated so that the earth is scarcely any longer divided and separated, but is brought into unitary conditions—conditions exciting animosity and rebellion, or sympathy and help—as these things take place, it becomes important that men should feel those great affections which spring from the consciousnesss of a common hope in Jesus Christ, of common suffering in a sinful world among sinful men, of common experience, of common wants and of common interests. This community of feeling among men because they are brethren we need more at the present day than we have needed it at any former period, although the world has in every age groaned and travailed in pain for the want of it.

This brotherhood of man does not mean, of course, absosolute equality, nor desert absolutely alike. It is entirely consistent with the doctrine of inferiors and superiors—with the relative superiority which belongs to power, and the relative inferiority which belongs to the want of power. Because some are high, and because they are relatively superior, it does not necessarily follow that they are separated from those who are inferior to them by reason of demerit or weakness or sin. The glory of the household is the strength of the strong and the weakness of the weak. There is nothing in the household so strong as the weakness of the cradle. There is nothing in the household so reverend as the weak-

ness of the venerable father or mother that sits trembling in the chair. To the one extreme or the other of weakness, all strength, all virtue, and all manliness bow. And in the human race there should be the enlisting of strength in behalf of weakness. The power of knowledge, of refinement, of culture, of the arts, etc., in a strong race, are so many overtures of generous bounty, so many means of beneficence, so many filaments of union, by which the weak are to be bound to the strong. The welfare of the whole is to be sought by the whole.

There may, therefore, be relative subordination. The larger being must outweigh the less. We cannot contravene the law of fact. The large thinker must take precedence of the small thinker. The large heart must have more power than the small heart. No equality is meant. An absolute brotherhood is quite consistent with subordination, with relative position, the high being high without detriment to the low, or rather the high being almoners of God's bounty to the low. The attempt to level all men to an absolute equality, whether of bodily, mental, moral, or political and secular, conditions, is a madman's attempt. There is no such thing, and there can be no such thing.

If there should be rebellion in the fields, and the grass should be jealous of the forests, and should say to the pines, and hemlocks, and beeches, and birches, and maples, and oaks, and hickories, "Bring down those high heads of yours," it would not make the grass grow any higher. Grass is grass, and trees are trees; and no amount of railing on the part of the one will make it equal to the others.

And if poor men should attempt to make equality, and should say, "The rich aristocratic men shall be what we are," it might be possible that destruction would tumble down the top; but no destruction of the top is going to lift up the bottom. If men are weak because they are ignorant, no railing can make them strong. There is no way in which the bottom can go up except as the top goes up—by brain-power, in the right spot, at the top of the head and not at the bottom. Clamor and mischief-making will only result in clamor and mischief-making. The sun will not rise one minute

earlier because any man wants it to. The stars will not wheel out anywhere to help the mariner. Things are as they are; we cannot change them; and we must shape our course accordingly. No man can make ten tons in one scale go up by courtesy when one ton is put in the other scale; for one ton always weighs down one ton, and only one; because God's decree is in it. And it is so in moral and social things. The brotherhood of men does not imply any notions of equality, either actual or possible. It is not probable that there ever will be equality. To the end of the world there will be gradations. They are inherent in human conditions, not only, but they are occasions of reciprocal service and kindness, which are a part of that economy out of which may grow infinite comfort to the whole.

I remark, first, that this brotherhood implies that every gradation should be inspired with sympathy and with a true benevolence for every other. All society is a unit. If a part suffer all suffer in turn, directly or indirectly, sooner or later. The welfare of the top and of the middle and of the bottom are identical. That which is good for the higher rains down benefits for all that are below them; and that which is good for the lowest brings by its influence benefits to the highest. That which is good for my head is good for my feet; and that which is bad for my feet is bad for my head. That which is good or bad for my right hand is good or bad for my left hand. You cannot give paralysis to one side and have the other side go on its way rejoicing. And if one portion of the human family suffer, the whole human family suffer. More and more is this so, as their intercourse grows facile and universal and rapid, and becomes multitudinous in its effects. More and more the unity of the human family requires that there shall be common sympathy, common consultation and common wisdom for the whole. Wrong done to any part is wrong done to every part; and right done to any part is right done to all parts.

Secondly, the welfare of all the members of the family of mankind—the poorest, the most ignorant, the oppressed by labor—concerns every honest and Christian man. There is no possibility of developing the true Christian spirit in such

a way as that a man shall not care for his fellow-men; and in proportion as men lift themselves above common want, if they have the spirit of true religion they become sympathetic, and go down to those who are their inferiors and are most in need of them.

Now, I advocate no promiscuous charity; I advocate no false theories of government or of political economy; I advocate what I regard to be necessary and indispensable to the welfare of men.

There is a great movement among the working people of the globe. All Europe is astir to-day. If the interior agitation seems not able to burst the crust, and work up into mighty forces, it is only a question of time. The great multitude of working men are to be heeded. We are coming upon a new era. There is to be development. And it is all-important that we should know the lines along which it is going to take place. I hold that it is not going to take place by any external arrangements; and that it is not going to take place by decrees of government which shall equalize revenues, and slice off the heads of those who get too high, thus bringing all upon a common level. I believe that men will come up as individuals to all the amenities of manhood. Communities and nations are to be developed by the development of men, and not by the enactments of legislation. Legislation may do some things: it may remove some obstacles; it may facilitate progress; but after all, the indispensable condition by which the great mass of working men, at home and abroad, are to acquire place, and ease, and comfort, is that they shall be trained and cultured. For a man in this world is what his brain makes him. A man whose brain puts him alongside of the ox may low till the judgment day, but he will not be more than an ox. A man whose brain puts him by the side of the ass will stand there as long as his brain fixes him to that brotherhood. He that would go up must go up by the elevation of his being. It is being that makes rank and condition, substantially. Artificial conditions may temporarily exist with more or less power and influence; but all the great natural causes which are making the growths of society turn on this interior con-

dition—the amount of brain, what part of the head it is located in, and what degree of culture has been given to it.

I am a working man, and the son of a working man. All the blood in these veins came from men who were mechanics. I am not ashamed of it, nor am I proud of it. It is just as good as any other blood, and not any better. In so far as I am on a higher plane of work and pleasure than the mere physical laborer, I am what I am, by the grace of God, simply through culture. In my fathers and in their fathers was rolled over to me my portion, and that which I have, I got from tilling my little garden-patch here. It is simply what a man has in him, and where it is, that determines what he is.

Now, preaching to the working classes the injustice of wealth and the oppression of capital is not what is wanted. Of course, there are some injustices of wealth, and there are some oppressions of capital; but I should like to know what part of the earth-machine goes yet without squeaking. I should like to know where, in this clumsy thing that we call the world, there is any arrangement fitted so exactly that the joints do not grind and rub. There is conflict in the conditions of society to-day; and the only way of relief is to make men *more*. Are races oppressed? It is because there is not enough to them. Fill them up interiorly, and you cannot oppress them. You cannot oppress a man when you have made him large enough. It is not possible to make slaves of men who are plenary in the brain. The strong dominate the weak generically, universally, simply because the strong are the men who have the most brains and the most brain-power.

If, then, you would right the wrong, right it by dissipating ignorance; right it by dispelling vice, waste, indolence, and crimes against a man's own self. Teach men self-respect and discipline. Give them more thought-force, more skill, more energy—not fewer hours, but more hours; not less work, but more work; not privilege, but power! *power!* POWER! Then men will come up without any "Thank you."

From this general doctrine of brotherhood, so applied, I proceed, thirdly, to say that the interest of every nation on

the globe is the vital concern of every other nation. The time has come when every nation can concern itself with the interest of every other nation, and when this ought to be done,—at any rate, by the enlightened and Christianized nations of the globe. Statesmanship has no right any longer to be selfish. I hold that every man acting among his friends, and in his personal relations, is less than a man by so much as he is selfish. Public sentiment demands that men among their neighbors and fellows should act on a larger plane than selfish instinct. That is what we mean by politeness, generosity and nobility, carried into social intercourse. We hold it to be so in neighborhoods. This is the basis on which households associate. And in nations, now, with their interlaced questions of interest, we must hold that the public weal is to be first, and that the private weal is to be considered afterwards, and to be merged in that, and made consistent with it. We have, in an imperfect way, carried the principle of vital concern, each for each, to where nation dwells with nation; and there it almost stops to-day; and, as hitherto, nations mostly ask, "What is our interest?" and say, "We will look after our own welfare, and will let other people take care of theirs." But the day must come when England, when France, when Germany, when Spain, when Italy, when America, when every enlightened nation, far away and near at hand, shall study one another's interest. This principle is cosmopolitan, and I think the day is drawing near when it will be put in practice.

Fourthly, the relation of civilization, of humanity, and of the Christian religion to foreign nations is one of the most noble of relations. To bear to others that elevation which has leavened the whole lump among us; to give to others that light which has made us the children of light; to carry to men the seeds of civilization, gathered from our own abundant harvest-fields—this is not a work of mere sentimentality: it is a work worthy of man in his noblest aspects and ideals.

This part of missions has been railed against and measured in a manner that surprises me, when I consider who they are that rail against it. Calculation has

been made of how much money it costs per head to convert the heathen, and of what could have been done with the money expended in converting them. There was a case of that kind some two thousand years ago, when a heart surcharged with love and gratitude brought an alabaster box into the presence of the divine Personage, and broke it, and poured the contents on his head, filling the house with its odor. There was an economist there who said, "What is all this waste for? The ointment might have been sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor." Gratitude was nothing to him. The magnitude and the glory of squandering every lower value for the sake of giving the heart an opportunity to express itself had no charm with this critic. It was Judas who said, "Do not squander the ointment on Jesus; sell it, and make *money*." It is a bad, suicidal precedent for men to stand and say, "Do not squander money in carrying the knowledge of salvation to all the creatures on the globe. You have faith, you have love, you have sympathy, you have knowledge—do not break the alabaster box, and pour out these precious commodities for the conversion of the heathen; it will cost forty thousand dollars a head if you do!" They tell us that missions are not only expensive and extravagant, but needless.

Now, I think no thought more sublime ever entered the heart of man, than the thought that *the field is the world*, and that *all men are our brethren*, which has led to civilization, and touched the Christian with a desire to carry religion to all the world. We do not measure the gifts and graces of the spirit by any commercial standard.

Suppose a man should come into my household, and say, "A charming little child that is. What do you take its value to be? Is it worth five hundred?" I would spew him out of my house! The idea of measuring the worth of a heart, of a soul, or of a father's love, by dollars! The man could not hold his face up, unless it was a clumsy and awkward jest.

And yet, here are men who are attempting to measure faith in God, the enthusiasm of piety, by a pecuniary, commercial standard. Shame on them! It is one of the things that irradiate the charity of man. It is true that we have sent

rum, it is true that we have sent arms and ammunition, to the heathen, which have been the destruction of many—God forgive us! But we have done some other things: we have sent abroad many heroic men, who counted not their lives dear and spent them in serving those who were plunged in heathen darkness. We have contributed not only the wealth that God has given us, but our sons and daughters, and many devoted men and women their own lives, not for some object which stood before our eyes, and appealed to our senses, but for the benefit of those whom we never saw, and whom we knew we never should see, and from whom we did not expect to derive any advantage. The offering is the purest, the nearest disinterested, of anything that transpires among men.

I remark, once more, that the cultivation of national amenities—patience, manliness, non-boasting, avoidance of odious comparisons, slowness to anger, all elements which tend to promote a high-toned Christianity—ought to prevail among the nations, by reason of their common relations to each other, from what they are, from what they suffer, from what they aspire to as children of God and heirs of eternity. These considerations ought to unite men so that national intercourse should be established on the highest plane. The nations ought to turn the angel and not the animal side toward each other. They ought to be long-suffering and full of kindness one toward another.

Under such circumstances, how natural it is for me to say, next, that every man who believes in the brotherhood of man, and in the development and on-going of the whole human family on that plane which Christianity has marked out, should pray and labor for the destruction of those things which lead to war, and for the destruction of war itself! If war must prevail—and it must yet for a time—let every good man seek to reduce it to the point of pure executive justice. Take it out of the hands of hatred; take it out of the hands of prejudice and animosity; take it out of the hands of greed and lust and ambition; and put it into the hands of justice, clear, cool, deliberate. Let war be among nations what the police and magisterial administrations are in municipal bodies.

The extent of this feeling of war in the race is something appalling. Whatever man came from, (whence he came is the question and the puzzle of the present) there can be no doubt as to what he brought with him. Men have brought brute instincts and appetites and bestial tendencies from their ancestry. There is in man as much love of blood as in the tiger or in the lion. There is among men just as sturdy a cruelty and just as persistent a use of strength as among bears. There is the eagle, the tiger, the lion, the bear, the serpent, yet, in human nature; and the extent to which war exhibits the destroying instinct among the races of the world is appalling.

Twenty years ago I thought that we had done—that there had dawned upon us the era of peace; and with the enthusiasm of youth I proclaimed it. Since that time there have been the Crimean war, the Franco-Italian war with Austria, the Prussian and Austrian war, our own great civil war, and the war between Germany and France. These terrific conflagrations of the human race, than which there never were larger or more destroying ones, have all taken place within a score of years. Is the world ripe for peace? Do nations need no lessons? Does Christianity exert its legitimate influence? Is public sentiment corrected on these subjects? The spirit has not died out to-day. There never was a time when there was so much iron dug for cannon as to-day. Never was there a time when so many forges were going, for the manufacture of arms of destruction as to-day.

Do you know that the mountain which crushes industry throughout the civilized globe is the mountain of war-Debt? England has a war-debt of about four thousand millions of dollars; we have our war-debt of some twenty-two hundred millions; France has hers of thousands of millions; Austria has hers; Prussia has hers; Italy has hers; and the minor States of Europe have theirs. These various war-debts combined amount to twenty-one thousand millions of dollars; and the nations owing this money have nothing to show for it; and the industry of the multitudes of laboring people throughout the globe is taxed to pay it.

There is no other outrage to-day so great as the spirit of

war which yet rages among mankind ; and if men are brothers one can hardly believe it in the face of the existing state of facts. Is it not time that men should be reconciled, if they are brothers ? If there is such a thing as a common family of the race, and they are united together by great natural ties, is it not time that men should rouse themselves to some sense of their duty in the matter of peace ?

We come to this question with more interest to-day because the hearts of our whole people are hot with a sense of the wrong and cruelty which have taken place near to our borders. There can be no question of the horrible atrocity of the deeds just perpetrated in Cuba upon the crew and passengers of the captured steamer *Virginius*. If they had been done in the heat of battle, upon a foe overcome, that would have been an outrage ; but on deliberation, day after day, the shooting down of the crew and of the passengers, band by band, was slaughter infamous and without palliation. It was not fear that led to the destroying of these men ; it was not the necessity of self-preservation : it was the cruel love of blood ; it was simple ferocity. It is as bad a thing as has happened in our day ; and it concerns every man on the globe. If such things as these may be done and permitted, then civilization must drift backward ; then public sentiment, that affects the globe, is a nullity ; then the devil incarnate is far stronger yet upon earth than Christ, in the souls of men.

There are deeds, good and bad, which rise above locality, and touch universal human nature. Heroism, for instance, is one of those elements which can never be cabined or confined.

During our great struggle, a band of soldiers were in a boat, near an ambush, in a creek. They had run ashore ; and as the fire was severe, they threw themselves into the bottom of the boat ; and there they lay, and were subject to inevitable slaughter. There was but one black man among them. He, surveying the position, said, simply and calmly, "Somebody must die for the sake of the others"; and he got out of the boat, and put his shoulder to the bow, and shoved her off into the stream. and fell into the water himself pierced with a score of bullets. His name is not known ;

but that is a deed of heroism which belongs neither to the South, nor to the North, nor to America, but to mankind; and the poorer the man, the lower his station, the nobler is such god-like self-sacrifice as this.

So, also, deeds of horror do not belong to the place where they are executed, nor to the nation or race from which they sprang. No law, no line, no limit can confine them.

This deed is a crime against human nature, done, not by banditti, or roving savages, but by organized men, under pretence of government; and the blood which has been spilled, is blood, every drop of it, which cries out to God.

Not in the anguish of our terrible conflict, thanks be to God, did this nation ever perpetrate one deliberate act of cruelty. When that great war, in which a million men stood arrayed on both sides, and in which the fiercest passions were kindled, had ceased, not one single man was slain as a penalty for treason—not one single man for any other cause than for crimes committed; and I count that to be a glory on our arms greater than all the trophies and achievements of our soldiery. There were emissaries sent among us with poisoned clothes of infection; there were men sent with torches to fire our cities; and yet, even under such provocation, there was no cruelty, thanks be to God!

This great atrocity throws light upon those oppressors against whom the prostrate Cubans have been struggling. We have been inclining, in recent months, almost to forget those interior men who are striving against the government which they declare grinds them to powder, and is unworthy of support. This monstrous crime indicates what the condition of things is in that island, and shows against what elements the Cubans are in revolt. These men, banded together in suffering and heroic purpose, no matter what faults and misfortunes they may have, need liberty; they need relief; they need sympathy. A handful, are they? Poor, are they? Not significant, are they? All the more, then, they need us.

When Washington lay in camp in winter at Valley Forge, with his starved and ragged tatterdemalions, whose short marches might have been tracked by the blood of his soldiers'

feet—was he not then more glorious than when he had accomplished victory, and had sheathed his sword? It was in his hour of darkness and weakness that he found the hour of heroism. Tell me not that they are poor, and that they are few, and that they have only struggled in vain. They deserve liberty, and the help of every honest heart on the globe to achieve it.

There can be no doubt, then, as to the duty of moral support. Every man should pray for it in behalf of these men who are seeking for their rights. Every man should be enthusiastic for them. Every man should long to see overthrown that armed cruelty which pretends to be government.

It is the duty of the government, it is the duty of the people acting through their organs of government, to do whatever can be done with propriety in this matter. They are not rashly to be driven by the irresponsible cries of the community. Deeply as I feel, much as I sympathize with this cause, much as I have sympathized with it from the very first, openly and privately, I say that it is the duty of this Government not rashly to be driven by the irresponsible cries of the community at large, whose impulses may be right, while their measures may be wrong. It is the duty of this Government to act, not simply with reference to the deed itself, and its merits: they are bound to act with a consideration of what this nation is, and of what its relations are to all other nations, and to the cause of liberty everywhere.

America is an example, and ought to be. She ought to give laws, not arbitrarily, but by a noble example, through the willing public sentiment of the globe. She ought to decree such wise things and such right things that she shall be considered a leader to the free nations of the earth. She has peculiar relations. She is the herald and leader of a new era. The seed ripened on our mother soil has been given to us to plant in this larger sphere; and here have rolled out and opened up those noble and generous ideas of our fathers into their fullest form and significance and power; and we are intrusted with them, not for our own pride and boasting, but as advanced to carry the banner for the human race. We are not to seek the gratification of a moment's indignation, but

to ask what will give the world most confidence in the wisdom, impartiality, justice and kindness of the freest nation—or that which boasts itself as being the freest--on the globe.

We are to consider, also, in the present case, not the cause of justice in that island alone, but the cause of civilization, of progress, of free government, there, and in all the world besides. Such a nation as ours set upon a hill cannot be hid; and its actions cannot have single relations. Like a lighted torch it rays out in every direction.

Spain has been the victor and the victim of ages. It has been a land full of noble natures and ignominious actions—a land full of noble impulses and debasing passions. Here it was that the sun stood still, not as when Joshua would slay the heathen, but until the people were prepared to be plunged into a night seemingly without a sunrise. That great nation is now feeling the call of God. The touch of his providence is calling her to arise; and as Lazarus, who heard the call of his Master, came forth in his cerements, with a napkin about his head, and staggered and stumbled, he knew not why nor where, until the Master said, "Loose him, unbind him;" so Spain, bound about with the old bandages of oppression, staggers in her path, and cannot walk straightly yet. Let us remember her. The sympathy of every lover of his kind stands to-day with Castelar and a republican government in Spain, because they prophesy self-government, intelligence, a freer religion, and a nobler manhood.

Now, if we can reach the ends of justice through the better men of Spain; if we can punish the monsters bred in Cuba, and vindicate the sanctity of justice and humanity, in such a way as shall make republican government honorable, and strengthen the hands of the true patriots of old Spain, then in the name of liberty let us so inflict justice that it shall punish the guilty, but strengthen the hands of men who long to do better.

But if it shall be found that the government of Cuba has insulted the American flag, and that the responsible Spanish Government will not or cannot make due reparation, that it has violated the laws of nations and the sense of humanity and that the responsible Spanish Government cannot put

a stop to such abominations as are a stench to creation, then let the hand of justice fall, not alone to punish miscreants, but to rear up and put in power, upon that sad and beautiful island, those who seek the welfare of all, and the liberty of all, so as to give safety, knowledge and freedom to that long-darkened region. If the sword and the fire are to be sent, send them, if it be possible, so that they shall punish first, and then cut the bonds of oppression, and burn down the dens of infamy. And let it not be passion nor the wild riot of unregulated enthusiasm in the public soul that does it. May we remember that they are our brothers—the sinners and the sinned against; and whatever we do, let us do it in the Spirit of God, for the welfare of the race, with deliberation, without cruelty, punishing so that the causes of offense henceforth shall be removed, and disturb the nations no more.

Let America bind up wounds—not make them; quench the fires of war—not kindle them! But if God shall put into our hands the cup, bitter and fierce, that shall be poured out as a medicine to the nations, may that hand reach forth from a kindly heart, and may it be a medicine administered by love and kindness, though it be stern kindness and love, and not in fury, in wrath, or in revenge.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We rejoice in thee, our Father; we rejoice in all the mercies which thou hast vouchsafed to us through Jesus Christ our Lord; we rejoice in the manifestation of thyself in the world which thou hast created, we rejoice in all the signs of thy power and of thy Godhead; we rejoice in the truths which have been made known to us from age to age, as holy men, being moved by thy Spirit, spake the long record of righteousness; but we rejoice above all in that revelation which thou hast made of thine own interior nature—of that great realm of all-subduing love wherein is the heart of God. We rejoice that, not by the thunder of thy power, not by lightnings that burn, not by wrath nor by fear, art thou endeavoring to restore men, or to bring them up from their low estate. Thou art shining as the summer sun shines. Thou art the Sun of righteousness. Morning, noon and night thou art pouring out from thine own nature all those affections which enkindle joy in the household, and all those nobilities which enlarge the sphere of human life. All that we behold in each other of goodness is brought forth by thy touch. All that is admirable in man is significant, not so much of what it is as of what thou art, with whom all nobleness is transcendently greater than we know; with whom love is purer, and mercy is larger in its beneficence, than we can now imagine. For with us the best things are narrow, and poor, and selfish. If we, being evil, know how to give good gifts, how much more must our Father know how to give good gifts, who is neither narrow nor selfish nor veined with evil; who is infinite in excellence, transcendent in power, God over all, blessed forever. And though we cannot by searching find thee out, nor with our thoughts run through the circuit of thy being, so much larger art thou than our power of comprehension; though we leave a great deal to the revelation of the future when we shall be purified, and our eye shall be purged from all dimness and evil, yet we know enough to draw our hearts in confidence to thee. Thou hast been our sustaining God in times gone by; and thou art still a present help in time of trouble. We rejoice in thee more than in self, more than in friends, and more than in power. This is our joy and our glory, that the Lord is with us. We walk by faith of the invisible; and we pray that thou wilt grant that this faith may be a strong staff to every one who feels conscious of his weakness. Minister to each soul to-night the greatest gift in thy power. Stir in every heart divine thought. Awaken in every soul an aspiration for communion with thee. Bring near every one to thyself. And as thou dost minister thyself unto thy children, may they feel how strange is the power which thou dost evoke from the human soul. More and more may we be wrought into the image of our Saviour. More and more may we find our sonship developed. May our affection as sons of God, and our consciousness of adoption, grow apace, so that more and more we may live in the joys of thy salvation.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing especially to those who are in trouble—to all who are in darkness; to all who are suffering from bereavement; to all who are homesick and heartsick for any

reason; to all the children of sorrow. Bring stars into their night, thou that didst cause the star to hover over the Child that was born. Bring to them the knowledge of the Saviour, sympathizing with and succoring and strengthening them. We pray that thou wilt keep thy servants who are in the midst of life's duties from despondencies, from immoderation of desire, and from all wrong motives or courses. May they seek the right things in the right way, and by the right instruments, and more and more show that they are victorious over the world.

Grant, we pray thee, to all those who desire knowledge, the secret knowledge that is in thee. We pray that thou wilt inspire every one with a desire for a noble manhood. More and more may the pattern that is in Christ Jesus become the model of our imitation. So may we live in the midst of the world without abusing it, and without being ourselves destroyed by it.

We pray that thou wilt bless this whole nation. We desire for it, not outward wealth alone, nor unity of counsel, nor power by land and sea. Crown this nation with a noble glory of intelligence, of obedience to law, of reverence to God, of mercy toward the weak, and of generous and kindly feeling toward all. May it recognize its brotherhood with the nations of the earth everywhere. We pray that we may study war not at all, and peace altogether.

And we beseech of thee, O Lord, that thou wilt inspire the nations of the earth with an invincible desire for peace. Break the iron rod. Destroy the destroyer. Cast down and burn up the spirit of destroying war. Bring at last the nations of the earth to their intelligence, to their self-control, to their better nature, so that the spirit of peace may be breathed upon them.

Lord, thou hast promised great things respecting the world; but where is the fulfillment? We look upon the mountain, and midnight is there. We look upon the valley, and it is dark. We look upon the horizon, and we see but the faintest star. But is it not the star that preludes the morning? Art not thou, O Sun of righteousness, coming with healing in thy beams? Arise, thou God of life, and of light, and of love, and of peace. Come forth from thy long hiding in the ages, and fulfill at length the joy of those promises which thou hast made respecting this world. May the new heaven and the new earth in which dwelleth righteousness speedily come.

And to thy name, Father, Son and Spirit, shall be the praise, *Amen*.

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we beseech of thee that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon the word spoken, and upon the great truth which is above all words and all expressions. Open our hearts to thy nature, to thy long-suffering, to the wonder of thy kindness and mercy toward an erring race. Thou Burden-bearer, whose life is forever spent that we may have life; thou that dost dwell as an eternal

sacrifice, grant that we may be made like unto thee, and that we may seek to be first by being servants of all; and that we may know that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Grant that we may not seek to take the highest place: may we be willing, rather, to take the lowest; and we pray that we may be kept back from all those sins of violence, and cruelty, and rapine, and greed, and lust, and avarice, which have hitherto been such great temptations to the nations of the globe. O let the Sun of righteousness arise, and bring from the heavenly place the sweet summer of divine love, and fill this people. If they must vindicate justice and rectitude, may they have the Spirit of God. Take away from them all cruelty, and all hate, and all revenge, and all selfishness, and all vainglory. and false pride, and make them a light and a comfort to the weak and the poor. May their glory be in the Lord. And to thy name shall be the praise. Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

THE MORAL TEACHING OF SUFFERING.

"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."—Rom. v. 6-8.

In the opening verses of this chapter it is said that we "rejoice in hope of the glory of God; and not only so, but we glory in tribulation also," bringing together the two great elements which move human nature—joy and sorrow. These twin forces have been, from the first, prime moral agencies in developing, educating and establishing the human race upon the spiritual plane.

The Old Testament appealed more to joy as the positive and primitive motive than to anything else. It employed sorrow as a threat; but there ran through its lyrics, its prophecies, and its formulas of worship, a mysterious element of suffering which then had no interpretation. Now, the New Testament discloses this mystery of suffering, and develops the germ of the Old Testament into a tree of life. It gives new and sublime views of the moral sphere and character of suffering.

It will be for another time to consider more in detail the interior action of sorrow without altogether leaving out the matter of joy. I wish to present in chief, to-day, a view of suffering as an interpreter of moral truth, and as a great moral force acting through the imagination and the

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affections. What suffering works out in its subject—that is to say, how far the sufferer is himself perfected by suffering—is one thing. What cleansing and strengthening power it has, what its whole influence is in enlarging the horizon of a man's thought, the inward drill and education that it brings to a man's own personality—that is a thing which I have often discussed, and which I do not propose to take up now. But what power it has on the imagination and on the heart of men in the world, and what its relation is to the making of moral truths and principles supreme among men—that is a question which I have not discussed, and which I mean to discuss to-day.

The first step of human life, I need not say to you, is by the senses. It is to the life of the flesh that we are introduced by birth; and by that is meant simply that we are physical, animal beings. We are born of the flesh; we live by its appetites; and the higher life is gradually developed in us. There is no development, for instance, of hunger. That comes with us. There is no development of thirst. That comes with us, also. The blood throbs; and the nerves, though they be low in tone, and have a low function, have a function notwithstanding. But ideas come later. Emotions are superinduced upon this fleshly body and nature. And moral ideas and sentiments, which are highest of all, come latest of all.

It is a question, by what instrument this young animal is taught to be something more than an animal, socially, morally, politically and spiritually. What are the forces that are employed to develop the higher nature of man? The truths of the higher realm come slowly, and they come with difficulty. The ideas, for instance, of positive and intentional kindness, of obligingness, of courtesy, of self-denial, and of politeness—these never come of themselves. They are all introduced. There is some regimen by which they strike into the little animal's mind as it begins to be susceptible. The conception of such qualities as these is something separable from mere animal sensations. It is the developing of a higher life than merely one which seeks the pleasure of eating and drinking and frolicking.

The heroic forms of moral truths which rise still higher than these—truths of fidelity and love and self-sacrifice and faith and hope—these come still later, and with yet greater difficulty. So great is the difficulty of developing these higher moral truths in the soul, that when one is brought under the dominion and full experience of them he is said to have been really born again. It is a work which is equivalent to being born again, because it leaves one so different a creature from the animal that he was when he began.

Now, consider what it is in fact, in the actual experience of men, that most helps one forward toward the higher realm of moral truths.

In the family, parents being the teachers and ministers of God to their children, something is gained by intellectual instruction; but you can go only a little way in explaining to a child simply by words things which are higher than its development and experience. Every parent knows how slow and difficult a process it is to go down to the child with higher ideas, and put them into that child's mind, so that he recognizes them, and feels them to be true. It would be worthy of a supreme artist and dramatist to be able to picture how conceptions which become fully developed in after life lie in the mind of a child—to represent what sort of pictures are made there. I have some reminiscences of my own in that direction, which I shall not go into, but which throw a great deal of light on the matter. The attempt to teach down on a child in such a way that it shall rise to a higher sphere, and to a higher line of experience, may accomplish something, but not a great deal. Parental example does more than parental teaching.

For instance, take such truths as those of self-restraint. You may teach a child what restraint means, and you may urge upon him motives of fear, of persuasion, or of reward for the act itself, by a blind and mechanical process. I was told when I was a child that I ought to govern my temper. Well, I always did when I was good-natured; and I always lost it when I was not. When I was in my father's and mother's presence, for some reason more or less cognizable

to you all, I did restrain any great ebullition; but it boiled inside.

I recollect distinctly, on one occasion, when I was not more than six years old, that a man of great violence of temper came to see my father, and rated him with such a scolding as I had never heard. I looked at my father with amazement, as he sat perfectly still and tranquil. When the man had done, and felt relieved, father began, in the gentlest manner, to say to him, "Well, if all you say is true, I think you are right in the severity of your remarks; but I suppose that if in any regard you are not correct, you are willing to be set right." "Yes," said the man, with a growl, "of course I am." "Well, will you allow me to make one statement?" said father, humbling himself before the man. "Yes." So father began with a little matter, and stated it; and then he went a little further; and then a little further; until, by and by, the man began to lose color, and at last broke out, "I have been all wrong in this matter; I did not understand it." After he had gone away, father said to me, in a sort of casual manner, "Give up, and beat 'em." I got an idea of self-restraint under provocation, which I never could have got by all the instruction in the world which came to me merely in the form of ideas, and in picture-forms and fables. I had before me the sight of my father suffering—for his pride was naturally touched (though you might not think it from his posterity, yet there *was* pride in my father to some extent); he felt it keenly; and under the keenness of the feeling he still maintained perfect calmness and perfect sweetness. He overcame the man by suffering. He suffered reproach and abuse, and maintained himself under them.

How much instruction would it require to bring a man to a full spiritual apprehension of what is meant by returning good for evil! But if the child sees the parent, not doing it dramatically for his sake, but doing it incidentally and unconsciously, in the thousand disagreements that rise up in the neighborhood or in the household; if the child sees the parent steadily returning good for evil under circumstances the most painful and the most poignant—then he understands

this high principle. It is the sight of a person who, though provoked and wronged, will not do wrong, but will return good for evil—it is the sight of such a person that strikes the deepest into the imagination of the child, and, if he ever comes to a like spiritual state, fashions in him early the measurements and possibilities of it.

The same is true in regard to restraining the appetites. To tell a child that he must restrain his appetites is necessary; and yet other incidental means of drill and training are necessary; but, after all, it is seeing others do the thing: it is seeing the process gone through with; it is seeing an inferior feeling subjected to pain for the sake of giving emancipation to a superior feeling—it is this that makes an impression on the child's imagination.

The experience with strong-natured children is, I think, almost always this: that they are willful, that they are headstrong, and that they will have their way until they see suffering in their parents on their account. If the father be robust and somewhat obstinate, and if the boy is obstinate, the father's law rather provokes the boy. The father's imperious "You shall," or "You shall not," drives the boy inside of himself, but it does not subdue him. The thing comes almost to the point of rupture. At evening the mother, all sweetness and tenderness and gentleness, is found by the boy dissolved in tears. She is seemingly heart-broken. She talks to the boy, and says the same things to him that the father did. The command was right. The father enjoined it by imperious conscience. The mother suffers. In the one case the boy looks at the matter in the light of his father's sternness, and in the other case he looks at it in the light of the mother's suffering. By the one he is made more willful, and by the other more yielding. In the presence of the father he is stubborn and silent; but in the presence of his mother he acknowledges his fault and his duty, breaks down, and rises up out of his lower and worse self into his higher and better self. The instrument which inflamed his understanding and imagination, and gave him new light on the point at issue, was the suffering of the mother on that very point.

So it is all the way through family training. Uncon

sciously we are using all sorts of instruments for the education of our children. We inspire them by ideas and by example. We resort to coaxing—that is to say, we solicit hope and promise reward. We touch the spring of joy in every form. But, after all, one of the master influences that are acting in the family training is the fact that father and mother, when well endowed themselves, are capable of enduring care, labor and self-sacrifice, curtailing their own liberty for the sake of augmenting the benefit of the children. The glory of the father and the mother in the child's thought in after-life is not altogether the beauty of their attainments. There is something that goes deeper than that—the sense that the child himself has been wrought out by the sacrifices of the parent.

Can you raise up a more heroic idea in the mind of a generous nature than that of an old New England farmer, who never had a classical education, but whose boy seems to be so endowed with natural talents that he is determined to give him an opportunity to develop them? Between him and Nature on his farm there is a perpetual quarrel. Nature says that it shall be barren, and the farmer says that it shall not. He fights the winter, and it is ice. He fights the summer, and it is rocks. He earns but a pittance, and that by the severest toil before daylight and long after sundown; saving at the table, saving on raiment, saving everywhere, that he may gather together a little money to put his boy to the academy and the college. So the boy feels that every single dollar that he spends represents some suffering on the part of his father. The father never calls it suffering; for there is no generosity like that which love feels. Love never cares for what it gets; but, oh! how it rejoices in what it gives out! That poor woman, his mother, whose hands are like horn, whose face is scarred with wrinkles, who is slender and bent and homely—for twenty years how she has worked for that child, night and day! What tears she has shed for him! What hours of fatigue she has gone through, and what sickness she has endured in his behalf! How she has sought his highest good all the time without regard to herself! And when, at last, the boy has received his education,

and has entered upon public life, and is able to take care of these parents, what royalty there is in father and mother to his mind! No king with a crown on his head ever produced such an impression as they have produced. Where persons have labored for you, and suffered for you, and done all they could to benefit you, the knowledge of the fact touches the bottom of the divine nature in you, and you glory in it; and it measures not the magnitude of care alone, but the intensity of love. Love that will do and that will suffer—oh! that is love enough.

Well, this is so in the sphere of the family because God made it so—that is, it is in accordance with the divine will. It is a part of the creative plan by which men are developed from a lower to a higher plane. Suffering is a midwife; and it gives birth to better things in men. When it is vicarious—when it is suffering on the part of another for us—in one way it works in us, and in another way it works upon us; but it works all the time.

Now, when you go out into life, there is a faint and general idea of the value of moral qualities. When boys and girls have been brought up in the household, and have had a certain sort of grounding in the rudiments of morality, and go out to fight the battles of life, there is a perpetual conflict between their higher and lower natures. They go out with a general idea of right and wrong. I think almost every young person enters upon life with a generous purpose. Very few persons go out meaning to be vulgar, or dishonest, or untruthful, or unfaithful, or selfish, or over-proud. Almost all the visions and day-dreams of youth are generous. The trouble is, with regard to almost all those elements with which they may have to deal every day, the young have no intense faith, by reason of having seen these elements made sacred by suffering. Men believe in truth, in fidelity, in friendship, in honor, in honesty; but the conflicts and emergencies of life are all the time tempting them to sacrifice truth, and fidelity, and friendship, and honor, and honesty. These moral qualities never have great power over the imagination and over faith until they have been transfigured. Each one of them, we may almost say, must go through its hour of trial, and must be lifted

up and transfigured as Christ was in sight of the three disciples on the mountain-top.

For example, everybody thinks fidelity is a noble quality. In small matters everybody tries to practice it. It is only in over-mastering hours, when fidelity requires great sacrifice, that men shrink back from it. But when under such circumstances it is adhered to, the power of the example is tremendous.

Take the case of the pilot who died so nobly on Lake Erie. A precious freight of human lives was on board. The ship was on fire. All depended on his being able to carry the vessel to the shore; and he stood at the wheel, though the flames towered about him, and was literally burned to death. He chose to sacrifice his own life rather than to sacrifice his duty. And there was no man with a pulse of manhood in him who did not feel not only that there was something heroic in that man, but that there was something noble in fidelity itself—so noble that one might well long to be heroically faithful. Being borne up by a feeling of fidelity in the hour of trial—how noble that seems to one who has witnessed an exhibition of it!

Take the case of the engineer who, in that great disaster on the Shore Line Road, stood at his post, and gave his life deliberately to save the train. Take the case of the engineer who, above Northampton, in dashing against the rocks, was actually pierced through and through by parts of the engine, and who, so fastened that he could not get away, and while his bowels were literally gushing out, calmly gave directions to the men as to what should be done with other parts of the engine, filling his place of duty to the last breath.

Nobody can see such sights as these, and afterwards think of fidelity otherwise than in a noble light. How it is lifted up, and how heroic it is, when somebody has suffered for it, and when it has had somebody's life in it!

According to the old Roman legend, when it once became needful that a gap should be filled at the cost of a life, a patriotic citizen plunged himself into it to save the state. It may be true or false; but that makes no difference so far as the principle is concerned. To the imagination of the

ancients it was true. And no human power ever did so much good to the state as a citizen who could throw himself into a gulf that the state might live. The yielding up of everything for the sake of a great principle is the way in which God brings those airy, evanescent things which we call moral qualities home to our bosom and sympathy and imitation.

Do you ask who are the benefactors of the world? Almost everybody, a little. But who are the men that have raised the whole idea of human character? Who are the men that have made life noble above that which is animal and pleasure-life?

Take, for instance, those who suffered at the stake in olden times for their faith. Their faith may have been right or it may have been wrong; but any man, whether he be a heathen, a Christian, a Mahomedan, a Protestant or a Catholic, who, sincerely believing in any truth, is willing to die rather than renounce it, augments the dignity and grandeur of manhood. There is nothing that sings like a bird through all time, as does a heroic action.

When Grace Darling ventured, at her own peril, a woman, to save the lives of those who were strange to her, she not only saved their lives, but she raised the tone of heroism in the whole world.

When Florence Nightingale walked out of the accustomed sphere of woman's sympathy, and organized charity in a far-distant land, devoting herself with such assiduity to the good work that, ever since, by reason of her long-suffering and exposure, she has been an invalid—then she raised the conception of benevolence, philanthropy, fidelity and heroism; and it will never go down again. The example which she set has bred a thousand imitators. When I think what the magnificent heroism of women was in our war; when I think how zealously and efficiently they labored; when I think of their wide-spread charity, which was scarcely less perfect in its organization than the army itself, and by which relief was carried along the whole line of suffering—when I think of these things, I say to myself, "Behold what has been done because Florence Nightingale lived!"

When I think what has been done by kind men in regard

to prison discipline and the bringing back to manhood of men who have been degraded by crime; when I perceive that we are humane, at last, in jails and prisons, I say, "See what Howard did!"

There comes in that great class of passages which represent Christ as suffering for the law; and theologians, perhaps not without some excuse, but yet ignorantly and erroneously, have argued that Christ suffered for the sake of the ideal moral law of the universe; that there was something in abstract law, hanging above men's heads, which required somebody to suffer for it. But the Scripture, going back of our conception of moral law, argued that the Jews under the old ritual law should accept Christ as the fulfillment of the law; that in taking him thus they took him in an ampler form than they otherwise could; and that thus in a sacrificial sense it was necessary for him to suffer for the fulfilling of the law. It is claimed that he bore the sins of men literally. That he bore our sins is true. I bear the sins of every man that I love and help. I, like every parent, bear the sins of my children. By sympathy and suffering I bear the consequences of their wrong-doing. I interpose between them and their suffering. That there is a larger sense than a figurative one of sympathy may be true; nevertheless, in general, Christ bore our sins in this: that he put himself in such relations to us as that by his sympathy, by his love, by his suffering for us, he interposed between us and the dominion, power, and suffering of sin.

There are a great many who do not know how to get over the teaching that God poured out his vengeance on his well-beloved Son. They cannot endure the idea that an innocent person should have received the thunderbolt of divine wrath. They say that it was unjust and hard. To tell them that Christ was willing does not help the matter to their imagination. But you see that if the line of discussion which we have followed this morning be true, there is no foundation for any such representation as that God was angry with the world. When he declared that he so loved the world that he sent his Son to die for it, he made a disclosure of the Divine sympathy. Christ stood, not representing divinity in full

panoply, not representing God in his infinitude, but representing him in the flesh, restricted, and making manifest what was his interior nature, and interpreting him as a miniature interprets that which is larger than itself. He was a representation of the love of God, brought down to men in limited conditions. He was an interpretation, a manifestation, a disclosure, bringing to the human reason and imagination that which the world needed to know—namely, that the strokes of blind fate, that the cruelty of law, that the ongoing of penalties, did not represent the highest forces in the universe, but represented the constitution of things in the material and lower sphere. He made known to the world that there was a higher Power, that there was a nobler range of being, that there were other impulses and principles that disclosed themselves, by which the universe was governed. His mission was to reconcile men to God—not to reconcile God to men. He came to bring out a power which should cause men to lift up their eyes and see that whatever was romantic in love on earth, that whatever was faithful in affection in the household, that whatever sacrifice there was in love, that whatever there was of kindness and mercy, was the interior nature of God. There stands the Sun of righteousness, blazing with this one radiant interpretation: that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it.

Now look at some passages, and see if I am leading you out of the way in this matter. Let me read again the text:

"For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. For scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

Hear what the Lord himself says, speaking in the Gospel of John:

"This is my commandment, That ye love one another. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

There is the measure of love. That is the purpose which the laying down of life is to serve. It is to be an interpretation of divine love.

Listen to what Peter says:

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit."

He did not say that Christ suffered for the ideal or abstract moral law; or that he suffered to rectify the moral sense of the universe; or that he suffered in order that there might be an equivalent in his suffering for all the suffering that was threatened to man. In all the declarations of Christ's death mention is made of the divine love manifested in order to bring us to God. The death of Christ was to raise our conception of the grandeur of the moral qualities of God's nature, so that men should be drawn to them with an irresistible attraction.

In 1 John 3:16 the declaration is made even more strongly than in Peter:

"Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren."

Thus it is brought right home to a practical application.

But it does not follow that there may not be other influences at work. I do not say that this ennobling of moral qualities, or this interpretation of God to the imagination and the heart, was all. What I say is, that it is all that is given to us. It is that side of this great transaction which shines down upon this world. And still, theology has occupied itself in developing the other and imaginary side, which may or may not be true. The New Testament makes known to us as the reason of the death of the Lord Jesus Christ, its moral power upon the imagination and heart of man. It is not necessary to say that there are no other results of his death, but it is right to say that so far as revelation is made to us it deals with the ennobling of divine love by the spectacle of God suffering for the love which he bore to us. It was the more marvelous because it was God, and because he suffered not for friends but for enemies.

He who lifts up, by suffering, any single quality, and makes men feel, "I never could have thought of and never could have done anything so noble if it had not been for his example," filling the world with an enthusiasm for a moral invisible principle—he who does that uses suffering divinely.

I think there is nothing more beautiful in the world than the story of Joan of Arc. It defies explanation—and indeed I never want to have it explained; for some stories, when you analyze them, cease to be stories, and become philosophies, as flowers, when you analyze them, cease to be flowers, and become scientific facts. Joan of Arc has thrown around heroism an inspiration which makes it richer and more glorious. I do not care whether she saved France or lost France—there may be some fiction on that subject; but she saved the world, and lifted that up many degrees.

John Brown was not, I think, a man to be admired in all respects; he was not a man whose wisdom was to be praised; he was not a man whose statesmanship was the best; but he was a man who, looking upon the sufferings of others, felt that his whole life was good for nothing to him except as an offering to them. And he did offer his life to them; and when it was accepted, and he was led forth to the sacrifice, he kissed a little child. He would not take regulation prayers, but he was glad to have poor slave mothers pray for him. He looked upon the farms and hills as he passed by them, and said, "Oh, how beautiful they are!" He went to death as men usually go to a banquet. And all this was not for himself, but for others. He saw men who could not speak for themselves, nor lift up their manacled hands for themselves; and he suffered for them. Whatever the mistakes of his judgment were, he meant to give liberty to those who were in bondage, and manhood to those who were chattels; and he gave his life to do it. And as our soldiers went through the States singing,

"John Brown's soul is marching on,'

John Brown's name will travel through the ages as an illustrious example of what a man may do who is willing to suffer for a great principle or a great sentiment.

Looking, then, at suffering, it may be considered a penalty in thousands of cases; and that is its lowest range, and is most frequent; and under such circumstances it may be regarded as a personal drill or exercise. But when it rises to the higher sphere, and becomes an example, a moral witness, an aspiration, a heroism, it has gained a prophetic place, and

stands between God and man, making known from God the higher truths to man in such a way as nothing else can declare them to him. That a life is greater than a death I do not doubt; and yet, as men are made, dying produces an effect of moral greatness more than any living does. It touches the senses. Though they constitute the weak side of human nature, nevertheless that is the side that must be touched. We know that Christ ever liveth to make intercession for those who seek the heavenly land; this is a glorious truth; and there is more in such living than in simply dying; and yet, the story of the death of Christ has touched the world, and will touch it to the end, as no story of living can. The life of Christ was sweeter, was more fruitful in events, and touched more sides of visible human nature, than his death; and yet there is no thought of his life that thrills the imagination, that stirs you up in your nobler feelings, as does the story of his death. For suffering, by the divine constitution, has a power which nothing else has to inspire enthusiasm in men, when it is disinterested, heroic, for others, and not for one's self.

Hence the symbols of sacrifice and of suffering in the Old Testament, and the interpretations of symbols by the life and death of the Lord Jesus Christ as represented in the New Testament, all proceed upon that deep underlying principle which philosophy has not found out, but which was embodied in the whole moral system of the Old Testament and the New; and they were an argument for the inspiration of Scripture long before there was a philosophy in the world. Proceeding on empirical grounds, that was a principle which struck the foundation of the human soul in the most potent manner.

In view of this exposition, I remark, first, that all who are embarrassed and tried in regard to the necessity of the suffering which fell on our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ may find rest in the simple exposition of the New Testament. It was necessary that he should suffer, it is said. It is held that the law required that he should suffer. This was a local and national argument. It is only historically applicable to us. For, when the Jews, by long training, had been at last,

by stroke upon stroke, hedged in to their own system, and made obedient to it, there came preachers to them, saying that they should accept the Lord Jesus Christ as they understood him, rather than Moses and the Mosaic economy; and they, by the force of habit, and by the impulse of moral feeling, said, "We will not abandon our faith." "But," said the apostles, "it is not abandoning your faith to follow Christ: it is fulfilling it. All that the law means by its sacrifices and observances is fulfilled or represented in a living form in him. And when you take him you take the law, not as a dead letter, not as a sacrificial formula, not as the blood of bulls and goats literally: the shedding of his blood for the remission of sins, the cruelty and suffering which he endured, are typified by the blood of beasts in the Old Testament dispensation." The fact that Christ died for the world has an effect on the moral sentiments and the imagination. The great sacrificial elements of the Old and New Testaments take hold of the minds of men.

When you mechanicalize this, and look upon it as a merchant does upon a bargain, as though God gave so much for so much, it seems to me that degradation has entered into the sanctity of moral qualities, and I feel humiliated.

If this general idea is true, I remark again, you can see how a man's life may be lost and yet saved, and saved and yet lost.

There is a circumspect and cautious life and economy of disposition. Men are capable of living on a comparatively low plane of morality.

Never expend yourself any more than is necessary in order to maintain a sort of symmetry and consistency and safety of life, and go evenly through the world, and die in the mild regard of the neighborhood, and be forgotten speedily! Persons who do this are oftentimes much praised as being good citizens—and they are good citizens on a very low plane. But we find in the Word of God intimations of a heroism which is a very different thing.

"He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

He that does not care for safety; he that does not care for friends; he that is so fired with purity, with a sense of the

dignity of truth, of fidelity, of faith, of hope, and of love, he who, in view of any great moral quality, is willing to sacrifice himself that he may become a witness to it—that man really uses his life for that moral quality, and so for Christ's sake. One act of heroism is better than a thousand years of talking about heroism would be.

If Kossuth had staid at home, and yielded to the demands that were made upon him, and looked out for himself, he might have been worldly prosperous, he might have been popular, and he might have been courted; and he would have been hastening on to oblivion, like many of his contemporaries. But he preferred to expatriate himself; and he has been wandering up and down in the earth ever since, without home and without means. He has refused charity, though he has been so poor that he has seen his household dissolving about him. He would not take amnesty, nor go back to his native country, but he has dedicated his life to solemn testimony against oppression and in favor of liberty. And no crown on earth is to be compared with the glory which is already covering his brow. There are few men who have lived so much as he. There are few men who have sown their life so that it shall bring forth such seed in any generation as his will. I loved him when he was here; and I revere him now that he is gone. Human nature is larger for his living.

This is not a subject open for curiosity only; it is not a subject simply for admiration or for sympathy: it is a subject which comes very close home for examination to every one of us.

What are our lives? On what points do they center heroically? Where are we willing to stand and suffer for the sake of principle? Where are we willing to show forth the divine nature? What thing are we making more luminous? What quality is being made by us more desirable in the eyes of men?

If we go into the various conflicts of life with a low feeling, with the thrift-feeling, with a feeling of economy; if we enter upon worldly affairs with equivocation and falsehood for the sake of making and saving money; if we yield up truth

and nonor and manhood for pelf—then we vulgarize principle. But if a man can stand in the midst of trouble, and say, "Come what may, truth and honor shall not depart from me;" if a man can in the sight of all who are around him yield bodily ease, yield pride, yield vanity, yield everything but fidelity to truth and honor and friendship—that man is preaching Christ, though he may not know the church, and though he may not know what he is doing. I hope in God that there is many a man who is feeling Christ like the man who was healed, who was cast out of the temple for his faithfulness to his Healer, and was found of Christ. The Savior said to him, "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" "Who is he, that I might believe on him?" said the man—and he was talking with him face to face; and his heart was open and ready to receive him.

I think there are hearts standing in such sympathy with the heart of Christ that if they knew what it was that was moving upon them, if the film or veil between them and the Saviour could be dropped, they would cry out, "My Lord! my God!" And there be many and many Christians who carry the name of Christ blazoned on their foreheads, and have not his spirit, and are not witnessing for him by suffering or self-sacrifice. They dishonor that name; they tread upon it; they humble it; they break the faith of man in it.

A hundred men who could not be made to sacrifice truth, who could not be made to fall from duty, who would cheerfully accept suffering; a hundred men who should be as heroic as Christ was, would lift the world, at one impulse, clear through a hundred degrees of excellence. We need again, not only the Sufferer, Christ, in us, the hope of glory, but Christ in us glorious by making us willing to suffer.

Now you have light thrown upon the apostles' experience, who counted it all joy when they fell into temptations and trials, and who rejoiced in infirmity.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We draw near to thee, our heavenly Father, moved by thy Spirit. For how should we think of thee, or lift ourselves above the influences that darken and hold us down to the earth through the flesh, but by the quickening power of thy Spirit? We rejoice that these thoughts which rise spontaneously to thee are answers to thy call, and that we have in thee evidence of our adoption, and evidence of thy calling, of thine influence, and thy disposition. We rejoice to think of thee as the Father of our spirits. We rejoice to think that all our dispositions are to thee as the dispositions of our children are to us; and that thou art living and governing, not in supreme selfishness, and not to work out thine own glory as separated from the happiness of every other one, but that thou art the Lord and the Father of all, and art rearing generations and perfecting them, that they may be presented without blemish or spot before the throne of thy Father, and enter upon the inheritance of eternal perfectness.

We beseech of thee, O Lord our God, that thou wilt not be discouraged with us, with our slowness, with our selfishness, with our disobedience, and with our oft turning back. Grant unto us that persuasive influence of thy Spirit which shall hold us more constantly to the things that we know to be right, and which shall work mightily in us against the things that are wrong, overcoming easily besetting sins, pushing aside, by the power of God that is in us, vehement temptations, delivering us from the thrall of fear, and inspiring us with holy courage, and with an enterprise for things that are true and pure and good.

And now, we beseech of thee that thou wilt draw near to every one in thy presence according to the thing that is uppermost: to those that are in distress by reason of their sinfulness; to those whose consciences oppress them and cloud their souls with guilt. Will the Lord speak forgiveness of their sins and peace unto them. Grant that the way in which they may lean upon thee for justification may be made plain to them. May they trust thee, and not their own goodness. May they rejoice in the righteousness of Christ, which is made perfect for them.

We pray for all those who are in the midst of darkness and distress of mind by reason of sickness, by reason of bereavements, by reason of great losses, by reason of inward sorrows. O Lord, thou knowest how to weep with those who weep. Thou art in sympathy with the stricken. Thou thyself didst love, and thou knowest the mortal anguish of those who are bereaved. Look with compassion upon them, remembering not only thine earthly sufferings, but thy life, that carries with it eternal sympathy, and succor, and kindness, as the loving Saviour.

We pray that thou wilt grant to those who are borne down by cares and burdens which gird them and harass them, that divine strength which shall make all burdens light—for if thou dost put thine arms under us, though the world were laid upon us we could bear it; but without thee how quickly our faith goes! Our courage is as the summer brook without thee. So grant to those who are weary and heavy laden that peace and rest which is promised unto them.

We pray that thou wilt give light to those who are perplexed. Remember parents that know not what to do with their children. Remember those who know not the path in which they should walk. Grant that they may have such a sense of the presence of God, and such a trust in the reality and helpfulness of divine providence that orders every day things aright, that they may be able to walk with composure. Even if they suffer, may they be able to say, "Though he slay me yet will I trust him."

We pray that thou wilt grant to those to whom the outlook of life is dark, and who seem to themselves to have gone to the end of their strength, such a sense of God present with them that they shall be contented to stand, and to bear, and having done all things yet to stand. May there be that rest in God's goodness and power and wisdom and presence which shall help all classes and conditions in the various emergencies of life.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon all those who are in this congregation; upon all those who are far from thee, and who do not feel the need of God; upon all those whose prosperity hath blinded them, or who are sinfully separating themselves from God's dominion. We pray that they may be brought to a nobler sense of duty, and to a higher conception of their inward and spiritual need. Grant, we beseech of thee, that they may have the power of God poured upon them, and that they may live a new life, and experience those higher joys which are heavenly and divine.

We pray for thy blessing to rest, this day, upon all thy worshiping servants of every name and everywhere. May those who preach the gospel of Christ speak in simplicity and sincerity, with light from on high. And we pray that they may have power given them by which they may be able to do good to those to whom they speak.

We pray that thou wilt lead this great nation aright. More and more purge away its ignorance, its corruptions, and all its attendant evils in its career of great prosperity. We pray that thou wilt grant that it may be temperate, forbearing, patient; and that it may set an example to men of wisdom in law, of obedience thereto, of great nobleness and humanity, so that men shall believe that we are free, and that society is free by the cleansing power of religion, which is nobler than all authority, and all compressions by the hand of despotism.

We pray that thou wilt hold us back from violent passions, and from all their outgushings into war. Grant that this nation may be an example of humanity. May it seek justice by forbearance, by ways of peace, and compass the ways of humanity by the spirit of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We pray, O God, that thou wilt send the light and the truth abroad in all the earth. Oh that thou wouldst hasten the day when Jesus Christ shall fulfill thy predictions, and shall reign over the earth. Let that new heaven come, and that new earth in which dwelleth righteousness.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray that thou wilt give us an understanding of the inward nature of the truth. Grant unto us such sympathy with thee that we may know the nature of Christ, and that we may feel the full power of Christ's example and love in us. Art thou not preparing to make thyself more conspicuous? Hast thou not come down through the ages? and hast thou not throughout the ages been bearing fruit which yet shall be disclosed? O Lord, come. Fill the earth with thy power. Behold the passions of men. See what darkness is upon the flood and upon the mountain. See what midnight is in the human soul. O thou Deliverer and Emancipator, come and break open prison doors, and strike off shackles, and cause to be lifted up the voice of righteousness and of triumph. Come as a Conqueror. Come to lead thy people from conquering to conquer. And to thy name shall be the glory forever and ever. *Amen.*

HOW GOES THE BATTLE?

"And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."—Matt. xi. 12.

The kingdom of heaven, as applied to individuals, is the absolute predominance in the soul of each man, or, as applied to the world, the absolute reign, in mankind, of the superior faculties—the intellect, with the moral and spiritual elements.

God governs men by the use of their own nature. It is through those parts of the soul which are most like his own nature, and nearest to it, that he governs. When that part of the human soul which represents most nearly the divine thought and the divine sentiment is in the ascendency in the individual to such an extent that it controls the social and civic and national life, the kingdom of heaven has begun; and when the superior nature of man dominates entirely his inferior nature, the kingdom of heaven on earth is consummated.

The human soul is a collection of forces, a great many of them, very different in kind, susceptible of co-ordination, therefore of subordination, and so of harmony and peace. This subordination and harmonization of the several faculties in the human soul is the moral meaning of life. It is the end for which we were sent into the world. It is the doing of this that is in the largest sense education.

I do not propose to consider this in its relation to the individual. If we were to ask, What is the progress of the kingdom of God in the individual heart according to this

THURSDAY MORNING, THANKSGIVING DAY, November 27, 1873. LESSON: Isaiah lxi. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection), Nos. 1344, 997.

psychological view? such an inquiry would not be to ask for technical experiences and hopes: it would be to ask, What is in each individual the relative distribution of force among his faculties? It would be to ask, Which side of his nature is strongest, and growing stronger? It would be to ask, What are the parts in him which predominate and govern? It would be to ask, "To what degree has his superior nature gained control over all the rest? These are the evidences of piety that would belong to the new philosophic school, including in them, of course, all that the old tests used to mean, and a great deal more that they reached out after, but that the time had not come for them to apply.

I propose this same view in regard to the world's condition, and in regard to the life and state of nations.

What is the distribution of force? What has been gained? How does the conflict stand? The kingdom of heaven is to suffer violence—that is to say, the whole development, the great conflict, by which the superior nature of man shall rise into ascendency over his lower and inferior nature, is going on, and has been going on long, as applied to the races and the earth. What is the state of that conflict to-day? Does it inspire hope, or despondency? What is the condition of the battle? Violence there is yet. As it were, the field is taken and retaken. Sometimes the flesh is in the ascendency, and sometimes the spirit. The conflict of the physical and of the spiritual is going on all around the globe, every day, in the individual, in households, in neighborhoods, in states, in nations, and in the whole race. It is a perpetual battle that will not end till the sun stands a thousand years in the firmament.

The animal man refuses to be broken into the intelligent moral-minded man; and these conflicts take on the proportion of the globe. They are represented in laws, in institutions, in governments, in policies, in business. The whole inward and outward history of society is but a history of this conflict. Whatever belongs to society as distinguished from the physical globe is the incarnation of the human soul; and all laws, and industries, and customs, and habits, and tendencies, are but the human soul walking outside of itself in

the guise of exterior institutions, of things representing soul-forces developed into industries, and families, and institutions, and laws, and customs. The whole work of life and its contests but represent what man has thought, felt, wished, done; and its perfectnesses represent more or less the advance of the struggles which are going on between the animal man and the spiritual man.

It is worth our while, even in a cursory and superficial manner, on such a day as this, to inquire, What is the state of this conflict? Is the kingdom of heaven, on the whole, gaining in the world, or is it losing? Are the nobler faculties of man, on the whole, gaining ascendency, or are they losing power?

First, is the sum total of the forces of the race gaining, or losing? There has been a vague impression—and at some times it has assumed a definite form of statement—that the early races were far stronger, far wiser, and far happier than the subsequent and the present ones. It has been supposed that on the whole a gradual process of degeneration has been going on. I need not say that the arguments employed to substantiate that theory are myths—that that whole history is a fable. I aver that there never has been a time in the history of the race, so far as history can reveal any light to us, in which the generating power of the brain was so great as it is to-day. There never has been a time when man, as a thinking, willing, executive creature, was so potential as he is to-day. I am not speaking of whether his development is of a higher or a lower kind; but I say that the brain of ma is a far more powerful instrument, taking the race through out the world, to-day, than it ever was before. It throws out more forces, and is developing greater effects, than it ever did before.

If you examine barbarous nations, you will find that they stand where they always did—and they do not come into the question; but if you examine civilized nations, it will be found that there are more of them, that they are spread over a larger portion of the globe, and that the civilized or educated brain of the world is a thousand times more fruitful than it ever was before. Not that there have not been, from

the earliest days, single men who were superior; but the distinctive peculiarity of the growth of our times is, that whereas now and then in antiquity, before the advent of Christ, there were solitary cases, single men, individuals growing alone, as it were, pasture-oaks that had been nourished all around by the free access of sun and air, and taking proportions that have scarcely been matched or equaled since, that which used to consummate itself in single men at the expense of all the rest of the community is now being diffused throughout the whole community; and though here and there is an individual who is great, such instances are, comparatively speaking, few, because the community itself has grown so wide and so broad and so strong.

If the Alleghanies could only be approached upon a level from the point at which we stand, they would lift themselves up into the air with a height that would appal us; but as we go to the Alleghanies by gradual ascent, hill after hill, till the summit is reached, before we think, we have gone over the mountains. The outlying lands on either side have been lifted up so much that the center peak does not show how tall it is.

If you raise the average of society around about philosophers, and priests, and kings, and great men, it will seem as though they were not so high, after all. We judge of the relative power of the old heroes and men of renown under an illusion. The community itself has gone so high now that no man in it seems so great as those whom we read of in history. They seem great, not only because they really were great, but also because comparison made them great. They were magnified. We see them in almost, I may say, mythical proportions. But if we look through the civilized nations, how vastly increased do we find to be the number of those who exert moral power, and who are forces in the State and in the human race! It cannot be doubted, I think, that, while in barbarous nations the productive power is the same that it ever has been, yet in all civilized nations the productive power is increased to an incredible extent, and the force of the human brain is enormously augmented.

Then next, and more important, is the question, "What

is the relative distribution of the mind-forces in the civilized globe?" I have said that there is more of it; that it means more; and that it is more sensitive and more productive. Now, where is its productiveness? Is it at the bottom or at the top? Is it bringing out thorns and thistles and weeds to torment the husbandman, or is it bringing out the pleasant fruits of righteousness to reward him? Which side of the human mind is most productive? Has there been a change? and if so, is that change prophetic of a better future?

The primary question, then, is, What is the world's condition as to the proportion between physical and passional force on the one side, and moral and intellectual force on the other? Once, physical and passional force, as represented by fear, or superstition, or what not, simple or in various combinations, ruled the individual, the State, and the whole religious development of the race.

There is a distinct representation of these asseverations in history to the time of Christ, and also developed long after it. It must be said that down to within comparatively a few hundred years, the bottom-force, the curse of the world, was physical force, latent, but potential; or, more frequently, and more largely, overt and active; it has been the all-controlling power of the brain working through the physical, and for physical purposes, that has characterized the earlier developments not only in civilization, but even after Christianity began to be a struggling influence among the races of men. This wrought upon the individual. It wrought upon his relations to the State, which was an arbitrary, an absolute, an exact, and a despotic force, reared up in the midst of the people, around about which were moral influences, but which bore about the same relation to them that the stones of a fortification do to the vines and grasses that grow upon them.

Now, physical force, in all its forms, is tending to be subordinated to mind-force. I should be sorry to think that the basilar forces of human nature were being weakened. I need not say how much I disagree with the poetry, or, if you choose to call it so, the philosophy, which teaches that men ought to crucify, in any literal sense, their appetites and passions. Such a bad name have these unrestrained and unedu-

cated forces gained among men, that it seems singular to hear a minister declare that the very substratum and foundation on which we hope to build the better race, is in the energy and productive power of the passions and appetites of human nature; but you are to remember that there is an analogical condition in the moral world to that which has been discovered and developed in the physical world—namely, the correlation and conservation of forces. We have learned, lately, that there is no substantial destruction of any force, whether it be heat, or light, or magnetism, or motion. None of them can be destroyed. You can convert one of them into another, and they can be made to run the round of the circle; but that is all you can do with them.

And so it is with the cerebral forces of men. There is such a thing as conservation and substitution as applied to them. The appetites and the passions can be converted, and can be substituted—in other words, they can be turned into social forces and moral forces; and they reappear in conscience, in benevolence, in reason, and in the moral sentiments, giving to them color, flavor, and power by which they draw the sum-total of human enginery behind them. This is going on now.

Men are, and ought to be, broad at the base of the head. Men whose heads are built like a ladder, small at the bottom and small at the top, with no breadth at the base, are forever apparently about to be something that they never are, and about to do something that they never do—casting the shadow of good things that never come! On the other hand, men who have power at the bottom—provided it is by conservation and correlation transmuted into something other than physical, so that it becomes social and moral and intellectual—they are the men who give to us our ideal conceptions of manhood itself. This, certainly, is now going on.

Force, happily, is not decreased: it would be a calamity, as I have said, if it were; but it is applied far more than ever to the subjugation of physical nature; to the production of new external elements of life; and within men it is more and more turned into energy of thought, energy of will, energy of moral sentiment, and energy of Christian civilization. All

ideas, all discoveries, in the magnificent train of modern civilization, are tending to take on economic forms for man's use. The intellect, which never was so active, was never so universally active. It never had such co-operative power for creating a perfect atmosphere, which stimulates the average intelligence of man, and which is, therefore, so productive of thoughts and discoveries and universal intellectual fruits as now, working not simply for matter, but through matter, to dominate matter; and dominating matter for the purpose of creating social comfort; and creating social comfort for the sake of raising the moral stature of the individual man; and raising the stature of the individual man for the sake of producing a better race—better nations and a better globe. All abstract principles, like laws in nature, fly in the air until somebody can catch them and bring them down to fixed work. Abstract principles are like rivers in the wilderness, flowing night and day with power, but turning no mill. They come from the sea, they fall on the mountain, they run down through their channels back to the sea. Round and round they go in this perpetual circuit, doing nothing until civilization stops the water, and pours it over the wheel, and says, "Work for your living." Then these forces begin to be productive.

Abstract ideas, and the abstract conception of natural laws, are the same. They do a certain amount of work. But when, by-and-by, philosophers, architects of ideas, begin to open up great natural laws to the apprehension of men, and so make the individual larger, stronger, and better, and make the family better, and society better, and the race better, then these wild colts of the air are harnessed and broken to industry, and men's souls ride them. This work was never going on so fast before as it is going on now. Never was it going on so widely. Never was it going on so obviously in the stream of Divine influences.

There are three grand elements by which we may ascertain the direction, gauge the depth, and measure the speed of that grand world-current which men may call by what name they please, but which I call *the evolution of the human race under the divine inspiration.*

Whether, on the whole, human society is slowly coming to a state in which the reason and the moral sentiments are predominating over passion and the physical forces is a question which concerns and interests every single man. How is it, then, with civil governments? Has that predominance of the higher nature which we note in individuals, and which characterizes households and portions of the community, gone on in men generically, and in governments? Are governments to-day better or worse, on the whole, than they were before, or at the time of Christ? Better, better, *immeasurably* better! They are growing less dynastic. They are, of necessity, introducing more and more of the popular element. But what is the introduction of the popular element? It is the substitution of universal well-being as determined by the wisdom and experience of the race, rather than dynastic habit and dynastic will. The thought of the race about itself is appearing in government, and not in a few men at the top of government determining the race-condition. The thinking-power and the will-power of *mankind* is beginning to control government, instead of force directed by a few.

This statement has many relations; but the point is, that universal sentiment has begun to develop the soul-force of the race. Heart-wants are modifying dynastic ideas and aristocratic absolutism. These were once substantially directed by force, and were maintained by the ascendency of force. Now there has come about them the solvent power of thoughts. Now the cry of trouble is beginning to be felt as a political power. Now the soul's mourning is beginning to be heard in the Cabinet. Now what men want for their higher selves is beginning to be debated in legislation. Now men that are armed and fighting are fighting for ideas rather than for things. There has been a vast transition. A huge desert has been crossed to bring nations and the race to this position.

So, also, if you look, not alone at the form and nature of governments, but at the conduct of nations toward nations, at the interchange of conduct, and national law, and national morality and national intercourse, it will be found that precisely the same tendencies are developed there. The basilar force is commuted into a higher form

of intellectual, moral and social force. And the policy or intercourse of nations is coming to stand upon a higher level, and to be not only the fruit, but the seed again, of the reinforcement of man's spiritual nature. It was the moral influence of the great thinking body of citizens on the two sides of the ocean that prevented the precipitation of the mother and the daughter into a cruel and needless war.

If any one asks me, "Where are the mile-stones set up that mark plainly the distance which has been traveled?" I point to our old colonial times, and to what our fathers suffered under the despotism of the mother country, when Chatham declared that the colonies were to be mere tenders to the home-government; when it was declared by this great man that there ought not to be allowed so much manufacturing in the colonies as to make a hobnail; when it was forbidden that men should appropriate their own streams to run mills without permission from Great Britain; when the British government forbade men to cut the timber of their forests without Her Majesty's permission; when the knowledge that we made hats in this country came near producing a revolution in Great Britain. That long, hard physical government passed away with the Revolution, which was as much a commercial as it was a military war; which was a battle for political liberty, in order that commercial liberty might be obtained. Such was the motive of government and rebellion as far down as that.

Come down to 1812, when another war was waged, not because we were restrained in manufacturing or invaded in our territories, but because the rights of our citizens under the American flag were violated. We went to war on that issue; and it was a very much higher war than any which had preceded it. That which we opposed was the obstruction of individual right. The right of an American citizen had become an entity. It was something definite. It was worthy of a policy, and worthy, also, of the whole power of public sentiment and of the national arms.

Come down to a still later period—to our great civil conflict for the liberty of the common man; for the liberty of labor; for the liberty of humanity to sprout and grow un-

checked by law or institution; for the liberty of a great nation to purge itself of elements which were mutually contradictory and destructive. When that great conflict was pending in our death struggle; when the balances hung even; when if ever friendship meant life; when if ever to be betrayed, or to have one straw more put on our back than we were bearing, seemed the height of cruelty; when millions of our sons were in the field, and the government was strained to the extremest tension, and every man's heart was perpetually in his mouth, amidst blood, and graves, and battles and sorrows—then, I will not say that there were technical wrongs inflicted on this country by our brethren across the water; but there was the cold, chilling shadow of unsympathizing hearts thrown over us; and there was a broken relation of comity; and if ever a nation might have said, "We now have five hundred thousand veteran men in the field, and we have an abundance of ships of war afloat, and we will vindicate ourselves on the sea and land," this nation might have said it. But what did the conscience and heart and intelligence of this nation do? It laid down its wrongs and grievances at the feet of well-appointed arbiters, and said, "Let *us* not settle our rights: judge you between us." And in the work of that sublime arbitration I think you mark one of the progresses of this world. It bore witness not only that England and America had settled difficulties without war, but that the time had come when force must go under, the conscience being in the ascendant, and that we were beginning a new era on a higher plane.

Nor need I point out how, recently, after the first effervescence of the feeling of horror which filled the community at the barbarities on a neighboring island, against whose cruelties and oppressions every sentiment of our souls is set, and shall be, with our strong sympathy for the men in the interior; I need not tell you how, while we were standing up for their liberty, as against the cruelty, barbaric and hideous, which is inflicted upon them—how, when it came to the question of *war*, the nation stopped, and balanced its reason on its conscience, and said, "Let not force arbitrate; let this question be settled by men's higher nature if possible; and only at

length and at last let us bring the sword into the settlement of this great question." It is a noble pause, it is a noble patience, and it argues the great growth of the superior faculties in this nation over the basilar, the inferior, the physical, the forceful faculties.

But it may be said that while there may have been some advance in civic, commercial, social and political affairs, there are no such hopeful prospects in the direction of religious life. In reply to that, I declare that we see the subsidence of the animal passions in religion as much as anywhere else. Alas! man striving to be religious has on every side presented, I think, the most piteous spectacle of time. Methinks if God weeps ever, it is when he beholds the poor staggering steps and faint endeavors which have been made, and are still being made, by men to emancipate themselves from the animal, and to come up by their own evolution and patience and power into the state of the angel. To cease being physical and to become spiritual, as a drama—often as a comedy, but more often as a tragedy—has been going on for thousands of years. We have seen how, directly or indirectly, men have been forced to their religion by fear; how, when they had once come under the yoke and bondage of the priest and the government, they were maintained in their religion by the sword; and what wastes, what cruelties, there have been, no man can tell—not until the pictorial judgment comes, and we stand looking down through the past of history to see the line of mourners, of martyrs, of murdered ones, of mothers and children, of the long crowd that have suffered because the devil of force entered into the church and dominated religion. Not till then shall we ever have any conception of what the world has gone through in this respect.

Now, has there been a lighting up? Has there been progress? Has this infernal devil been in any manner exorcised? Has he so far been exorcised that the church lies, at last, wallowing on the ground, foaming at the mouth, and waiting for the final sentence, "Depart out of her"? I hold that more and more is religion discussed and controversies are carried on with regard to it, not as a dynastic element, but as an individual condition. The conception of the church as

an organized power has been the curse of Christendom—with your liberty I say it. I declare that while religion has been full of justice, while it has been a plenary humanity, while it has been God's benison to this world, the framework and enginery which men have built up as a receptacle and a means by which the religious spirit should exert itself, has been not only the world's curse but the world's desolation. It has been the spirit of religion that has always stood, saying, "Let the captive go!" It has been the institutions of religion that have been conservative, and that have said, "Pause, calculate, hold back." It has been the spirit of religion that has said to laboring-men, "Ye are free!" it has been the mitred priest, it has been the glittering and organized church, that has stood in state panoply, and said, "Obey—obedience is better than sacrifice." It has been the spirit of the Bible to open prison-doors, and to bring forth captives; but the captives of the last two thousand years have found their way towards liberty blocked up with ramparts; and as they have drawn near to them, they have found that these ramparts themselves were made of piled-up Bibles; and out from the port-holes have been rammed ecclesiastical cannon. Fire, desolation and destruction have come from churches and the ecclesiastical use of Bibles to keep men in oppression, and to hold them down like beasts of burden.

Now, I say it is a sign of great hope that this vast enginery and exterior machinery, partly state and partly church, which has borne authority by which to oppress and dominate men, is toppling to its downfall. Do you call this the decay of religious institutions throughout the world? Decay! it is God's plow ripping up old pasture-sod, and getting ready to sow the seeds of righteousness. It is such decay as spring loves, by which all previous growths have rotted and gone to miasm, and have returned to assist in producing a new, a better and a more wholesome growth.

But still further, I remark that the discussions that are going on, aside from this dynastic revolution on the subject of religion, if looked at from a large philosophical standpoint, will show that men are no longer regarding religion as a dynastic power, nor as a scholastic, technical and intellectual

system. They will show that the world's thought or the world's mind is running toward religion as a vital force rather than as an organized intellection. As a means of education and of reformation, it is adapting itself to the absolute wants of mankind, and is daily growing in importance. Religion is a great power, out of which cunning hands had stolen from heaven the celestial fire, that the altar of a pretended religion might be the means of welding chains and forging swords and spears to oppress men with. This is all past; and now men are beginning to ask, "What can the Spirit of love manifested by the sacrifice of Christ do for us?" What can it do for the poor? What can it do for all the crying wants of mankind? There is a growing tendency to unity of feeling, therefore, for justice. So soon as religion becomes love and benevolence, you cannot keep men apart.

You shall put on the same fire a stick of hickory, a stick of oak, a stick of pine, a stick of maple, a stick of mahogany, and a stick of ebony; and as long as they lie in cold juxtaposition each one will retain its nature, as oak, or pine, or maple, or what not; but once kindle a fire under them, and they will all begin to burn; and, burning, they will take on the form of flame; and in the flame there will be neither pine, nor maple, nor oak, but a common fire.

All over the world, so long as religion consisted of dead institutions, or dead institutions pretended to be religion; so long as priests walked up and down the earth claiming supernal power and professing to wield it; so long as men fought for abstractions, and called abstract doctrines religion, or held them up as indispensable to religion—so long there could be no unity; the sticks lay dead in the old fire-place, or on the altar; but just as soon as the concurrent feelings of mankind begin jointly to look upon religion as love to God and love to man—just as soon as the common feeling is good-will—the sticks will begin to burn; and the moment they begin to burn, nothing in God's universe can stop their coming together; and this feeling is that which is forging unity.

I know there are many who mourn, just now, over the reactions of religion, and the tendencies of science. I am not

one of them. I see nothing to regret. There is, no doubt, a reaction of religion as represented by organizations and forms and ceremonies; there is very likely a falling off in religion so far as its ecclesiastical machinery is concerned; but I would as soon cry because the leaves drop off from the white oak in spring as to cry for that. There are, however, those who know religion only in its arbitrary and external delineations; and I do not wonder that they mourn. If I were a working-man, to-day, in Germany or in France; if I were a working-man in Italy or Spain, where the Papal rule has been predominant; if I had only the intelligence which God has given me, only the natural instincts of manhood, and only the yearnings of an uncultured human heart, and I dwelt a poor man in those countries, I should be an infidel. My heart would revolt at what is imposed on men there as religion. If you interpret the New Testament so that it shall lead to the treading down of the poor; so that it shall sanction tyranny; so that it shall recognize no religion except that which the priest gives; so that individualism is discouraged; so that personal liberty is denied; so that all aspirations and generous sentiments in the human soul are crushed out; so that every inspiration of truth and justice and purity is trampled upon—if you interpret the New Testament thus, I do not wonder that men reject it. I honor men who tread under foot that which claims to be religion when it is nothing but the offspring of the devil in the guise of an angel of light. But if you call the spirit of those men who are seeking for a knowledge of the moral government of God over this world; of those men who rejoicingly find that there is a revelation of God in the physical globe besides that of the letter, which is worth reading; of those who believe that there is a disclosure of the divine method and will in the unfolding of human society, which it is well to understand—not casting away the history of the ancients so far as it is good; of those who believe that there is a revelation going on all the time, everywhere, and that it behooves each large and generous man who feels the need of manhood and immortality to have an eye and an ear open to every source of information—if you call that spirit a spirit of infidelity, then

I am an infidel, and I would to God that you were too! Nay, I take it that, while there have been transitional periods, that while there have been incidental and temporary reactions from various causes, and while there has been much to be deprecated and combated, yet there has been a steady advance upward. The general tone of conscience among scientific men is in the right direction. They are committing themselves to the ground that truth is to be received when the evidences are present, no matter where it leads a man. I am willing to accept the issue on that ground. I am willing to rest my faith in Christianity upon it. For I declare that you shall find no delineation of man's character, no exposition of man's relations, nothing which shows how the human soul may grow up from an animal into a man in Christ Jesus, no presentation of the reasons why one may hope to live beyond the dark horizon of death, no representation of the way in which we may supplement our conscious weakness by the power of the Everlasting, like the Gospel. I put the cross of Christ, when it is stripped of its fabulous meanings, when it is divested of its crooked philosophy, when it is merely a symbol manifesting to the world the precious truth that God does not govern to destroy, but would rather suffer than make suffering—I put the cross of Christ, under such circumstances, against anything and everything else. Give me Christ, give me Calvary, give me the Gospel, and I am not afraid to face the world, and say, "Try it with your alembic, try it with your mathematics, try it with your spy-glass, try it with your microscope, try it as you please, and in the end you will find that it is the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation.

It is said by religious technicalists of our day that this preaching religion as a power rather than as a doctrine is a sentimental philanthropy instead of a Gospel. What was it, then, that the angels sang when they announced the coming of Christ?

"Peace on earth, good will to men."

The old theologue turns round, and says, "Go back to heaven, you sentimental singers." When the Master stood in Nazareth, and declared the Scripture to be fulfilled in re-

spect to himself, what was it that constituted the fulfillment of Scripture in his case?

"Jesus returned in the power of the spirit into Galilee: and there went out a fame of him through all the region round about. And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all. And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up, and as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read. And there was delivered unto him the book of the prophet Esaias. And when he had opened the book, he found the place where it was written, The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised."

Oh, what sentimentalism is this! Where is the doctrine of decrees, of election and of fore-ordination? There is nothing in this but sentiment!

"When John had heard in the prison the works of Christ, he sent two of his disciples, and said unto him, Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered, and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see."

He said nothing to them about the Catechism, or Confessions of Faith, or anything of that sort. He said:

"Go and show John again those things which you do hear and see: the blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the Gospel preached to them."

Was Christ a mere sentimentalist, that we can afford to make such unworthy flings?

When the Son of Man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, and before him shall be gathered all nations, what shall be the test by which he will judge men? Will he say to them, "Dost thou believe in the tri-personality of the Godhead?" Will he say, "Dost thou believe in the doctrinal divinity of Christ?" Will he say, "Dost thou believe in the vicarious suffering of Christ?" In the 25th chapter of Matthew it is declared what the test question shall be.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was a hungered, and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him,

saying, Lord, when saw we thee a hungered and fed thee, or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw we thee a stranger and took thee in, or naked and clothed thee? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Behind the poorest soul that trembles in poverty on the face of the globe stands the heart of the Everlasting God, saying, "Deal by this man as you please, but remember that you deal so by me." And it is this philanthropy, this sympathy, this direct, potential force of religion, as a vital influence, transforming the human soul, that is characterizing modern preaching, and modifying technical religion; and if this is sentimentalism, it is the sentimentalism of the Lord Jesus Christ and of heaven; and I glory in it.

The kingdom of heaven is suffering violence. The great battle is going on between the lower and the upper manhood—between the power of the flesh and selfishness, and the power of the Spirit and true beneficence; and though all the signs of the times measured by hours, may, perhaps, give no comfort, yet measured by hundreds and thousands of years they show the way in which the conflict is to end. More and more the forces of mischief are being crowded off from the field; and may God again perform a great miracle, and command the sun of time to stand still till the armies of the Lord shall have driven away the last Philistine, and raised the brotherhood of common love, regenerated in the flesh, and made powerful by the Spirit of God.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

LORD God of our fathers, we rejoice that we may come to thee, and plead thy goodness to thy servants of old, and refresh our faith and confidence in thee by remembrance of the patriarchs, of the prophets, of the apostles and of the martyrs, whom thou hast defended in life, or whom, if they have been overcome or thrown down by misfortune, thou hast made to live a thousand fold more by their trouble than by their life. Thou art the same God that walked in the East, and awaked men in the early civilization. Thou art the same God that hath ruled through all the confusion of nations, still educing good from evil. Thou art the same yesterday, to-day and forever, unchangeably wise, and unchangeably good. Thou art seeking through a thousand channels which we know not of, thy great and glorious purpose of the final development of holiness in the race.

We rejoice that thou hast made thyself so far known that we now look no longer with doubt toward thee, but with confidence, as we look toward the sunrise. Thou, O Sun of Righteousness, hast arisen, and art ascending higher, and wilt ascend till thou shalt stand in full-orbed glory in mid-heaven, to shine a thousand years upon the earth. Our hope, our faith of mankind, is not in them but in thee, and in them through thee. We look upon the history of the race, long in reality, but short in comparison with all that is to be, so little drawn out and made known; and we find that much is not revealed to us because we are incompetent to understand the elements by which it must be revealed; and we wait, trustful and hopeful, for the time when thou shalt think it expedient to reveal it to us.

Now we render thee thanks for all the bounty and mercy of the year past, to us and to all the nations of the world. We are called hither by our Chief Magistrate, by the Governor of the State in which we dwell, and by our own welcome desires, that together we may as a people give thanks to God for all his service of bounty and mercy. Thou hast indeed caused it to rain, not blood, but plenteous drops of mercy. Though thou hast smitten somewhat among thy people, yet how sparing have been thy judgments! How small has been the ravage of disease! How hast thou hushed, rather than permitted civil discord! With what bountifulness hast thou crowned the labor of our hands! Everywhere, throughout this whole land, thou hast provided, in abundance, food for man and beast. We thank thee that even the disturbances which have interrupted the affairs of this nation have been disturbances so speedily to be repaired, and that the out-throwing of so many, the trouble of so many, bears no proportion to the bounty and goodness of the whole.

We thank thee, O Lord our God, that thou hast, not only to us in our dwellings, but to us as a church, been so gracious. We thank thee that thou hast spared so many; and that around the departing forms of those who are gone thou hast kindled such light of hope and gratitude.

We thank thee that thou hast blessed this church during the year that is passed. We thank thee that thou hast vouchsafed to it so much of peace and prosperity. And we beseech of thee that thou

wilt accept our thanksgiving for our own households; for all the mercies that have been showered upon them. Accept our thanks for all thy goodness to us as individuals. We are conscious that thou hast thought of us; that thou knowest each of us; that thou knowest our frame; and that thou hast been a Father, pitying his children.

Now, for our own sakes, for the sake of our households, in behalf of the State in which we dwell, of this nation of which we are a part, of all the struggling nations on the globe, of mankind throughout the world, we desire, O Lord our God, to lift up our voice of thanksgiving and of praise. Thine is nature; and all her fruits are thy gifts. Thine are the seasons; and whatever they have brought forth are of God. If throughout the earth, on the sea, in the forest, upon the plain, on the mountain-side, in the valley, and among all nations, there has been, during the year, a harvest of joy and prosperity, it is thy doing. And we pray that we, together with all who are joined with us, may remember this with gratitude, and render thanks to God for all his goodness.

We commend ourselves to thy care in the time to come. Bless this nation. Hold it back from all violence. Keep it from intestine factions, and from corruption. Make all our magistrates pure, and the administration of justice prompt, so that men may understand the laws of the land, and respect them, and obey them.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt deliver us from marring our prosperity by a bad example. Let it be ours to stand before the nations of the earth with such self-restraint, with such patience toward those who are weak, with such conceptions of the nobility of the understanding and the reason rather than of power, that all men may love liberty, and may suspect and know the source from which our liberty comes—even that liberty with which Christ makes his people free.

We pray for all that are enslaved in superstition, in ignorance, in bonds of any kind; for all that are exiled; for all that are suffering, whether justly for their sins, or for that which they could not avoid; for all that are in prisons; for all that are in hospitals; for all that have no homes to-day; for all for whom no fire is lighted; for all whose table doth not bear bounty but starvation.

We beseech of thee, O God, that thou wilt look upon all classes and conditions of men. May our hands be open and our hearts warm to succor those who need our help. We pray that while we live we may serve thee; and when we can do no more service, may we not tarry as exiles on frigid soil: may we begin again with a new spring, to bud and blossom in a better existence.

And to thy name shall be the praise forever and forever. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray for thy blessing upon the word spoken. Give us grateful hearts as we look into the tendencies of the history of things in the world. Thou God of thy people, thou Shepherd of those who wander in the wilderness—thou wilt guide us in all the uncertain ways in which we are called to walk, and art guiding us. Into thy hand we commit the helm. Why should we be burdened and anxious with care? Thou art the Leader, and we will follow thee. We know thy heart. We know that its nature is to love. We know that thy love is a love which is willing to suffer. We know that all doles and charities without love are worthless as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. We ask for that love that works the regeneration of the soul, purity, sweetness, all forms of power, and that rays itself out, so that, as flowers are a thousand times larger by their fragrance than by their form, we may be larger by our manhood than by our personality. And grant that for all the blessings which we have received and are receiving at thy hands, we may be thankful on earth, and more thankful in thy heavenly kingdom. We ask it through riches of grace in our dear Lord. *Amen.*

THE NATURE OF CHRIST.

"Wherefore in all things it behooved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high-priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."—Heb. ii. 17, 18.

"Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."—Heb. iv. 16.

From the time that theology received from the Greek mind a philosophic and systematic form, there has been, as compared with the sacred Scriptures, a total change of the point of view in which Christ is presented, if not universally, yet to a very great extent. The whole force of controversy has been to fix the place, the title, and the nature of Christ.

This is a dynastic idea. I do not say that it ought not to be sought out in any degree; but I do say that it is not in accordance with the structure and comprehensive aim of the New Testament; and it is not using the facts or revelations of the New Testament as they were originally used, and as they were designed to be used. It is something outside of the purposes of those facts or revelations.

The genius of the New Testament is to present, in Jesus, the most attractive and winning view of God, to inspire men with a deep sense of the divine sympathy and helpfulness; and to draw men to Christ as the One who can meet all their wants while living, when dying, and in the great life

SUNDAY MORNING, December 7, 1873. LESSON: Rev. v. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 217, 296, 454.

beyond. Over these three great circuits which the imagination makes—life, death, and eternity—Christ is represented as having dominion; and he is presented to men in such aspects as tend, according to the laws of the human soul, to draw them toward him in confidence, in love, and in an obedience which works by love. It is, therefore, as Teacher, and Guide, and Brother, and Saviour; it is as Shepherd, and Physician, and Deliverer; it is as a Mediator, a Forerunner, and a Solicitor in court, that he is familiarly represented. He is sometimes, also—though seldom in comparison with other representations—represented as a Judge or a Vindicator. The force of the representations of the gospels, and of the laws which have sprung from the gospels, is to present Christ as so seeking the highest ends of human life, and so aiming at the noblest developments of character in men, that every man who feels degraded, bound, overcome by evil, shall also feel, "Here is my Succor; here is my Remedy for that which is wrong; here is my Guide toward that which is right; here is my Help in those great emergencies for which human strength is vain." Living or dying, we are the Lord's—this is the spirit that was meant to be inculcated.

Christ came, he said himself, not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might have life.

"The Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

If, then, we take our stand at the point of view through which the Scriptures were developed, we shall remove, I think, many of the difficulties which embarrass the minds of men, and which prevent their making a personal and saving use of Jesus Christ as he is presented in the Scriptures.

First, the identification of the Lord Jesus Christ with the human race has been a fertile theme of comment, of criticism and of skepticism. Many have objected to it as unworthy any true conception of the divine nature.

Now, it was not the purpose of the New Testament to undertake to show us the whole nature of God, and to give us the elements by which we could judge abstractly as to what was and what was not fitting. We are limited in our judgment of the divine nature by the elements of our own

being; for that which is not in some sense represented in us we can have no conception of. The immutable principles of truth, of honor, of justice, of love, and of mercy, in human nature, furnish us the materials by which we are enabled to judge of the divine nature. Is it not, then, worthy of our conception of God, that he should seek to win the race to confidence in him? and is there a better way for him to do it than by the identifying of himself with the race?

When Christ wished to do his kindest works he did not stand afar off, saying, "Be this done, and be that done." He took the blind man by the hand, and led him out of the town, and healed him. He drew near to those whom he wished to bless, and touched them. He laid his hands upon them. And that which fell out in the individual instances of Christ's life was the thing which was done in regard to the whole scheme of Christ's appearing. If God spake to men not from afar off by the word of mouth, or intermediately through great natural laws; if he sent his Son into the world to bring men, in their conditions, and according to their language, according to their modes of understanding, to a true notion of what the divine disposition and purpose were, was not that the best way in which to win their confidence? If this is so, then there cannot be a method conceived of by which the human race can be more won to confidence than by the incarnation of Jesus Christ.

If you look, in the light of an abstract divine propriety, at the whole history which is given in the gospels of the incarnation of Christ, you will reach one sort of result; but if you look at it from the side of the human mind and of human want, which is the side that is presented in the New Testament, another and an entirely different view will be arrived at. We are not put into possession of those materials by which God, standing in the midst of his moral government, universal and all-glorious, can be inspected by us, except in one particular—namely, in regard to what will do good to a race that is so low as this is and has been. Looked at from that point of view, would it not be divine beneficence, would it not stimulate human emotion, would it not tend to draw men toward God, if he should conduct his mission and

ministry upon earth so that men would feel that they could interpret his nature by the experience of their own? Would not that have the effect to win men back to him?

Let me illustrate in another way. What is that which is most becoming in woman—what, but that she should dwell with her kindred? What, but that she should should separate herself from that which is rude and coarse? What, but that all those sweeter virtues which refinement breeds should blossom from her perpetually? We think of her as the child in the cradle; as the daughter at home; as the maiden sought or won; as the young bride; and as the matron. All these elements enter into our conception of the dignity and beauty of woman. If, therefore, you were to ask, What is her sphere? and what are her functions? every one instinctively would say that her sphere and her functions were those of moral elevation, of refinement, and of intellectual culture. Every one would say that she was born to make home bright and beautiful. And yet, when that great concussion came that seemed likely to rend the continent from East to West; when a million men in the North were tramping southward, and a million men in the South were tramping northward, and all was rude warfare; when men were gathered from every side of humanity, good and bad, mingled and fighting together under the flag, where on earth could you have found more dirt, more blood, more confusion, or more rudeness than in the hospitals outlying the edges of the battle-fields? And yet, woman walked there—an angel of light and mercy. Many and many a poor soldier, the child of Christian parents, dying, was led by woman's ministration, under those adverse circumstances, from the very borders of hell to the very heights of faith and hope and belief in the Lord Jesus Christ. There, in the place most unlikely, in the last place you would have spoken of as the true sphere of woman—there woman reaped a glory that shall never die so long as there are annals of this land. And so long as there are annals of our dear old fatherland, Florence Nightingale's name will be remembered. There will never be any who will forget that it was in circumstances of humiliation, and rudeness, and confusion, circumstances where there was everything which was most

repellent to taste and refinement, that she stood to relieve suffering.

Now, when you think of the Lord Jesus Christ, if, with the Greeks, you project some great crystal scheme of government, and conceive of him as administering it; if you form, in the stithy of your imagination, an ideal of a perfect God, ruling over men, and bring that ideal into this world, do you not leave God at an inaccessible height above the heart of man? But if you say, "He was born of woman, he grew from childhood to manhood, and at thirty years of age he became a teacher," will not that, I ask, be the best thing that you could do, in case the object of this revelation is to win men? If the design is to inspire the human race with confidence and sympathy toward their Maker and their Judge, will not this be the very thing above all others that will do it? Bring the divine nature from the vast cloudy sphere beyond into this world, transmute it into the conditions in which we live, and which limit our understanding, and conceive of Jehovah as Immanuel, *God with us*, and you do that which is better calculated than anything else to present the conception of God so that men's hearts shall take hold of him. For that which we need, after all, is a tendril which shall unite us to God. Our God must not be to us as a storm nor as fire, if we are to cling to him. The storm and the fire may make men afraid of evil, but they never will call forth men's love.

You might, by the north wind, throw the convolvulus, the morning-glory, the queen of flowers, prostrate along the ground; but it is only when the warm sun gives it leave that it twines upward, about that which is to support it, and blesses it a thousand fold by its efflorescence all day long. The terrors of the Lord may dissuade men from evil; but it is the warm shining of the heart of God that brings men toward his goodness and toward him.

This view of Christ meets both theories of men's origin If men are descended from a higher plane by the fall of their ancestors, this view of God seeking their recuperation is eminently fitting; or, if men are a race emerging from a lower plane, and seeking a spiritual condition, it is equally fitting

In either case, what they want is a succoring God; and such was Jesus Christ as presented to the world in his incarnation.

Secondly, it gives added force to the simple narrative of Christ's life if we look at it from the point of view which we have been considering—namely, such a teaching as shall lead men to confidence in and communion with God. If you ask what is becoming in a dramatic God, or in an ideal Sovereign, you will get one result, and it will be a human result. If you ask what would be likely to inspire the human family with a profound sense of God's sympathy with mankind, and of his helpfulness toward them, would not that be the very result of the presentation of Christ's life? Look at it as the life of One who came to win men, and does it not touch the universal chords of sympathy? He was born of a woman; and that cloudy wonder, the mystery of the mother-heart, (which no poet ever described, but which was known to Raphael, half woman as he was, and which was, though imperfectly, yet marvelously, expressed in the Sistine Madonna) that wonder enveloped him. As the mother, holding her child, looks with a vague reverence upon it, so our Saviour was looked upon by his mother when he was a child in her arms. Therefore, there is not a child on the globe that has not had a Fore-runner.

As a child, Christ grew in stature and in knowledge. And that is as much a revelation as any other. Nor does it detract from a true and proper conception of divinity. For if one would make himself like unto his brethren he should begin where they began, and in everything but sin should rise with them, step by step, all the way up.

Following Christ through his childhood, we find that he was subject to his parents. Unquestionably he participated in their industries, and lived a working man, in a great northern province crowded with a population which included all manner of foreign elements, under the dominion of a foreign scepter. There, in the midst of the distresses of the people—and they were exceedingly great—he grew up a working man; and there is nothing in the history or experience of the great mass of mankind who are working men that he is not fitted to sympathize with.

Has not this already touched a universal chord? Has it not even made skepticism admire it? Men who reject as history the details of the life of the Lord Jesus Christ; men who set aside his miracles and many of his words, will not let die the *character* which he has lived and impressed upon the world's thought and the world's imagination.

One of the most affecting things that I know of is the way in which men deal with this "fiction," as they call it. They take the life of Christ, and say that it is mythical; or, they say that it is the life of an extraordinary man, of a genius, but not of a divine Being; and yet, it is a life that believer and unbeliever alike will not let die. There are all sorts of men in the various schools, who are saying of the nature and character which are attributed to Christ, "This is so wonderful a nature and character that the world would be impoverished if we were to lose it." Such impressions have been produced by the circumstances in which Christ lived among men.

Thirdly, the miracles of Christ, looked at from the same point of view, have been very much perverted by discussions, and by not being looked at along the line in which they were meant to play. They were simply charities. They were, to be sure, alleged to have a certain influence among an abject and superstitious-minded people, but Christ himself undervalued them as moral evidence. They were alternative, as evidence. "If you will not believe me for my own sake," he says, "believe me for my works' sake." He held that the radiant presentation of a divine nature ought to carry its own evidence; that when he appeared in speech, in conduct, in affluent affection, he was himself his own best evidence; and yet, if they, by reason of obtuseness, could not believe in him otherwise, he called upon them to believe in him for the sake of his miracles. That would be better than nothing. But he discouraged and dissuaded men from seeking after miracles or signs. The miracles of Christ were, almost all of them, mere acts of benevolence. He was poor; he had neither money nor raiment to give; and yet there was suffering around about him, and he relieved it. The miracles of Christ were never wrought in an ostentatious way. Never

were they wrought for the purpose of exalting himself. They were not employed where arguments failed, to carry men away by superstitious enthusiasm. Multitudes resorted to him for help—the sick, the blind, the deaf, lepers, all kinds of unfortunate people; and miracles were his means of bestowing charity upon them. No hospital had he to which he could send them; he was his own hospital. No retinue or army had he to send out among the masses of the Palestinian land. His own hand and voice were his universal instruments of mercy. His miracles were his general acts of kindness. As laid down in the gospel they represent the heart of God. And what an error is often committed in regard to the beneficent deeds of the Redeemer and Saviour of the world, as to the purposes for which they were performed! They were never performed for his own sake. If there are apparent exceptions, there are no real ones. For instance, at the baptism of Christ, the sound of a voice and the descent of a dove were not his own miracles. They were imposed upon him. And the greatest of all wonders which were wrought, in its dramatic beauty—the Transfiguration—was as much a miracle of mercy as the miracle of the loaves and fishes. The disciples had lately been driven out of Galilee, and they had come to Jerusalem, and their faith needed resuscitation—as also did his own, since he was in the form of man, not only, but had the experiences of a man; and as they stood upon the Mount, he was, as it were, lifted up before them. He seemed to them to be in the midst of a luminous atmosphere; and heavenly visitants were communing with him. Thus they were strengthened and prepared for a remote period when he should be crucified and buried out of their sight. It was intended that there should be a witchery and magic connected with this event which should hold them to their faith in spite of the lack of outward evidence. The ministration thus to the higher spiritual nature of these disciples was as bread and wine to the lower bodily wants of men.

Now, if you adopt the philosophical view, and discuss the peculiarities of Christ's miracles purely from the standpoint of nature, you will reach certain results; but if you suppose

that they will be the results contemplated by the New Testament, you are mistaken.

For instance, I reach forth my hand and draw a drowning man out of the water. Some one, hearing of it, and wishing to give a philosophical explanation of the act, takes a hand, and dissects it, and paints it. First, he paints the whole hand; then underneath he paints each finger separately; then below he paints all the muscles; and then he writes a little treatise on the structure and adaptation of the hand; and then he says, "There is my interpretation of that act." But it is not a dissected hand that the man thinks of, whom I seized at the risk of my life and rescued from the boiling flood. It does not occur to him that the hand that saved him was composed of bone, or muscle, or skin, or anything else. It was *what was done* by the hand that interpreted itself to him, and that was the all-important thing.

Miracles discussed philosophically are out of the sphere of Christian experience. What we want to know, along the line of Christ's miraculous deeds, is, that they all aimed at one thing—namely, the opening up of a more bountiful conception of divine sympathy than could have been developed under any other circumstances. Viewed in that light they are a potential evidence, not so much of the power to which they have almost always been referred, but of the inner heart of Jesus: they are a powerful development of the divine bounty and sympathy and kindness; and who has the heart to dispute them on that line?

Looked at, also, from the same point of view,—namely, that of the relations of Christ to the world for the sake of developing in men confidence in God and sympathy with him—I remark that the Saviour's suffering and death will receive new light. Everything becomes involved and difficult and inoperative the moment you discuss the history of Christ from the material and dynastic sides. Why did Christ suffer? If you say, in reply, "That he might redeem men from sin," you have said the whole; and just so soon as you begin to go back and ask, "How did his suffering redeem men from death?" you are wandering right away from the heart of Christ to the cold Greek philosophical view of him.

If you bring to me the tidings that my mother is dead she who bore me, and hovered over all my infant days, and tenderly loved me to the last, you open the flood-gates of sympathy in my soul. But suppose a physician comes to me and sits down by my side, and says, "You understand, my young friend, that there are, in the human frame a variety of systems —the vascular system, the bony system, the muscular system, the nervous system ; you understand that there are vital organs—the stomach, the liver, the heart, the brain : now, if you will listen, I will explain to you, in a philosophical manner, the causes of your mother's death. I will show you the way in which the blood ceased to circulate in her veins." He wants to read me an anatomical lecture on the nature of the reasons of my mother's death ! If I have wandered away from home and friends, and my mother is dead, and you come to break the intelligence to me, I think you will leave out of your message everything except the announcement of her death and her last words. You will say, if such be the fact, "She prayed for you, and she died exclaiming, 'My son ! O my son !'" And there is not a human heart that would not feel the power of a simple statement like this.

Tell me that he who is to be my Judge bowed his head and came into my condition ; tell me that he was not ashamed to call men his brethren ; tell me that, being in the form of God, and thinking it not robbery to be equal with God, he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, that he might minister to men ; tell me that he was tried and tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin, that he might know how to succor those who were in trial and temptation ; tell me that he died that his death might be a memorial of grace to men, and that he might expound to human understandings the nature of God—tell me these things, and I am satisfied. "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends,"—tell me what that means. It is declared that Christ gave his life for the world ; what is the meaning of that ? Away with your barbaric notions ! Away with the idea of marshalled forces ! Away with the thought of imperial coercions ! That which I derive from the fragrance and

sweetness of that magnificent sacrifice which was made in Christ's death is sufficient for me. All that I want to know is that the heart of God is a heart that yearns for men—that it is a paternal heart by which the universe is to be lifted up and saved. I do not stop to ask what is the relation of the suffering of the Lord Jesus Christ to divine law; neither do I stop to ask what its relation is to the moral government of the universe; nor do I stop to ask what is its relation to the teaching of the Old Testament. All these things may have their proper place in an outside work; but to discuss them and make them a part of Gospel truths is to go not only out of, but against, the example and spirit of the New Testament; for that which the sufferings and death of Christ mean to you and to me is that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it, and that in this sacrifice we have the manifestation, not only of the power, but of the disposition of God to save us from animalism, from degradation, from guilt, and from sin that breeds guilt, and to bring us into a knowledge of the spiritual life, and make us sons of God.

Therefore, was there ever such a perversion as that by which theology has blunted the sensibilities and frozen the instincts of men, and presented to them a sort of Greek philosophy of the atonement of Christ Jesus—by which that sort of mechanical balancing of forces which men have called atonement, *atonement*, ATONEMENT, has been urged upon men—when that which the human heart wanted and Christ and the New Testament gave was not a substantive noun, meaning some arrangement or plan, but the truth of a living, personal Saviour? I can say of these scholastic discussions, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." But yes, I do know where they have laid him: they have laid him under the dry bones of philosophy. They have covered him up with slavish systems which impose upon men the performance of certain duties, the observance of given forms and ceremonies, and obedience to certain rules, as the conditions of their salvation. Acts, *acts*, ACTS, have been prescribed for men, when all that they wanted to know was that there was

a stream flowing out from under the throne of God, and forever carrying to men life-giving influences. This stream, sent forth out of the center of God's throne, is the impulse of the centuries. It is the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation to every man that believes.

So accepted, the sufferings of Christ, his death, his resurrection and glory, are powers; but the moment you turn them into a philosophy they are dead and dry, and they crackle under the pot of discussion until all its contents are evaporated and gone.

I remark, once more, that the views of Christ's resurrection, his ascension, his glorification, and his reigning state in heaven, as they are presented in the Scriptures, are exceedingly comforting, and exert an amazing influence; but when they are presented by close analysis, by a philosophical statement, they lose all their power, and shake down upon us no fruit whatever.

Christ is our Forerunner; this we can form some conception of. He is the first-fruits of them that slept; this, while it brings no special idea to us, to the Jew brought most joyous associations. He is our Mediator; he is our Intercessor:—we instinctively feel the force of the helpfulness of these figures.

Now, you will spoil it all if you go into a complete analysis, and specify everything that you can imagine of a forerunner, and tell what he does do and what he does not do; if you undertake to draw an exact parallel between the first-fruits of them that slept and the first-fruits of the harvests of the Jews; if you undertake to dissect and regulate the offices of a mediator between God and man, or a mediator of the new covenant; if you undertake to describe the functions of an intercessor. All the aroma will evaporate if you go thus into detail. No: if you tell me that Christ died for men, and that he now lives in heaven for them; that he is their Intercessor near to God, the Source of all power; that he thinks of them and governs them; that he is bringing many sons and daughters home to glory; that he is our Forerunner in the world beyond; that he is our Solicitor in court—if you tell me these things, I am comforted; but the more you un-

dertake to refine these metaphors, and reduce them to exactitude, the more you take away the comfort which might be derived from them. Let them stand in their simplicity, if you would have them powerful in their influence upon the imagination, the heart and the life.

If you take a cluster of flowers just as they are, with the dew upon them, how exquisite they are! but you tarnish them by just so much as you meddle with them. Every one who dissects a flower must make up his mind to lose it.

That sweetest flower of heaven, from which exhales perfume forever and forever; that dearest and noblest conception that the human imagination ever gathered out of father and mother, out of leader and benefactor, out of shepherd and protector, out of companion and brother and friend; all that ever was gracious in government—these various elements, rising together, are an interpretation, in a kind of large and vague way, to the imagination, and through the imagination to the heart, that there is, at the center of universal authority toward which we are all going, One who cares for us; One who bears our burdens; One who guides our career; One who hears our cry; and One, though he does not interpret himself to us, who will at last make it plain that all things have worked together for the good of those that have trusted in him.

Now, a man, as a philosopher, may preach Christ from beginning to end, and yet his people may grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ; but that is not the general result of such preaching. The way is to preach Christ, and to aim at preaching Christ, so that the souls of the people shall be built up in the Lord Jesus Christ; and it is exactly in this way that I have desired to preach Christ among you.

Oh, my brethren, we are not far from the end of our journey. It matters very little what this world and time have for us. The other world is near to us, and it matters everything how we shall land there. We have our burdens, our crosses, our poignant sorrows, sickness and death, embarrassments, bankruptcy, trials, and if not outward scourgings yet inward scourgings. We are not exempt from the great lot of mankind; and we go crying often with prone heads. We are

like bulrushes before the wind, bowed down to the very earth. And is it a comfort for you to know that there is a God who thinks of you? to know that there is One who is crying out in the silence, if you could only by your spiritual hearing listen, saying, "Come boldly to the throne of grace, and obtain mercy and help in time of need"?

O throne of iron, from which have been launched terrible lightnings and thunders that have daunted men! O throne of crystal, that has coldly thrown out beams upon the intellect of mankind! O throne of mystery, around about which have been clouds and darkness!—O throne of *Grace*, where He sits regnant who was my brother, who has tasted of my lot, who knows my trouble, my sorrow, my yearning and longing for immortality! O Jesus, crowned, not for thine own glory, but with power of love for the emancipation of all struggling spirits!—thou art my God—*my* God!

And is he *your* God? Ah, yes! I beseech of everyone who has any trouble, everyone who needs help, to try the help of God given through Jesus in faith and trust. You cannot please him better. Come, lay down your anxiety and your strivings; lift up your heart, and believe that He who has guided his people like a flock will guide you, and perfect you, and bring you home to immortality.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We rejoice to believe, our heavenly Father, that there are other homes, higher mansions, a nobler parentage, higher and serener occupations, and a purer life than those which befall them who are born into this world. Here we are tossed upon many currents and waves. Here we are surrounded with a few things that overbear us. We are biased by our sympathy. We are drawn hither and thither, partly through ignorance, and partly through unchecked desires. We are filled with weakness where we should be strong, and with strength where we should be weak. We scarcely carry our souls with any balance, or constancy, or high aim or valiant endeavor. When we look upon our life we are discontented with it. How vast is our strife for how little! How eager, how earnest we are, and what expenditure of pain and of joy we make for things that perish in the using! How much of our life wastes itself and falls away uselessly, as a river in the wilderness! How much of our experience is at cross-purposes! Our understanding is divided. Our conscience is against our conduct. Yearnings we have, but no answer. There is no response to our questions.

When we look upon ourselves there is nothing that can make us proud, but much that makes us humble. It is only when we look at thee and at the declaration of thy purposes that we begin to take heart. For, if we are the children of God, and are at school now, learning those lessons which shall be clearly known in immortality; if thou art working in us to will and to do of thy good pleasure; if thou art guiding us through this wilderness into the promised land, there to know as we are known, and to be as sons of God, as kings and priests unto thee—then we look up; and in hope we live, by hope we are saved. But from that which we see we have very little comfort. The whole world around about us is not enough for a soul that has been touched with seraphic fire. The things which from day to day present themselves to our senses and to our tastes leave hunger behind. It is only the bread which thou givest that satisfies hunger; it is only the water which thou givest that quenches thirst. Grant, we pray thee, soul-food to us to-day. Bring every one of us near to the Lord Jesus Christ. May we discern Him whom God in his infinite mercy sent to make known to us the innermost depths of the divine disposition, and to make manifest to us the government of God in its relations to our elevation and salvation. And we pray that thou wilt bring the presence of Christ clearly to the apprehension of every one of us, so that we may look upon him as our sacrifice, living, and dying, and living again forever for us. May we be able to hear him say to us, by name, Thou art mine. May we feel that there is in the heart of Jesus a place for every experience, for every want of every human soul that would work upward; and that he is without beauty and without comeliness only to those who turn their back upon him.

Grant, we pray thee, that every wandering, wavering, unstable heart may respond to his call, and find in him a Shepherd, and that control by which it shall be saved from that which seeks its destruction,

and shall be kept unto salvation. Grant that all who are in distress of mind may hear him saying, Come unto me, and I will give you rest. Grant that every one who is consciously weak and sick of soul may know him as a Physician, ministering to those who need him rather than to those who need him not. May every one have faith in Christ over against his utmost necessities, as the All-in-All, the Light, the Food, the Way, the Door, the Glory, the Immortality.

We pray, O Lord Jesus, that thou wilt be that Comforter by which thou hast promised to draw near to every one who needs consolation, to throw the light of thy love upon all the scenes of life, and to cheer those who are in darkness. Thou that didst teach thy servants of old to sing hymns and make prayers at night while they were fast in the stocks, grant that any who find themselves in prison and in midnight darkness may be able still to lift up their voices and sing hymns and psalms to God. Thou that didst open the prison doors for the deliverance of thy servants, grant that any who are immured and shut up unto themselves may find the hand of God leading them out of darkness and doubt and trouble. Grant, we pray thee, that any who are cast out, and who feel themselves to be alone, may find thee coming to them, as thou didst go to him whom the synagogue cast out, and reveal thyself unto them to their joy and to their instruction.

O Lord, may there be in us a higher understanding, a more tender heart, and a conscience that is willing to be guided aright. This morning may the word of thy truth fall, not as rain upon the sand, but as rain upon a fruitful garden.

Grant thy blessing upon those who are strangers in our midst; upon those whose hearts go far back to friends that they have left behind them. Wilt thou care for their dear ones of whom they are thinking, and take care of them.

Be near to those who are in perplexity and doubt respecting their business. Guide them in secular affairs. Be present in every household where there is trouble, to give consolation, to rebuke, to cheer, to purify. Draw near to all those, this day, who attempt to make known to such as are around about them the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. May they be taught by thy Spirit in their souls. May they have a living interpretation of thy Word. May they be able to go to their classes and say, Behold what the Lord hath done for me; He will do the same for you.

May the wanderers be brought back. May the outcasts be restored. May the truth of Christ be sweet and winning to all on every side.

Bless, we pray thee, all the churches in this city. Bless their pastors. Grant that they may be strengthened by thee to sow and to reap, and that there may be gathered, abundantly, of their labors into the garden of the Lord. And we pray that thou wilt bless the churches of every denomination. Bring them more and more together in the Spirit of God and of humanity.

We pray for the nation. Be pleased to bless the President of these United States, and all who are united with him in authority. We pray that he may be guided in times critical and perilous so that thy name shall be honored, and the welfare not only of this

nation, but of all nations, shall be promoted. And may that time which is beginning to dawn come speedily unto the nations of the earth, everywhere, when they shall feel that the welfare of one is the welfare of all. Grant, we pray thee, that nations may feel that they are members one of another, seeking the things which are for the benefit of the whole world.

Let thy kingdom come, let thy will be done upon earth as it is in heaven. We ask it for Christ's sake. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray that thy blessing may rest upon the truth as it has been spoken. Grant that it may be winnowed, so that only the pure grain shall be sown in the hearts of thy people. Draw near to us, that we may be able to draw near to thee. Awaken in us again the old love for a better life. Draw us, we beseech of thee, by that confidence, by that trust, which thou dost inspire in thy true children. O thou that takest away the sins of the world, to every one who is bent with burdens, to every one who is in the prison-house of trouble, and to every one who is guilty before thee, give the assurance that their sins are forsaken and forgiven. Thou that art the strength of thy people, give consciously to every one a portion of that strength. Thou that hast infinite rest in thyself, give peace to all who are troubled on earth. And when, at last, through storm, through struggle, over the wave, through the sea, we reach that land which is unwet with tears, we will, with one united acclaim of joy, ascribe to thee, Jehovah, that sittest on the throne, praise, dominion, honor, glory, power, and ecstacy and constancy of love, forever and forever. *Amen.*

WORKING AND WAITING.

"Having done all, to stand."—Eph. vi. 13.

There have been views of divine sovereignty and of the nature of divine holiness such as led men, through veneration, to spiritual indolence. Much has been said about the danger of touching God's ark with unhallowed hands; and men have thought, because they must not touch the ark, that they had no right to take hold of the cart itself, and help draw it. Much has been said about invading the sphere of divine sovereignty, and about our presumption in meddling with the things which concern God rather than man. Emphasis has also been put upon the divine ordering of things—upon decrees, along which, as along a turnpike, it is supposed that God has built up institutions and plans and purposes with which we are scrupulously to take heed that we do not unduly interfere.

But such views do not agree with the Scriptures, which vehemently enjoin men to strive to work out their own salvation, with great impetus, and with tumultuous emotion—with fear and trembling. Neither do they agree with the nature of the world which we are living in, and which never of itself evolves anything that is high and good. It is the leaven of intelligence that makes natural law of any account; and the original globe would be yet chaotic, to all intents and purposes, if it were not that natural laws are ridden by human intelligence. Nor do these views agree any better with the teachings of Providence. The whole history of God's

SUNDAY MORNING, December 14, 1873. LESSON: Psalm cxxxix. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 365. 438. 907.

work among men, whether in the old or in the new dispensation, lies along the line of a just and rational enterprise; and any view of the divine nature, or of the divine government, or of the inferiority of human relationships to the one or the other, such as inspires men with quiescence or indolence, is most mischievous, and in the highest degree irrational.

But, on the other hand, the whole economy of nature, the entire history of Christ's kingdom, tends toward strong desires, sagacious plannings, energetic enterprises, and most earnest expectancy.

On this side there springs up, also, a corresponding danger. As the want of a large consideration of the divine plan may lead men to indolence on the one hand, so in embracing the divine plan, and attempting to carry it forward, men may grow conceited, and may become impetuous and irrational in their zeal. Above all, when men sow with the expectation of reaping, and do not reap speedily, they may grow discontented. When men engage in enterprises which are always building and never finished, they may grow impatient of their work. It is natural for men to expect to see the fruit of their labor.

Now, both elements are to be combined. First, do all that you can; work early; work late; work hard; work in every direction in which you are called by the providence of God to work; and then, having done all, stand and wait. It is a great thing to know how to work; it is also a great thing to know how to wait; but it is a greater thing to know how to do both.

Paul, in another relation, said that he knew how to abound, and how to suffer want. There are a great many persons who know half of this, but do not know the rest. There are many people who know how to abound, but do not know how to suffer want; and there are many people whose training has taught them so that they know how to suffer want, but not so that they know how to abound. When they begin to abound, they show that they are not even apprentices in this particular. To know how to do one and the other—to know how to be up in prosperity, and then, when

the rebound comes, to know just as well how to be down in adversity; to know how to be rich and to be a man, and to know how to be poor and to be a man still—that is manhood with a witness. It is very easy for some persons to know how to be energetic and enterprising; but they know also how to be irritable and impatient when energy and enterprise do not speedily bring the fruit which they are after. To know how to work, and to know just as well how to wait; to have all the drive of enterprise, and besides, to have indomitable patience in waiting for the fruit of enterprise—this is to be a completed man, a true workman of God. There is need, therefore, of provision and of caution against the over-action of enterprise and expectation into impatience, into discontent, and even into unbelief.

There are some prime considerations which will help us in measuring out further the providence which is involved in this subject.

First, in the material world, and in human society, there is a principle or scale of gradation in time—that is to say, different elements that are growing, different events that are taking place, require different measures, so far as time is concerned. Things do not happen alike in respect to the application of the cause and the production of the result. Everything is not like powder, where the explosion following the spark is so nearly instantaneous that the physical senses cannot mark any space between the one and the other. There is a very clear demarcation between causes by which they are longer and longer and longer in their operation before they produce their results.

If you look at the seasons, you find that there are some things which, early in the spring, rush right up with the first relaxation of the winter, develop themselves, and come to an end. There are many things—for instance, the asters and the chrysanthemums—which grow all summer long, and do not look out with rosy blossoms upon you until just before the frost cuts them down. There are many things which grow all summer long, and which, when the winter finds them, have not done their duty, or at any rate their work; and it is not until the end of another summer that they show

forth the nature that is in them. And then there are a great many things which neither in one year, nor in two years, nor in twenty years, show what they are. They require more time for their development. You can grow a head of lettuce in the space of six weeks; but you cannot grow a hollyhock in less than two years; and you cannot grow an oak tree in fifty years. Men have found that out in respect to a multitude of things in nature, and they never wonder at it, and are not curious about it.

So, to come into the sphere of those things which are qualified by man's thought and enterprise, things that are simple, and that consist of single actions, may be done speedily; but things which are in their nature complex, things which have respect to a higher element or relationship, are delayed in their accomplishment. Many of the best things which men have they besiege and take as we do fortified cities. A man can open and shut a door at once, but a man cannot take a journey at once. The simple drawing out of an organ-stop is very easy; but it is not easy to know how to play on an organ after you have drawn out the stops. A child can do the one readily enough, but he can only do the other after years of practice. The complex nature of the thing to be done makes a difference as to the time that is required in the doing it.

If you look through all the relations of men in business, if you examine their processes, you will distinguish this element of gradations of time; and it is a very important element.

Now, in a general way, the length of time between cause and effect has respect to two elements—first to complexity, and second to superiority. The nearer we come to the animal conditions of life, the shorter is the period which is required for the production of results. Those things which have the nearest relation to the flesh are always the most rapid in their evolution. The briefest space between volition or exertion and result lies in the range of things which are lowest down in society and in man's experience. And as you go up, as human nature is expanded more and more, as it is developed on higher and higher planes, the results which

are sought, being complex, are delayed. To make an old-fashioned loom was not a very laborious thing; one could almost hew it out with an ax; but to make a *power* loom is a very different thing. No man can do that with one tool, nor with twenty. The one could be built in a few days: the other requires months in which to be built. The difference lies in the greater convenience of the latter, in its complexity, and in the excellence of the results which it is expected to work out. No man can build a Jacquard loom for weaving silk as easily as he would whittle out a bit of pine to stop the flow of cider from his barrel. The latter is a simple thing to do, and can be done quickly; but the former, being complicated, requires more time. In proportion as things are complex, and work toward fine results, delay is characteristic of them. And that delay runs back through the life of the present generation, not only, but back of their life to that of other generations.

A modern house can be run up between March and October, so that people can go into it, and catch cold, and die; a house now-a-days can be built quick; but it has taken at least four thousand years of work to prepare for the building of such a house. All the discoveries in the use of timber; the various improvements in the manufacture of tools; the knowledge of how to work iron, and convert it into steel; the learning how glass might be made out of sand and alkali; the multitudinous elements which have entered into the construction of that house—the world has gone in travail with these things for thousands of years. Now the workman rushes his materials together quickly; but he could not have done it if it had not been for the thinking and planning and waiting of his ancestors in the ages that are past. The mechanical arts have grown slowly, and the later developments and applications of them depend upon long reaches backward.

The further we go away, then, from the animal toward the intellectual, the more complex are our thoughts, and our wants, and our processes; and in civilization and education, whether intellectual or moral, the more complex the processes become, the longer is the duration between the cause and effect—that is, the larger the sphere of waiting becomes.

When you want low things, common things, you can have them quick: but if you want high and good things, you must wait for them. That is the substantial doctrine.

When, for instance, one attempts to do a thing which involves but a single action, or has but a single function, he can do it in a short time. To learn the art of rifle-shooting demands some time. Learning to handle the piece; learning steadiness of nerve; learning how so to use the eye as to make it an instrument of accuracy—this cannot be done in an hour, nor a day. And yet, after all, it is a very simple thing. There are not many elements involved in it. If a man can learn it at all he can learn it in a little while. But learning a trade is a very different thing. A man can learn to shoot a rifle in a week or ten days; but no man can learn a trade, that is worth learning, in a week or ten days, nor in a month, nor in a year—unless he is a double compound Yankee! Learning a trade which is worth learning requires a great deal of time.

Among trades, men can learn some of them very quick. It ought not to take a man a great while to become a good bricklayer; but it does take a man a great while to become a good watchmaker. Where is the difference? It is in the simplicity or complexity of the things handled. It is in the number of processes which have to be gone through with. The time required in either case depends upon the number of elements which are involved. I do not undervalue bricklaying; it is a very useful occupation; but considering the mental faculties which are called into play, considering the subtle questions to be determined, considering the minute touches of skill necessary, it is not to be mentioned in the same day with the building of a locomotive, or with the making of a compass, a quadrant, or any other complicated instrument of navigation. Certainly, it is not to be compared with the producing of such a thing as a watch. It is fineness, excellence, complexity, which makes the difference in the time which is required for the accomplishing of certain results.

To throw a plank across a stream is not a very difficult task. Many a maiden has done that, and walked across, barefoot, and seen her face reflected in the water below. It does

not take long for one to make a bridge, provided it is only a plank; but how is it when it comes to building a stately structure such as that which is going up near this spot, and which ought to teach us a hundred lessons? Can a man go down on one side forty or fifty feet, and on the other side eighty feet, in those imprisoned caissons, till the bottom rock is found, and place it, and fill it, and solidify it to the rock, and superimpose upon it layer after layer of timber, and layer after layer of stone, and then, when the surface is reached, carry up the towers to the very summit of the arch—can he do that in a year, or in two years? How many questions are involved in such an undertaking, with regard to the kinds of materials, and the modes of using them! And then, by-and-by, when the foundation is completed, what care is taken in raising the superstructure! One single wire is carried across on a boat, and taken to the top of the tower; and, by instruments provided for the purpose, it is strained and tested as to its tensile power, and is put into its place. Then another wire comes to keep company with it, and is subjected to the same stress, and is laid alongside of its fellow. A third and a fourth are added, until a whole cable is made, every wire going through the same tests, and all of them being bound together voluminously. And this cable is only one. There are to be eight or ten cables precisely like this. Then come the suspension cords and the roadway. And when once the roadway is laid, how merrily the people go over it! And when the workmen are finishing off the bridge, you say, "This thing was very nicely planned: how well they are doing it!" But who takes into account the underground work that preceded that, in the head of the engineer who thought it out of nothing? Who takes into account the conceiving, the planning, the arranging, the calculations of amount and cost and strength of material? That which is outside and visible is the least part of the work.

The great work of a painter is inside of himself. Nobody sees that, because his picture is never half so good as his conception. The noblest thing that Beethoven ever wrote was not comparable to his thought. Oh! what sermons I have preached in the solitude of my room; but they always turned

out pale and poor when I got them off here. It is mind-work, after all, that is the great work.

And when that magnificent bridge which will carry somebody's name to posterity shall have been done, and well done, and millions shall throng over it, and it shall unite these two great cities, carrying the people back and forth —who can imagine the thinkings, the waitings, the strokes, the cuttings and carvings, and the trades which have combined to make it possible—sinking it below the earthquake's hand, and lifting it above the storm's reach? It is the amount and the complexity, not only of matter but of mind, that have gone into a structure which determine the length or the shortness of the time required for its development. Complex things which are wrought quickly now-a-days are the result of long continued ancestral thinking. We are reaping the results of the inventions and discoveries of those who have gone before us, as the child gathers fruit from trees of his father's planting. If a man would have things which involve fine work from the inception to the end, he has to wait a great while for them. Things which are worth having cannot be acquired except through the lapse of time. It does not take long to get mushrooms; but if I want Cedars of Lebanon or magnificent tropical trees to ornament my grounds, I cannot bring them up as I can a toad-stool. They must have time at the root, time in the stem, time all over. Somebody must have patience to wait for them. Things which are voluminous, intricate, complex, superior, excellent in all their elements, demand time for their evolution.

When Sir Christopher Wren died he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral; but I do not think it mattered whether he was buried there, whether he was laid in a country churchyard, whether he was left on the bare ground, or whether he was sunk in the ocean. On his tomb was inscribed, "If you ask, Where is his monument? look about you." Not only the grand cathedral in which he lay entombed, but all London was his monument. He did more in his day to beautify that city than all the other architects of a hundred years. Therefore it was most fitting that the inscription of his burial-place should declare that wherever men looked they saw what he had done.

Men work; their whole life is a series of earnest labors; and when they die they seem to themselves to have done very little; for no man makes any account of the secondary influences which he exerts; no man makes any account of what he stirs other people up to do; no man makes any account of the work that he commences, but that is to be finished by future generations. Men very seldom understand that that which they begin, and which they carry forward to a certain point, will inevitably fall into other hands and be consummated by them. There are multitudes of men whose minds have been the leaven of the age in which they lived; but dying they seem to have done very little. They do not own houses and lands; they have no bank stock. They seem not to have done much; but after all, dying, dead, their works follow them; and men who come after them say, "The whole magnitude of these results flowed from them."

When Livingston made the civil code of Louisiana little had he to show for his life; but every year since has been, and every age in the future will be, a witness to the wisdom of that code, and to the fact that in making it he became a benefactor to the world. Very little had Washington done when he lay at Valley Forge. What did he do? Did he fight a battle? Did he besiege a city? Did he capture an army? Did he go through anything that showed him to be very efficient? With bloody-footed soldiers he *waited*. His power of waiting, as we now look back upon it, his patience, his indomitable purpose that could stand still and wait, is among the illustrious results of that man's life.

Still more striking is the fact that the higher the result on the moral scale, the longer is the time which is required for attaining it. When you work in things which have respect to matter, when you labor with reference to the material structure of society, there is a gradation of time required according to cause and effect; according to the complexity of the thing which is to be wrought out; according to that part of nature which it addresses itself to and serves; but when you turn from that to the mind itself, and not the body, you will find that still more emphatically this principle is evinced and carried out. The intellect in its relations to influences

which consist of matter can be developed a great deal faster than the philosophical intellect, or that part of the understanding which takes cognizance of the invisible relations of things. A man is an observer first, and a philosopher afterwards. A man learns to see, a great deal sooner than he learns to reason. Reason is high in the scale, and it takes a long time to come to it. It takes longer still to come to the co-operation and harmonization with each other of a number of superior faculties.

The slowest thing that can be done in this world is the building up of moral character. Many persons think that there is a lightning-like process by which men's characters can be built up by the Holy Ghost. They think that when God by his Spirit strikes the soul he knocks the old nature out of it; and that then the man rises up a new creature in Christ Jesus. If you regard this as a mere figure, there is some truth in it; but if you literalize it, and test it scientifically, and say that God changes man's nature in an instant as by a flash of lightning, it is not true. It is as far from the analogy of nature as it can possibly be. For there is no work that is so important, and none that is so high, as the creation of manhood in Christ Jesus; and there is no work that takes so much time; there is no work that is so slow; and there is no work in which men are tempted to be so impatient.

Before I make any further application of this subject, let me mention a few things which without full consideration tend to impatience and discouragement of mind.

One reason why men are impatient and discouraged is that, not having had this view which I am attempting to open up, of the different plans on which operations go forward, and of the different allotments of time according to their simplicity or complexity, and according to their inferiority or superiority, they have brought in notions obtained from lower planes of action, and employed them to measure the results of higher planes of action. Because men succeed in producing results rapidly in matters of time, in things which involve the management of physical elements, they seem to think that the continued application of the same processes which

they have been employing is all that is necessary to enable them to produce results rapidly in other spheres.

A man is very successful in business. He is quick, prompt. He plans well, and executes well. He has amassed property. He is looked up to and trusted. He is a good man. He goes into the church. He is elected superintendent of the Sunday-school. He says, "I have longed to be in such a position, that I might show what can be done in this field by the right kind of management. If you would organize your missionary work as we do our business, you would accomplish a great deal more." So he sets about organizing his school, a-b-c like—in an alphabetic way; he puts on force; and he undertakes to drive things through with enterprise.

Now, there are some points of analogy between conducting a school and conducting a business; but when a man attempts to treat human beings—little Arabs and their sisters—as though they were subject to the same coercive changes that material objects are, as though they could be treated as bales of cotton or woolen goods are; if he attempts to organize a school as he organizes things, he will have little examples right about him of how different dealing with matter is from dealing with persons. Although order, enterprise, force, and other like qualities unquestionably have a very important relation to progress and to ultimate success in every department, yet when a man has to do with the highest elements—those which pertain to the human soul—he will find that he has a task before him which cannot be accomplished to-day, nor to-morrow, nor this week, nor this year.

The work of soul-unfolding is slow because it is so voluminous; it is slow because it belongs to so high a sphere; it is slow because it requires the operation of both human and divine influences. It is a work which cannot be concentrated. And in its very nature it must develop slowly.

Therefore, by a wrong estimate of things, by measuring the elements of the higher sphere by rules which belong to the lower, men may come to feel as though they had a right to be impatient.

Many a thrifty, vigorous, frugal, enterprising housewife,

being married, carries order into a slatternly man's household. The servants are obedient, the table shines, and everything is bright as a new-coined dollar. Her success is complete, and she puts on airs, and sets herself up as a critic of those who do not get along as well as she does. So it goes on, till, by and by, she is a mother, with one child, with two children, with three children, with five children, with seven children. Besides looking after her husband's wants she has seven precious little urchins to take care of. Each one has its peculiar organization. Some take after her, some after the father, and some after somebody behind them both. She has infinite complexities to deal with. Things do not go on quite so systematically as they did. There is not quite such regularity about the house as there used to be. She does not know what the matter is. She says, "I once made everything *walk;* but now all things seem to be tangled up, and I cannot get along well." When it was matter that you had to deal with you found it easy to manage it; but now that you are dealing with mind you find that that is not matter. If there be any materialists here who think that mind is matter, I wish they could teach school a little while, or take care of children. If they would not have a demonstration that mind and matter are very different things, then I am mistaken.

So, too, a false notion of divine gifts, of their operation, and of their continuity, misleads people. There are many who have such an indiscriminate idea of God's greatness and mercy, and of his mode of applying them, that they feel that if they are only prepared, that if they only have faith, that if they only pray enough, by and by God will let fly that creative fiat which will do the thing that they wish done instantly; and they are waiting for God's blessing on the supposition that nothing more is required of them.

A man sitting on his balcony says, "It is not for me to make summer. What am I, farmer as I am, that I should undertake to dictate to God? My business is to humble myself, and pray." So he prays that he may have Indian corn on one side of his farm, and wheat on another side, and a good orchard on another side. After praying, and praying, and praying, he looks up; but he sees no wheat, and no corn,

and no apples; and he wonders what it is that hinders God from answering his prayers. He does not know what to think.

Well now, how long do you think a man would have to wait after simply praying for corn, and wheat, and fruit, before he would get them, if he did not understand that when God works he works by natural laws; and that the most comprehensive form of natural law is that which is wrapped up in the human organization itself? Men who want harvests must work for them and wait for them. Men recognize this in material things, but they think it is different in spiritual things. They say, "It holds good in the realm of matter, but not in the moral kingdom of God." My friends, God's moral kingdom is the same as his natural kingdom. There is no distinction between these two kingdoms except that which you make by words. They are parts of a grand unit. They are one and the same thing. Nature begins in inorganic matter, and rises up through sentient being to the throne of God itself. It is one stupendous whole. The same analogical laws run through it from top to bottom. The same great divine processes and methods belong to every part of it. And that God who will not make the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose without industry will not cause flowers and fruits to spring up in the arid soul of a man without industry.

If, therefore, you are attempting to bring up your children by prayer, I tell you, you are like a man who goes out to hunt, and says, "The great power of hunting lies in the bow," and does not carry any arrows with him, and twangs at a deer, but does not hurt him; or, you are like a man who goes out, and says, "The power of hunting lies in the arrow," but does not carry any bow, so that when he pulls the arrow over his hand down it goes at his feet and does not kill anything. For successful hunting there must be a good bow, and a good arrow, and a good man behind them both. If these conditions are complied with you will hit, if there be any hit in you. Says the divine Word, "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling"—there is the arrow; "for it is God that worketh in you"—there is the bow. The two things are necessary.

You who engage in moral enterprises must think, must plan, must bring energetic organization and co-operation to your work; and then you must have that which all high work requires—patience. If God could wait thousands of years before he made the earth, and if he could wait through two, four, six thousand years before the race was evolved, and if he can wait through ages in the future before the race shall be developed to their highest destiny, cannot we wait the short time which is needful for the accomplishment of the lower and inferior ends which we are seeking in this life?

Then there is the temperamental element which comes in here. You have probably noticed that a man who is very abdominal, who is great-headed, who is sleepy-eyed, who has collopy cheeks, and who is blest all the way down to his feet, generally has a great deal of patience. He is patient because his nerves are so far under the fat that nothing can stir them up. Everybody is patient when he is asleep or dead. And you will have noticed that when another man whose nerves are reticulated all over him, and who is sensitive to every particle of dust that flies, is perpetually on fire, and has very little patience, this large, slow man says, "My friend, patience is a great virtue;" and this little, fiery man is irritated at the idea that he should be talked to thus; and he says, "Patience? yes, patience! an angel would not be patient where I am." I do not think he is capable of judging of this quality; he is not much acquainted with patience; there is this temperamental element to be considered.

Men are organized so that they feel acutely and deeply and impetuously; and they are often in a hurry; and when they are hindered they blame men, and providence, and God himself. They *curse God and die.* If all that men think and feel were set down to them as if they had done it, there would be a great deal of swearing, a great many objurgations, and a great deal of censuring providence charged against them. Some men are impatient because they are subject to different influences; because the forces which operate upon them are forever changing; because their efforts in this or that direction are scattered; because the results of their labor are delayed.

If a stone-mason should take a large block of stone to hew it into a cube of six feet, and strike three blows a day on it, how long would it take him to prepare it for a building? And suppose he were the only one that was working on that building, how long would it take him to complete it? Men work so in moral and spiritual things, and then they marvel that the result is not accomplished speedily.

Now, there are three applications that I wish to make of this subject—first, to self-culture, second, to household culture, and third, to society culture.

Men are discouraged, frequently, because they make so little progress in the use of their lives for the development of Christian experience and Christian character. To be a Christian means the development and education of one's whole self. It means being a perfect man in one's relations to men on the material globe. Paul prayed that men's bodies, as well as their spirits and souls, might be preserved blameless. To be a Christian means to be a man in things that touch our relations to men in this life, as well as in things which touch our relations to God and angels in the other life.

There is no greater work on earth than that of developing everything in man; of bringing it into harmony; of holding it back from wrong doing, and pushing it forward to positive excellences. He builds a great thing who builds a pyramid; but he builds a greater thing who builds a character. He has done a noble thing who has erected a temple; but ye are temples of the Holy Ghost, and in the future you will be transcendently nobler than St. Peter's, St. Paul's, or any domed structure in the world. It is a great thing for a man to paint fine pictures, and carve noble statues; but Michael Angelo's frescoes in the Sistine Chapel are not to be compared with the frescoes that are being painted in that wondrous hall, the human soul. He who knows how to live a life sweet, beautiful, harmonious, lovely, of good report, and knows how to store his whole mind and soul with noble thoughts and heroic traits of excellence, builds and adorns as no artist ever did in matter.

And this mental and spiritual development is not a work of to-day nor of to-morrow: it is a slow work; and men

should not be discouraged because its results are so long delayed. They ought not, because it is slow, to hold back, and say, "I am not responsible." Work on, and work harder to the end of life; put on all your force; and do not be impatient because, after you have done all, you have so little to show for it. Having done all, stand and wait.

If, then, any of you are trying to break an unruly tongue, do not give up. Try on, and be not impatient. If that temper which is quick and fiery is not yet subdued, do not cease your effort. Do not say, "There is no use of my trying." Do all you can, and then wait; again do all you can, and wait again; try till the end of life, and still wait. Your trying and waiting are not in vain, as you will see by-and-by. There is another life besides this which you are going to live in. What you are doing here you will not know till you get there. In respect to this life you can form some judgment of what the results of your labors have been, but there is something higher than that and more than that.

This is a manifold life. We have manifold writers so made that though a man writes on but one sheet, what he writes goes down and impresses itself on many sheets besides. The difference is that when you write in the spirit you write with reference to two worlds. What you write, though you do not see it here, is magnified and glorified beyond; like a picture that being seen through a lens is greatly enlarged and beautified.

Many and many a man who works against his temperament and against discouragements, and who works to no purpose, when he dies, and the all-revealing light of the resurrection comes, will stand with mute surprise and amazement to see what invisible influences were brought to bear upon him, and what he accomplished by his patience and fidelity; nay, he will break out in adoration and joy at the thought of that God who did so much through him, when he seemed to himself to be doing so little.

You are worse than you think you are; you are better than you think you are. You are not doing half so much as you ought to be doing; you are doing a thousand times more than you dream of. You are working for this life too exclu-

sively, but your work strikes through into the future life, and there is another significance given to it on the other side.

Let no man, then, be discouraged. Let no man say, "It is useless for me to work." Persevere. Eternity is near at hand; and eternity is long. That which you now behold is not the real: the real has something better than the eye can see, or the ear hear, or the hand handle. You are immortal; you are spiritual; you are of God; you are going back to God; and that which is real to you is that which your senses cannot perceive. So do not despair. Hold to your purposes. Raise your ambition. Lift your standard higher. Work: it is God that is working in you.

Then, in the household, do not be discouraged because all your work there seems to be in vain. It is not in vain. I know that oftentimes there is a sorrow that does not bleed, but yet aches. I know that there are fine, exquisite troubles that touch the very center of sentience and consciousness, that the lips cannot murmur, and that the thoughts almost refuse to bear. I know there are thousands of persons who live under a sense of condemnation all the time, and say, "I am discharging my duties to my children, oh, how poorly!" I know that many a father thinks, "I hold, it is true, a sort of outside relation to my children; but oh, I have done so little for them!" Then there are instances in which parents have trouble with their children. One child has gone wrong, and you are waiting to bring him back. Another child has gone wrong, and it is all that you can do to endure the grief which he has caused you. There are also troubles which come from deformity, and from non-illumined understandings in your children. There are disfigured children; there are fractious children; there are disobedient children; there are conniving children; and I would not take away from you one stimulus of fidelity toward them; but this I say: While you are doing good do not hurry God. Do not say, "He does not hear me;" or, "My prayers are unanswered." You do not know that. It is a long way that God travels when he comes with his best gifts; and it does not matter much whether you get them on this side or on the other.

Oh, sorrowing father! oh, heart-broken mother! your child is a wreck; and yet God, when you rise in the other life, may put that child in your arms, and say, "Your work saved her. You did not know it, but I did." Do not give up till the very end; hold on till the last; for God is mightier than you are; and the best works are the slowest; and the most precious things often come latest.

To those, also, who are working upon society, let me say: You are not to grow impatient. You are not to hurry Providence. You are not to lift up exclamatory hands at God's delay. The work which Christian men essay when they attempt to do good in society is so vast and so far-reaching, its elements are so multitudinous, its relationships are so fine and so much above the level of ordinary apprehension, that no man should for one single moment indulge in impatience.

You are a child of culture and of wealth. Your heroism has taken you from your father's house, and sent you South, among the ignorant and degraded remnants of the slave population, where you are an outcast from society; and you have labored for months and for years; and looking around you, you say, "I have not reaped enough to make it worth while to have undertaken this." But do not give up. Stand!

I think the most affecting story that I ever heard, because it is so nearly like Christ's, was that of a Christian man who went to the West India Islands to preach to the slaves. He found them so miserable, so hard-worked, so utterly exhausted, that when they came from the field he could not teach them anything. They would not listen to him. He was white, as their oppressors were. Finding that he could make no impression on them, he sold himself to their masters, and became a slave, and was driven afield with them, and was fed on their poor fare, and was dressed as they were dressed, and was lashed as they were lashed, and was worked as they were worked. Thus he was enabled to gain their confidence and whisper the Gospel to them. He gathered them around him, and told them the glad tidings of salvation. He made himself like unto them, and suffered for their sake. And yet his work was so small that when he died it was

scarcely enough to be seen. That one history, which is the sublimest reproduction of the very spirit of the incarnation of God in Jesus Christ, had only just begun to sprout when he died. But it has been traveling out in one literature, and in another literature, and has gone on fructifying human intelligence and purpose, and it will never die. As long as the human race lasts there will be men to tell that same story; and the whole world will be sown with the precious seed of that single life, which seemed to this man, when he died, to have been thrown away—but which was not thrown away.

If there are disheartened ministers (and there are) to whom my words will find their way, I fain would say something to encourage them. I do not thank God so much because I have the favor of men; I do not thank God because men sometimes overpay me with admiration; but I do thank God, from the bottom of my soul, and every day of my life, that my words carry comfort to people in obscurity; that they go to the great working-classes; that they reach the infirm, the aged, the sick, those who are ready to perish. This is a blessing that I never can measure nor enough appreciate. And my words of this morning will go out to many a weary missionary in the frontier settlements; to many a Christian man who has taken his fortune in his hand, and gone into a new land, and is trying to build up a school against many an obstacle, and is bearing witness for Christ among swearing and drinking and gambling men, and is standing in the midst of discouragements, ready to abandon his work. O, never give up—never! Die by the flag! Do not surrender! Stand to your work. And having done *all*, STAND!

I send out the word of cheer, of hope and of consolation, north, south, east, west, to the islands of the sea, and among the groping heathen, to every man whom Christ has touched, and in whom the sense of immortality has begun to develop. Workers for God, and workers for man, you are essaying the greatest tasks that are possible for time. Do not think that your work is slow because the results are not near. Work cheerily; and when you can no longer work by sight, work by faith. You can derive hope and encouragement from that which is not visible to the outward eye.

A man wakes in the night, sick, and wants to send a message to his physician. He can find no light; so he takes his pen and writes. Not being able to see the lines, his writing runs down-hill and up-hill, and is blurred here and there; yet it is not the way the message is written, but that which is in it, that is important. And when it is finished, he despatches a servant with it, hoping that it will bring him the desired relief. There is a great deal of poor writing in the lives of men. So far as the visible results of their work are concerned they are very poor; but it is for the Master; and oh! He who gave his Son to die for us—shall he not freely give us all things?

Enlarge your ideas of God's providence. Make the horizon of your faith broader. Fill the heavens full of the evidences of divine love. Remember that nature is nothing but providence under another name; remember that providence is God; and remember that over all, through all, and in all, God is working, and that in him you live and move and have your being. The morning is God to me; for it brings the Sun of Righteousness. The evening is God to me; for he made that as well as the morning to rejoice. Everywhere, in tears, in sorrow, in losses, in imprisonment, in chains, in degradation, yea, and in death itself, the child of God will find great victory. Then hold on to God; follow in the steps of Jesus Christ, though they be in blood; and when he shall appear you shall be like unto him.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

Our Father, our wants are ever new, and they move in the same circle. We draw near to thee this morning. Thou knowest that the things which we outwardly perceive are but few and of small account. Our infirmities, the sins which spring from them, our impetuous natures, or our dull and laggard performance—these, which are but the outbreakings of the inward want—how often have we confessed them! and yet, when we have confessed them, how little do we seem to have done! Thou hast revealed to us the great inward kingdom of God which each of us is bearing; and we look within to see where are the pleasant streets, paved with gold; where are the gates of pearl; where are the precious stones that are in the battlements; and where are the sweetest and most blessed estates of mind which represent in us the power of God's dear Spirit. We behold a wilderness with but here and there a patch reclaimed; and that which we have builded, as yet, for the most part, is crude and unshapely. Where are the gates of pearl? Where are the carbuncles and the sapphires? Where are the things most glorious to behold? Above all, where are those chanting bands that come forth out of the gates to raise the song of praise to God? We are poor within. Our souls are like wildernesses covered with rank growths, untrained, often evil; or they are as desert sands on which nothing will grow. That which is strong is often strong for evil, and that which is good is weaker than water. When we look at what we are, there is no life left in us; nor have we any hope except that which comes from the thought that what we are we are underneath thine eye, and that the same hand which framed wondrously the body, yet more wondrously framed the soul, and that the same providence and long-waiting love and nourishing kindness which have sustained the globe thus far is content to bear a world full of such creatures as we are through many generations and ages; and to wait for their growth, and to labor for them, and to inspire them, and to bring them into that state which shall be translation into a fairer clime, a better soil, and a higher culture. We turn away from ourselves. When we look this way we see no light, no comfort; but when we think of thee there is great joy ministered to us. As little children look up and wonder, and yet absolutely trust, and think their fathers to be greater than all heroes are; so we look up and know that thou art the Lord of lords, that there is none beside thee, and that thou art not as we are, racketed about in this narrow sphere of time. The years rush by us, and are few, and we make haste; but thou dwellest in eternity; and in the endlessness and boundlessness of thine estate thou art not hurried. Thou canst afford to await those slow evolutions through generations which perplex men, and distract them. And we rejoice in that greatness, in that upreach of being which so transcends every measure we have on earth. We rejoice that thou art from eternity and unto eternity.

And now, O God, thou knowest how little we understand in saying it; but we have this thought which thou hast raised up in us, that go where we may, there is the wonder-working power of thy goodness, above us, within us, behind us, on every side, beneath, everywhere, in

heaven, on earth, in time and through eternity. Thou triumphant One by the power of thy wisdom and by the power of thy goodness thou art reigning. Overwhelming shall be thy final victory. Nothing that lifts itself against thee shall prosper. And in the end, all things shall have wrought together for thy glory, and for the good of thy creatures. And in this thought of God's greatness, of his mercifulness, of his lovingness, of his power and of his wisdom, we trust. We trust it as little children trust their mothers whom they do not half understand, but from whom come to them that sweet quiet and peace which are the balm to all its fears and all its troubles. And we do not trust only so far as we can analyze and divine: we trust according to the measure of our want; we trust according to the boundlessness of the misery that would come to us if we did not trust; we trust because the heavens are full of thee, and because all time is full of thee, in the greatness of thine invisibleness. Our souls go out unto thee. We worship thee; and yet we do it with a trembling consciousness that we are in the twilight, and that we see thee as men see trees who are half cured of their blindness. We rejoice, O God, that thou art more than the human thought can conceive. What wouldst thou be to us as God if thou wert not other than anything we can think of? We rejoice in thine invisibleness and magnitude and incomprehensibleness.

And we pray that we may not only stand afar off, thus admiring and rejoicing with trembling, but that we may have a sense of thy helpfulness. Every day, in its light and joy and bounty, may we not cease to give thanks. Over all our sorrows, over all our troubles, over all our labors, over all our disappointments, may there rise a sense of God's great goodness. And whatever complaint we make, may it in expressing itself begin with thanksgiving and end with thanksgiving. May we bind up our wounds with thanks, and stand in thy presence forevermore recognizing the goodness of God to us.

And we pray that thou wilt draw near to those who are not able to rise to this argument of faith and trust; to those who lie like leaves upon the ground in autumn, shaken off from the tree where they grew, and helpless; to those whom the wind blows hither and thither. Wilt thou, O God, sustain them against that which they feel that they cannot sustain themselves against. Raise up a wall of defense, we beseech of thee, for even the poorest and most needy of thy people. If they have fallen, if they are dying even, thou canst make their falling or dying appear in more glorious garniture than the garniture of the trees in summer. May they learn how to die unto Christ, and in Christ unto God, so as that when Christ shall appear they shall appear with him, and in him.

We pray that thou wilt help all those who are under the pressure of bereavements, and sit in sadness and sorrow, and do not know how to turn themselves. As men whose lamp has gone out are in the darkness of familiar rooms, and grope, and know not how to find their way, so dost thou often by sorrow bewilder thy people; and yet, speak unto them, that they may know that thou art present, and that they may rejoice even in the midst of great pain and suffering.

We pray that thou wilt be with those who have troubles of heart:

who are necessitous; whose better nature trembles and is afraid; who every day look up with anxious thoughts. O Lord, thou that didst bear the cross, dost thou give them an empty cross? Has any soul ever come and taken thy cross, that thou wert not with it and beneath it, to bear it? How many have taken that cross, as of dry and seasoned wood, and found it springing forth and clasping them with a thousand tendrils and branches, every branch full of fruit, till they were embowered and embosomed in that which seemed to them a task or labor! Draw near, then, to all those who are in any trouble of mind, and so magnify thyself unto them that their trouble shall not be able to abide. When quiet days come, then comes the dust that settles on the fairest things; but when rousing winds come, then comes cleansing, and the dust is blown away. Send, we beseech of thee, that wind from heaven which shall take away the dust of care and the grime of trouble from us, and give us clear skies at last between our souls and thine.

We pray for all who are sick. Wilt thou be very gentle and gracious unto them, that they may walk the way of health in this life, or the way of health in the life which is to come, where there shall be no more sickness, nor pain, nor crying.

We pray that thou wilt bless those who are struggling with poverty. May they be brought out from the bondage of those things which tend to drag men down to that which is carnal and visible. Sustain their faith who wrestle against cold and hunger and want. Be thou, O God, a providence to them, in this inclement season; and, amid so much outcasting of men, and so little of labor that brings warmth and food, open the hearts of all thy people. May men now remember the brotherhood that is between man and man.

We pray that thou wilt guide all those who are heavy-laden; who are bearing the heat and burden of the day. Open the way before them, and lead them in it; and may they be manly and courageous and patient to the end.

We pray for our land. Be pleased to bless the President of these United States, and all who are joined with him in authority. Bless the Governors of the several States. Bless all the magistrates and judges of the people. And we pray that thou wilt grant that this nation may thrive not only in outward strength but in knowledge and in virtue. May this nation not be built up into great power for cruelty and oppression, but may it lead the way among the nations toward peace, toward virtue, toward justice, toward goodness, toward the dawn of that day which is promised. Oh, for the unlocking of that casket in which is peace! Thou hast promised good things, and time hath brought forth something of all thy promises; and yet, O Lord, behold how the earth still doth lie in darkness and in wickedness! Thou that didst brood the old chaos, art not thou brooding still? and wilt thou not bring forth from out of darkness the morning light, and all the glory of the Lord, and that noble kingdom in the souls of men which thou hast come to establish? Let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing on the word spoken. Dear Lord, make us patient. Rebuke our impatience. Make us realize our imperfections. We are so unworthy of our calling, we are so poor in the things in which thou desirest us to be rich, we are so lean where thou wouldst have us abound, the lives we are living are so miserable compared with those which thou hast commanded us to live, that we deserve condemnation. Deliver us from wrangling as to who shall be first, and so from neglecting the work which thou hast given us to do. Inspire us to follow thee with all the earnestness of our nature. Turn and look on us, and make us ashamed of our short-comings. Behold us with those eyes whose power is in their love, and enable our innermost selves to triumph over our outward selves. Sustain, we beseech of thee, those who are borne down by discouragement. Take hold of us, every one, by thine omnipotent hand, and lead us till we stand in Zion and before God. And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

WHAT IS CHRIST TO ME?

"That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God."—Col. i. 10,

This is to be interpreted by such passages as that of the 27th verse:

"To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory."

One of the passages fitly interprets the other. We are to "walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing;" and Jesus Christ as formed in us, "the hope of glory," interprets that God to us, and stands for him. The command to grow in the knowledge of God requires only a very few words; but the thing itself is the labor of ages; and, as in all sciences and in every school of philosophy, growth has been hindered by wrong methods, so that science began and went out, almost, with Aristotle, because false methods were applied; and it waited for the days of Bacon and the modern school before any great advance was made. History was but clustering fables until the philosophic methods of history were developed. And, as the development of science in every department—for instance, physiology, the science of the mind, etc.—stumbled and blundered by wrong methods, coming continually short, and began to brighten and bear fruit so soon as right methods were found out and made use of; so the knowledge of God has waited through the ages for

SUNDAY MORNING, December 21, 1873. LESSON: Col. i. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 210, 215, 607.

right methods. It has been pursued in various ways; and yet no other subject so important has received so little increment, compared with the time during which the world has existed and the human mind has been active, as this one matter—the knowledge of God.

It is made the central and critical relation of Christ to every human soul. As we are to be saved by our faith in Jesus Christ, it becomes a matter of transcendent importance to each one of us to know Christ, to increase in our knowledge of him, and therefore to know how to increase in that knowledge. The fact is that very few persons now have any view or experience in regard to the Lord Jesus Christ as the interpreter of God's nature, which answers at all either to the experience of the apostles, or to that which they aimed at in their preaching.

The question therefore comes up with emphasis: Is Jesus Christ so presented to men that they may reap the best fruits of faith? Are the methods of presentation the wisest and the best? Are the modes of study which are employed by the great mass of Christian people the best and the wisest? It is to the consideration of this general subject that I shall devote this morning's discourse.

To his personal disciples the relation of Christ was one of intense admiration and love. With all the glow and enthusiasm which belongs to heroic friendship, they loved Jesus during his life. Not only that, but after the bewilderment of his crucifixion was over, and after his resurrection became an article of assured faith to them, they continued to have an intense personal love for him. It was in each case the fidelity of a clansman to his chief. It was the enthusiasm of a man in regard to some high and noble friend.

The expectation, doubtless, of soon seeing him again increased the intensity of this feeling—for all the early years of Christendom were passed in the expectation of the immediate coming of Christ. It was the whole aim of the apostles to inspire in every man just this personal love and enthusiasm toward the Lord Jesus Christ.

Does it exist? I do not ask whether men say "Lord, Lord," enough. I do not ask whether men say they are

going to act thus and so "for Christ's sake;" that they must "honor Christ;" that they must "glorify Jesus." Of words there are enough. The question is far deeper than that. Is there an intense inward consciousness of the reality, the presence, the love, and the power of the Lord Jesus Christ which gives to many men such an impulse that they can say that their "life is hid with Christ in God"?

Is there any such affection as this? Christ is the *neighbor* of a great many persons: does he abide in their households? Does he come into their midst? Does he dwell with them, and do they dwell with him? An intense personal love for the Lord Jesus Christ being the germinant element, the beginning experience, so far as his relation with men was concerned, it was to this that the apostles directed all their exertion. Hence, the first argument was an argument to disabuse the Jewish mind of its prejudices, and to show the serious-minded and moral men among the Jews that Jesus answered to the Old Testament description of the Messiah. Therefore, in the preaching and in the letters of the apostles, the views of Jesus Christ in relation to the prejudices and education of the Jews, in relation to the text of the Old Testament, in relation to the Jewish sacrifices, and in relation to foregone history, figure largely; and much of modern theology has been similarly occupied in presenting views of Jesus Christ in relation to certain national Jewish prejudices or notions.

Now, we have no such history as the Jews had; we have no such prejudices as they had; we have no such system as they had; we have no sacrifices; we have no altars; we have no priesthood; and to present Christ to us in the same way that he was presented to the Jews would be utterly void, unless by education you raised up an artificial condition which should be equivalent to that of the Jewish system. To a certain extent, this has been done. A most extraordinary thing is the artificial view into which men have been educated in order to make modern theology match with the relative arguments of the apostles on the subject of Christ's relations to the old Jewish national system.

If I wished to stimulate our people in New England to heroism, do you suppose I would talk to them of Marathon

and Pultowa? I would talk to them of Bunker Hill and Lexington. If I were in Louisiana, and wished to inspire patriotism in the people there, I would not talk to them of Waterloo or of Wagram: I would talk to them of the battle of New Orleans and of the defeat of Pakenham. It is not wise to attempt to inspire men with a heroic sense of the Lord Jesus Christ by preaching to them of an altar that for two thousand years has not existed; of a temple that was long ago in ruins; or of a ritual that they never saw, and that is a mere historical reminiscence. There must be an inspiration that shall open Christ up to our sympathy and reason as he was opened up to the sympathy and reason of the Jews. The genius of the philosophy of the apostles was peculiarly to develop the character of Christ in such a way as to meet the special national want which existed in their time; and the peculiar nature of our theology should be to meet that want which is the outgrowth of our national education.

As the Christian religion went forth and began to take hold of and subdue the mind of the world, it fell naturally first into the Greek line of thought; and it was made a matter largely of mental philosophy. During the period of the gestation of theology, Christ's nature, his relation to the Godhead, and his equality or non-equality with God—all these elements were profoundly discussed. Christ Jesus, when the Greek philosophy prevailed, was presented to the human mind in his dynastic relations, as a part of the reigning Deity—as belonging to the imperial God. More and more this took place, so that men had a psychological problem put to them instead of a solving process. They had an analyzed, arranged, classified God; and he was to them what, to a lover of flowers, is a *hortus siccus*—an herbarium in which last summer's plants have been skillfully culled and dried and arranged with reference to their genera and species and varieties. There they all are; none of them are growing; they are all dried; but they are scientific. The work of the Greek mind on the character of God was to analyze it, to classify its relations and parts, and to present it to the world as a problem in mental philosophy applied to theology.

Then, coming down still further, theology became Romanized. The Romans introduced the legal element into it. Instead of having a simple personal Christ such as the Jews had; or instead of having a psychological problem such as the Greeks had, they had a scheme of theology which treated of the moral government of God, of the Law-giver, of the Atoner, of the Spirit, and of the Church. At length the administration of religion and theology fell into priestly hands, and became a power more universal and more imperious than any that ever was developed on earth in any other direction. The imagination, the reason and the conscience were all put into the hands of the priest who exercised authority over the soul, and personal liberty died out. Men believed in God as the Church believed in him, and the Church believed in God as they were taught to believe by the imperial view.

Thus, in the third estate, Christ, instead of being simply a person standing in personal relations to each man that sought him, had become the center of a great system of moral government; and away down to the early days of this generation we almost never heard of Christ as a person. During all my early life I heard of sinfulness—though that I did not need to hear about; for my own soul, and my own poor stumbling life taught me enough on that subject. I also heard of the Atonement of Christ. But almost never did I hear of *Christ*. He was something that I was to find after I had got through certain enigmas; after I had, as it were, been initiated, and had gone through certain stages, and become a sort of mason. Religion was regarded as a kind of masonry in which one passed in at a certain gate, giving a certain signal, and took certain successive steps, and rose through certain gradations, and at last came to a point where Christ was opened up to him. After the law had been shown to me, and I had gone through a process of repentance, and become regenerated, there was to be a Christ for me; but Christ was never presented to me when I was young as a great influencing power operating in *advance* of all other things. I had come to my majority before I had such a view of Christ. One of the most extraordinary epochs of my life was the hour (I never knew how nor exactly why) in which I discovered, or

in which it dawned upon me, that I had a *personal Christ* as something separable from problems of mental philosophy, from the church, from any plan of salvation, and from any doctrine of atonement—a living, loving God, whom I had a right to approach in my own personality, and who had toward me such feelings as made me welcome to come to him at any time. The opening of that conception to me was the beginning of the revolution of my life. I should not have been here to-day, nor through the last quarter of a century, but for that single view of Christ which rose upon me with healing in its beams.

A personal Saviour, to be studied and learned, must be presented in such a way that we can make him personal to ourselves. This was done in part by that great revulsion called the *Protestant Reformation*. Salvation by faith was the glory of Luther. He unquestionably had in his own inward experience the right element; but it does not follow that the presentation of it was the one which was the best adapted to enlighten the whole world. Experience has shown that it was not. It was much covered with habits and prejudices and philosophies; for no man can throw off in a moment the opinions of the ages of which he is a child and product. Everywhere, when a philosophy is renounced, it still lives. Its detritus remains. Men find a thousand prejudices and habits clinging to them after they have abandoned the beliefs which begot these incumbrances. When a philosophy has been set aside the fruit stays by, for good if it was good, and for bad if it was bad.

In the main, by the Protestant system Christ was presented as a part of theology in a certain way; and although the element Christ Jesus, as a living God, was the glory and the secret power of that system, yet it was not brought out and freed from the accumulations and incrustations of the ages.

We come, now, to the truth that a personal Saviour must be studied from the stand-point of one's own soul. It is not the relation of the Lord Jesus Christ to God, it is not his relation to the divine government, it is not his relation to a system of theology, but it is his relation to *you*, as representing very God, that you are to study. His personal rela-

tion to your wants—to your understanding, to your imagination, to your moral sense, to your yearnings, to your strivings—this is the only point at which you can come to any knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ that shall be available to you.

This will bring us back to the apostolic experience. It will bring us back to the interior element of Christianity as distinguished from those external elements which have been thrown around about it. It will bring us from Jewish misconceptions, from the Grecized view, from the Roman view, and from the heterogeneous modern view, to the Lord Jesus himself, the Saviour of the world, by faith in whom each soul is to be redeemed.

First, we are to understand that he is to our thought God,—by which I do not mean that any man can define God. No man can take a pencil and mark the features of Jehovah, and say, "Thus far is God, and no farther." How poor a God must that be whom I can understand! He would be no larger than the measure of my thought—and that would be small indeed. No man can limit and define God. After all intellectual statements have been made, after all definitions have been given, immensely more is left untouched than has been touched. But the functions of the divine nature, the quality of that nature and its moral essence, one may suspect or know without comprehending all of God.

Bring me but a glass of water and I know what water is. I may not know, if I am untraveled, what are the springs in the mountain, what are cascades, what are the streams that thunder through deep gorges, what are broadening rivers, what are bays, or what is the ocean; and yet I may know what water is. A drop on my finger tells me its quality. From that I know that it is not wood, that it is not rock, that it is not air, that it is not anything but water.

I am not able by searching to find out God unto perfection; and yet I know that, so far as I have found him out, and so far as he is ever going to be found out, whatever there is in nobility, whatever there is in goodness, whatever there is in sweetness, whatever there is in patience; whatever can be revealed by the cradle, by the crib, by the couch, by the table; whatever there is in household love and in other loves;

whatever there is in heroism among men: whatever there is of good report; whatever has been achieved by imagination or by reason; whatever separates man from the brute beast, and lifts him above the clod,—I know that all these elements belong to God, the eternal and universal Father. Although I may not be able to draw an encyclopediac circle and say, "All inside of that is God, and anything outside of it is not God;" yet I know that everything which tends upward, that everything which sets from a lower life to a higher, that everything which leads from the basilar to the coronal, that everything whose results are good, is an interpretation of God, who, though he may be found to be other than we suppose, will be found to be not less, but more glorious than we suspect.

Every man, then, is to understand that Christ represents God so far as the human mind is in a condition to understand and take him in. I find no difficulty in saying that Christ is God, because I never undertake to weigh God with scales or to measure him with compasses. There are men who have sat down and ciphered God out; they have figured up the matters of omnipotence, of omniscience and of omnipresence; they have marked the limits to which the Divine power can go; they can tell why God may do so and so, and why he may not do this, that or the other; and I can understand how they should raise objections to saying that Christ is God. To some extent we may comprehend the divine nature in certain points; but God is too large, not simply for the intelligence of individuals, but for the intelligence of the race itself, though it has been developed for many ages. If it should be developed through countless ages to come, it would still be incapable of understanding God, so vast and voluminous is he; and yet I find no difficulty in saying, "Christ is God." So far as the human mind is competent to understand the constituent elements of the divine nature they are in Jesus Christ, and he presents them to us.

I draw out from my pocket a little miniature, and look upon it, and tears drop from my eyes. What is it? A piece of ivory. What is on it? A face that some artist has painted there. It is a radiant face. My history is connected with it. When I look upon it tides of feeling swell in me. Some

one comes to me and says, "What is that?" I say, "It is my mother." "Your mother! I should call it a piece of ivory with water-colors on it." To me it is my mother. When you come to scratch it and analyze it and scrutinize the elements of it, to be sure it is only a sign or dumb show, but it brings to me that which is no sign nor dumb show. According to the law of my mind, through it I have brought back, interpreted, refreshed, revived, made potent in me, all the sense of what a loving mother was.

So I take my conception of Christ as he is painted in dead letters on dead paper; and to me is interpreted the glory, the sweetness, the patience, the love, the joy-inspiring nature of God; and I do not hesitate to say, "Christ is my God," just as I would not hesitate to say of that picture, "It is my mother."

"But," says a man, "you do not mean that you really sucked at the breast of that picture?" No, I did not; but I will not allow any one to drive me into any such minute analysis as that.

Now I hold that the Lord Jesus Christ, as represented in the New Testament, brings to my mind all the effluence of brightness and beauty which I am capable of understanding. I can take in no more. He is said to be the express image of God's glory. He transcends infinitely my reach; for when I have gone to the extent of my capacity there is much that I cannot attain to.

When, therefore, Christ is presented to me I will not put him in the multiplication table, I will not make him a problem in arithmetic or in mathematics; I will not stand and say, "How can three be one?" or "How can one be three?" I will interpret Christ by the imagination and the heart. Then he will bring to me a conception of God such as the heavens never, in all their glory, declared; such as the earth has never revealed, either in ancient or modern times. He reveals to us a God whose interest in man is inherent, and who through his mercy and goodness made sacrifices for it. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for it. What is the only begotten Son of God? Who knows? Who cares to know? That his only begotten

Son is precious to him we may know, judging from the experience of an earthly father; and we cannot doubt that when he gave Christ to come into life, and humble himself to man's condition, and take upon himself an ignominious death, he sacrificed that which was *exceedingly dear* to him. And this act is a revelation of the feeling of God toward the human race.

There had sat and thundered Jupiter, striking the imagination of men; there had been the Grecian deities, good and bad, reaching through the great mythological realm of the fancy; there had been the grotesque idols of the heathen; these things had given to the world a thousand strange phantasies and vagrant notions; but nothing had given men a true conception of God until Christ came, declaring that God so loved the world that he gave the best thing he had to save it.

Now, measure what the meaning of that truth is. Away, ye Furies! Away, ye Fates! Away, ignoble conceptions of Greece, of Rome, and of outlying barbarous nations! Heaven is now made radiant by the Son of God, teaching us that at the center of power, of wisdom and of government, sits the all-paternal love, and that it is the initial of God. It is the Alpha and the Omega; and the literature and lore of divinity must be interpreted according to its genius. God so loved the world, before it loved him, knowing its condition, that he gave his only Son to die for it. This is the interpretation of the everlasting sacrifice of the divine nature in the way of loving. Jesus Christ epitomizes, represents, interprets God to us as the central fountain, source and supply of transcendent benevolence and love in the universe. This intense interest and love in God works to the development of every soul toward him. It is not divine indifference. It is not divine good-nature. It is not divine passivity. It is a parent's desire for a child's development from evil toward goodness, toward purity, toward sweetness, toward godliness. God is one who is laborious and self-sacrificing, seeking the race, not because they are so good, but to make them good, stimulating them, inspiring them, and desiring above all things else that they shall be fashioned away from the animal toward his

sonship. That is the drift and direction of the divine government.

It is said that to preach God's love effeminates the mind. It is said that it makes men careless and indifferent. It is said, "If God is a great central Love, why, then, it does not make much difference how men live." Ah! the truth as it is set forth in the Bible is, that God loves in such a way as to urge men forward to that which is high and ennobling. Through love he chastens and pierces by way of stirring men up. By joy and by sorrow, by pleasure and by pain, by all means, God seeks to make the objects of his love worthy of himself. He that loves only to degrade is infernal. He that loves so that the object of his love withers under his influence loves as fire loves, consuming to ashes that which it loves. No one has true love who does not know that it is the inspiration of nobility; that it is a power which is carrying its object upward, being willing to suffer for the sake of lifting it higher and higher. That is the test of man's love, because God has given it to us as the test of his own love.

Every man, then, is to seek Jesus Christ personally. The way of salvation is the way of heart-faith in Christ. He represents God, and God represents love, and love represents development from sinfulness toward righteousness. And every man is to seek this Christ as interpreting God to us for his own sake. The perception of Christ's relations to one's own salvation is a thousand times more important than a perception of his relation to the Old Testament, or to the Godhead, or to theology, or to the history of the church. It is "Christ in you, the hope of glory" that the apostle was to preach. Your own want—the want of your character and of your whole nature—that is to be the starting-point in every investigation in this direction. "What is Christ to me?" is to be the question.

When for ten days the *Java* had sailed without an observation, and when, at last, there came an opportunity to take one, did the captain take it for the sake of navigation at large? No; he took it to find out first of all where the good ship was on her voyage. Not that navigation was of no account; not that astronomy was of no account; but that

observation was taken for the sake of that particular ship on that particular voyage.

I do not undertake to say that there is nothing else to be thought of in the world but one's own spiritual condition; but I do say that the prime consideration with every man is, "What is Christ to my soul?" How does your soul need Christ? How does he interpret himself as being the outlet of every want in your nature? These are the all-important inquiries which concern you.

No man can have another man's Christ—if you will not misunderstand my words and pervert my meaning. As a physician is who stands over you in sickness, so is Christ Jesus. What to your thought a teacher is who labors with you according to your ignorance, that is the Lord Jesus Christ.

When, during the famine in Ireland, the benevolent people of this country sent provision to the thousands who were starving there, a government ship—a man-of-war—was appointed to take it over; and never was there an armament that slew prejudices and animosities as did the cargo which was discharged out of the sides of that old frigate. But when the vessel arrives in Ireland, we will suppose one set of the inhabitants go down to the shore where she lies at anchor, and say, "This thing is to be looked at in the light of naval architecture." Another set go down, and say, "A government vessel! What is the relation of goverment to the wants of a people who are suffering from hunger? What business has a government to send provision in a war-ship?" They are disposed to discuss the question in the light of civil polity. Another set go down and say, "Wheat and potatoes: what is the excellence of wheat compared with that of potatoes, chemically considered?" The suffering men stand on the shore and cry, "Our fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters are dying for the want of food: unload! *unload!* UNLOAD!" But those who are standing by interpose, and say, "You do not believe in chemistry; you do not believe in civil government; you do not believe in architecture!" I preach Christ as every man's Saviour; as his strength; as his bread; as his water; as his life; as his joy;

as his hope. I say everything is trash as compared with that; and men exclaim, "Loose theology! He does not care for the church, nor for ordinances, nor for the Trinity, nor for the atonement, nor for a plan of salvation!"

When men are starving it is not the time to talk of ships, of navigation, or of what government may or may not do: it is the time to talk of wheat and meat. Corn and beef are better than politics under such circumstances.

Now, when men are under heavy burdens that they do not know how to bear, is there a Burden-Bearer anywhere? When men are unillumined, is there any Light in this world? When men are in trouble, and cannot see their way out of it, and they say, in despair, "The day of my birth be cursed, and the day of my death be blessed!" is there any Hope that shines forth and makes the darkness of the future bright as a morning star in the horizon? Is there anything in the Lord Jesus Christ that you need? Is there anything for you, who are sorrowing for your companion that has been smitten down; for you, whose affection has been disappointed; for you, who are heartsick from hope deferred; for you, whose affairs are all in a tangle; for you, whose prosperity is like pasture-ground which the plow has turned upside down to prepare for new and unknown harvests? Is there anything in him for me—for me, that am poor; for me, that am desolate; for me, that am stripped and peeled of all that makes life desirable; for me, that am smitten and cast down; for me, that am struggling to perform a task that I do not understand; for me, who am aiming at that which I cannot reach; for me, whose days are well-nigh spent; for me, a little child; for me, a boy at school; for me, an apprentice; for me, a pauper; for me, that am to be hanged? That is the soul's cry through life.

What does it matter to me that the Jews had a system, that the Greeks had a system, or that the Romans had a system? Let their systems go to the dust. What do I care for such things when I am rolling in pain that I cannot endure? Then, if there is anything in the universe which will relieve my suffering, I want it.

Have you ever had a fever? Have you ever tossed all night with hateful dreams, and waked in the morning parched

and well-nigh perishing with thirst? Have you ever felt as though you would give the world for a drop of water? Go to a person who is in that condition, and read to him the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, or *Romeo and Juliet*. What does he care for them? "Oh, for a drop of water!" is his cry. Read to him *Bacon's Maxims*. What does he care for *Bacon's Maxims?* He cries, "Water!" Read to him the most exquisite literature the world has known. He will not listen. "Give me water! Give me water!" he says. The whole sum of his being is concentrated in that one want, and it dominates. The way to give him other things is to supply first that overmastering want.

When men are in their sins, and they wander, wayward, in the dark, longing for something—they know not what, Christ says, "I am the Way; I am the Light." Art thou the way out of this tangle? Art thou my unclouded light which no storm can dissipate or blow out? When men are hungering, art thou, Jesus, the soul's food? Is there something in God as interpreted by Christ that shall meet every want in the human soul? Yes, there is just that.

Are you a little child? The glory of the incarnation is that Christ was a little child. There is no little child in whose path Jesus has not walked, or one that was exactly like it. He knows every child's experience—his hopes and fears; his expectations and disappointments; his pleasures and pains; his joys and sorrows. It may not help him that he knows your troubles; but it helps you to know that he knows them.

Christ was in his early life subject to his parents. Even after he was filled with the divine afflatus, so that he disputed with the doctors in the temple, he went back home, and submitted himself to the control of his father and mother. With conscious power and glory, he put himself under the direction of those who were inferior to him, willingly and cheerfully.

If you are toiling in an unrequited way in life, think how Christ labored. Old Galilee was mixed up with all manner of detritus. People from every nation under the Roman banner had flocked thither. A vast cosmopolitan population was

gathered there. And there Christ was brought up as a Jew. He learned the trade which his father followed. He worked at the bench. When a young man, by laboring with his hands he scraped up a small competence with which to buy his daily bread. Every man that toils, then, has in Christ one that has been like him.

Are you turmoiled and driven hither and thither, not knowing where to lay your head? The Son of man had not where to lay his head. The birds had nests; the foxes had holes; the very sea was allowed to rest at times; but Jesus almost never rested. By day and by night, and everywhere, he was a man of sorrow and of toil.

Are you abiding at home? Are you happy and contented? There are no sweeter pictures in the Bible than those which portray the joys of Christ at the festivities which he attended, and in the thousand ways in which he made others happy. In creating so much happiness he could not but have been happy himself.

Christ stands for men in all their relations. He stands for them in their crimes. I do not know why it should be so, but it seems to me there is nothing else—not even the scene of the cross itself—that touches me so much as the incident which took place when he came back to Capernaum and was surrounded by rich men, and was invited to go to a feast at a nobleman's house. As he entered, a crowd, among whom were publicans and harlots, pressed in after him, and actually sat down at the table with him, unbidden, and ate with him. Those who were looking on stood, and pointed, and said, "See, he eateth with publicans and sinners!" Eating with another is a sign of hospitality and friendship and fidelity. Christ's conduct toward these poor creatures awoke a ray of hope in their most desperate depravity. It is this light which dawns in the midnight of the human soul that touches me. That which affects me is the voice that goes far down to the depths below where hope usually goes, and says to the child of sin and sorrow, "There is salvation for you." God does not cast away even the most depraved. The man who lies right by the lion's head; the man who is half brother to the wolf; the man who slimes his way with the worm—even he

has One who thinks kindly of him, and says to him, "Thee, too, have I called; for thee I have a refuge and a remedy."

There was but one single class that Christ had no mercy for, and that was the class who had no mercy for themselves. I mean those men whose intellects were cultivated, whose imaginations were cultivated, whose moral sense was cultivated, but who turned all their talents into selfishness. They were dissipated by the top of the brain. Christ did not disregard dissipation of the passions; he regarded it as evil in the extreme; but he regarded the dissipation of the top of the brain as worse still. He said to those proud proprietaries, those men who had outward and not inward morals, those men who knew so much, and used their knowledge to oppress others with; who were so scrupulous about themselves, but did not care for anybody else—he said to them, pointing at those miserable harlots and those extortionate publicans, "You never do such things as they are guilty of doing, oh no; and yet they have a better chance of going to heaven than you have."

Even in the case of Zaccheus, when he said, "Lord, I am trying to do right," Christ said, "Come down; I will go to thy house." There was not a creature on earth who felt the need of a Saviour to whom Christ did not at once open the door of his heart; and the beauty of it was that Christ's heart stood open for all that were behind him, or before him, or on either side of him. When Christ came from the eternal sphere he brought with him as much of God as he could put into the conditions which he was to assume; as much as the human mind could comprehend; and though he laid aside that part of his being by reason of the circumstances in which he was to be placed, yet having entered upon our estate, when he spake, God spake; and when he showed mercy, it was an exhibition of God's mercy.

Now, have any of you, interested in the study of the texts of Scripture, considered the subject of your own want; of your own hope; of your own fear; of your own strivings; of your own unworthiness; of your own longings of soul; and have you said, "Lord, being what I am, what canst thou do for me?" Have you said, "What canst thou do for one who is slow and lethargic? What canst thou do for one who is

always behind his conception?" There is a Christ for just such an one as that. Have you said, "Lord, what canst thou do for a fiery nature?" There is a divine power for those that are fiery. Have you said, "Lord, what canst thou do for me that am proud and hard?" There is a God of love and mercy for such as you are. Have you ever said, "What canst thou do for dispositions that are cold and selfish?" There is a medicine for just such dispositions. Have you said, "Lord, what canst thou do for those who are self-seeking?" There is provision for them, too.

Oh come, ye that are weary and heavy laden; oh come, all ye that are sinful; oh come, all ye who feel the burden of your sin: to you, to-day, I preach a risen Christ. I preach to-day no plan and no atonement, although there is a plan and there is an atonement. But that which you want is a living Saviour. What you want is a person that your mind can think about as you think about your father and mother, your brother and sister, your friend, your physician, your deliverer, your leader, your guide.

Such is Christ. Such is he—ready to be over against every want. Being the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the Alphabet, he is the sum of the whole literature. He is the highest of all. He is broader than the earth. He is universal in sympathy. He says to every man, "I am the Sun of righteousness."

What art thou, O Sun? Thou that bringest back from captivity the winter day; thou that teachest all the dead things in the earth to find themselves again; thou that dost drive the night away from the weary eyes of watchers; thou that art the universal bounty-giver; thou that dost travel endlessly carrying benefactions immeasurable, illimitable, beyond want and conception of want—thou art the figure that represents God; and God is as much greater in bounty and mercy and power than thou art as spirit is greater than matter. For the sun is a spark. Around about the brow of him that reigns are suns sparkling as jewels in a crown. What, then, is that God who is accustomed to speak of himself to us as the Sun of righteousness that arises with healing in his beams?

If there are those who have been accustomed to judge of their hope by their life alone; by whether they are living right or wrong; by whether they are living in a constant state of self-condemnation, and under a perpetual state of bondage to their conscience or not, then they only know one thing—that they are *striving*, with a greater or less degree of earnestness. And they mourn, saying, "I am so insincere! I am so cold! I so often promise and do not fulfill!" Why, that it is to be man.

The doctor has come. He has taken charge of the patient that has been near to the border of death. The crisis is past; and he says to the child, "You are going to get well. I have got the upper hand of the disease." The next day, in the afternoon, the physician comes again; and the poor child lifts up its hands and says, "Doctor, I know that I am not going to get well. Not long after you went away, yesterday, a pain shot through me here; and I am sure I am not going to get well. I cannot sleep; I am very, very tired; and I can see no hope." "Well," says the doctor, "if you did not have pain you would not be sick. To be sick is to have poor digestion; it is to have that kingdom of the devil, the liver, the scene of all manner of impish tricks; it is to have various signs of weakness and disease; but I have begun to get the ascendency, and you are going to recover. To-day you may walk across the room." The child walks feebly, and is faint, and goes back to the couch, and says, "It is just as I thought—I am not going to get well." The very weakness clouds the sight of a beginning of strength, and makes hope hang heavily. The despondency is a portion of the disease.

So it is with people in spiritual things; and oh, if the continuity of your fight against evil, and your salvation, depended on your strength and fidelity, you might feel discouraged; but who is He that has called you? Who is He that has said, "I carry your lineaments on the palm of my hand, as one carries the portrait of a friend in his hand, and you are ever in my memory. A mother may forget her sucking child, but I will not forget thee." The eternal God, who bears up the orbs of the universe, with whom is no weariness, no variableness, no shadow of turning, has bowed down his

love, and has shown himself to be God, in that he has had compassion on you; and your hope lies in him. It is because of the fidelity and grandeur of his continuing love, and not because you are virtuous and strong and skillful and wise, that you are to hope.

Sleep, child, though the storm rages. But suppose the little passenger, tossed about by the waves on the good staunch ship, should go on deck to see if it could not do something? What can a child do with the Atlantic Ocean? What can a child do with a scowling, howling northern storm? What can a child do with a ship that he does not understand? But there is the old sturdy captain, who is gruff to the passengers, and gruffer yet to nature. He weathers the storm, and brings the ship safe into harbor. Then, when all the smiles and glory of the continent seem to light up the great bay, how grateful everybody is! How willing the passengers all are to sign a letter congratulating the good captain!

God is the Captain who directs this great world-ship; and though he will not always speak when you want him to, yet he carries you, night and day, safely on the stormy sea; and ere long he will bring you safely into port; and when he has brought you in, and you see him as he is, no word can describe, no experience can interpret, nothing that has entered into the heart of man can conceive, the rapture and joy which we shall feel. When we are lifted up out of this lower realm, and we stand in the celestial sphere and behold our Deliverer, we shall be satisfied. O, word of wonder, to one wandering through the earth among men, and finding no home—*satisfied!* We do not yet know what that means; but you and I and all of us are rushing fast toward the day when we shall stand, without spot or blemish, and shall see Him as he is, and shall be like him. We shall be satisfied; and that will be heaven!

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

WE rejoice, O Lord, that we are permitted to draw near to thee, taught not alone by thy Word, nor by the experience of those in every age who have found thee, but by that which thou hast given to us of thyself, and by which we turn ourselves in strength and in wisdom and in attainment toward children, toward the ignorant and toward the imperfect. We recognize it as a gift from God. It is not from beneath: it is of thee; and by it we interpret thee. Thou art greater in Fatherhood than any of us know how to be. If we, being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children, how much more shall our Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him! We come toward thee as toward an All-helping goodness. By whatever name thou mayest be known, thou art a God of love and of mercy, seeking by all means to lift up those who are low; to inspire those who are dark; to give comfort and grace to those who are needy; to sustain those who are ready to perish. All the universe beneath thy brooding hand is rising up and moving upward. All men are carried along upon the divine currents, even when they understand them not. Thou art compassing the great ends of thy government through the changes which are going on in all the earth; and we rejoice that toward the future there is brightness that grows brighter and brighter. We rejoice that the chaos, that the formless void, is left behind, and that the earth, created by thee, and bearing the race, moves forward. Thou art its Leader; and though thou dost direct it through darkling ways, though thou dost cause it to move through ways that are strange and mysterious, yet we believe in thee. We believe that thou art a safe Guide of every soul that puts its trust in thee, and that thou wilt save the nations. Thou leadest us from the clod, away from the beasts, above all that is low in man, towards purity and power in righteousness, until, being sons of God, disguised, one by one we lay aside the disguise at last, and stand the sons of light, crowned in thy presence, and received with ineffable joy in the midst of the heavenly host, henceforth to be priests and kings of God.

Grant unto us enough of this faith, O our Father, to keep us in mind thereof, that we may not think ourselves to be dull beasts of burden; that we may not think ourselves to be particles blown about by every wind that chance sends racketing through the world; that we may not feel discouraged, and give over the conflict as if everything was adverse to us, and nothing was for us. Grant that our thoughts may lift themselves up in spite of sorrow and darkness and trouble to the ever-living victory that awaits those who will inherit it. Grant that there may come forth this morning from thy throne to every waiting heart here a sense of God present and inspiring it. May Jesus Christ be born again. Even though it be as a babe, O come to every heart, and grow therein, and fill it with thine own self, and give to human faculty divine power.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt purge away all dross. Drive out all darkness. Take away all weakness, and put in its place divine strength. Give us the interpretation, so far as we need it, of thy

daily providence. If we cannot interpret nor see, then give us faith by which we may trust thee. As we trust tried friends, and know them, and lean upon them, and are sure that they will never break down under any load that we put upon them, so may our souls trust thee. Living, dying, for time, for eternity, everywhere, in all that is dear to us, in our affections, in our friendships, in our labors, in our ambitions, in whatever of experience is laid upon us, day by day, may we have the underlying strength of God, and may we lean upon it and rest in it. May we know something of thy bosom as well as of thine outstretched hand. We behold thee working wondrously upon the earth. Thou art the Potter indeed, fashioning worlds into vessels as it pleaseth thee. O grant that we may know something, not of thy shape, but of thy nature. Grant that we may know something of thee, not as an Architect of material things, but as One who has power over the soul. O, let thine inmost soul speak to us and say, Henceforth I call thee not slaves, but friends; and let us know what the Lord doeth in our secret thought and feeling. We pray that thou wilt give to every one in thy presence the strength which he needs to-day. If we have joy, grant that it may be a joy purified; and that it may become perennial. If we have doubt, grant the solution of that doubt. If it be vague and undefined trouble that is upon us, grant us release. O thou that dost breathe upon the cloud and lift the mist and reveal the shore to the perplexed mariner, give at last to those who seek the truth and know it not, a revelation of that truth. Comfort the weak. Speak forgiveness of sins to the guilty conscience.

We pray that thou wilt help every one to do the thing that is right where trials are, and where it is hard to carry the yoke and the cross. Fulfill yet again to-day the promise ten thousand times fulfilled before. Make thy burden light, and thy yoke easy, and thy cross life-giving.

Bless not us alone, but all who are dear to us. We pray for our children; for our companions; for all who have labored with us in word or in doctrine, or in the works of life, wherever they may be.

We pray that thou wilt grant that the Spirit of love and purity and divine wisdom may rest in power upon all who are in authority. Bless the President of these United States, and all that are joined with him. We pray for the Congress assembled. Bless all the legislatures. Bless governors, and judges, and magistrates of every grade. Bless the whole citizenship of this great republic. We pray that thou wilt lead us in right ways. May our strength stand in our righteousness. May all the nations of the earth, looking upon us, behold the better way, the way of knowledge—and may superstition flee away before it; show us the way of virtue—and may all intemperate wickedness be destroyed; keep us in the way of godliness and of truth and of piety. So may thy promises be fulfilled. So at last may the earth begin to round into perfect light. May the darkness pass away, and the morning come whose sun shall never go down. So, at last, do thou, that wert born on earth in feebleness, stand again to reign a thousand years in everlasting strength and glory.

And to thy name, Father, Son and Spirit, shall be the praise evermore *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray that thy word may be a comfort to souls that are cast down, and an inspiration to those that are not stirred. We pray that Jesus may rise upon our thought—though not upon our thought except by our thought to be conveyed to our want. Draw near to every one of us. See what we need inwardly. If thou art our Lover, O Lord Jesus Christ; if thou art a Lover whose love has been measured by death for us, and for each one of us by name; if such is the measure by which to interpret thy love, then we call upon Love to help us. We have a right to thee, O Love. We have a right to thy power; we have a right to thy patience; we need thee sorely. We call on thee, O thou blessed, loving Jesus, because we are blind; because we are hungry; because we are poor and sinful and undeserving. We call on thee for thy bounty, that we may be clothed, that we may be fed, that we may be wholesome and beautiful. So may we stand clothed in the righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, and be received in our Father's house, when the conflict and struggle, the wonder and mystery of life are over, to go no more out forever, and be as the angels of God. And to the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, we give the praise of our salvation, forever and forever. *Amen.*

THE SCIENCE OF RIGHT LIVING.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."—Eph. iv., 31, 32.

This fourth chapter of Ephesians, if some incidental material that is in it were eliminated, might be considered as a medal struck, representing the ends of Christianity, perhaps better than any other in the whole New Testament—the positive and the negative. In the 13th and 16th verses we have the positive:

"Till we all come in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ:"

"Speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ: from whom the whole body, fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying [building up] of itself in love."

There is the positive side—the generic and ideal aim of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Then comes the negative side:

"That ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts; and be renewed in the spirit of your mind; and that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor; for we are members one of another. Be ye angry and sin not."

There is no half-way obedience to that last command.

SUNDAY MORNING, December 28, 1873. LESSON: Eph. iv. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection). Nos. 180. 381, 11.

There are a great many who start on it, and get as far as being angry, and go no further. The command is, "Be ye angry and *sin not*." How to be angry in such a way as not to sin is a great, a divine art.

"Let not the sun go down upon your wrath; neither give place to the devil." "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth." "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, be put away from you, [that whole round and raft of mischievous moods and states of mind which inflict so much suffering on life,] with all malice, [with every attitude, with every inflection of experience which implies trouble to others, by your thoughts, by your feelings, by your conduct, or by your want of conduct—everything that indicates hurt, harm to your fellow-men.] and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Christianity I define to be the science of right-living. It is the *new manship* of the world. The forces which it employs are various; but the end which it seeks is definite—namely, perfect manhood in Christ Jesus. This is the object. Everything else is instrumental and relative. It can never be understood, then, in the letter, nor in the philosophy. To understand Christianity you must see it in the living form. Never can you see it, nor can you ever understand it, speculatively. No man can understand a garden by a book. If he has seen a garden the book will help him. If he has not seen a garden the book will be something; but the book is a guide to the garden, while the garden is the thing itself. The whole frame-work, and all the filling up, of the gospels and the letters of the New Testament, are secondary instrumental elements, the end being the new man in Christ Jesus. The power of Christianity does not lie in its history, nor in its statements of fact, nor in its systems of worship; it lies in that which the statements of truth and the systems of worship and discipline produce in mankind. For it is not the letter, but the *living epistle*, as the apostle suggests, that is the wisdom and the power of God; it is Christ in men; it is God revealed in the human disposition; it is a kind of secondary, diffusible incarnation of God in the race.

Consider the influence on human life of the strong malign element which man inherits. Consider what would be the effect on the whole arrangement of society, and the whole in-

tercourse of men, if the conditions of the 31st verse of this chapter could be instantly carried out. Consider what would be the effect if men should at once put away "all bitterness." Bitterness is that which means mischief. It is not indignation, which may be lordly and very kind: it means that which the snake means when he strikes with his fang. There is death in it. Bitterness, whether it is calm, whether it is silent, or whether it is obstreperous and vocal, should be laid aside. Consider what would be the effect if men should put away all "wrath"—hot and malign; all "anger"—quick and virulent; all "clamor"—disputes, high words, quarrelings; all "evil speaking"—whisperings, back-bitings, tale-bearings, running to and fro to blow up mists which shall chill or injure people; "with all malice." The apostle enumerates a few things, and then sums up the whole matter by including all things that belong to the hurting power of the mind; and he says, "Let them all be put away from you." Suppose society should instantly discharge itself of all these acrid elements which exist everywhere? The change would be so great that the atmosphere of life would seem different.

You know how, in the early spring of the year, there come from the north and the west those ice-bearing winds that almost, in spite of your raiment, cut you to the very marrow; how, if you are enfeebled, and have no resisting power, you shiver and shrink at home, or in the street find it hard to stand up and move about in your avocations; how, nevertheless, an unseen hand swings around the wind so that ere you are aware of it, before your attention is called to it, you are conscious that you are breathing another atmosphere; and how, at last, when you look at the weather-vane you find, sure enough, that the wind has turned to the south, making the air warm and humid like that of summer.

Now, a change as great as that would come over human society if all the pain-bearing elements in persons, if the power which persons have of making others unhappy, should be purged away, laid aside, destroyed, by the incoming of the divine Spirit. That ought to be; that was meant to be; that is to be.

A great many people have a feeling as though to be just,

to be stern, to be hard, to be cold, at times, was very manly and very noble. No, never! The human soul derives its pain-giving power from its animal connections. That power comes from the beast that is in men. It is part and parcel of that "old man" which is to be destroyed, laid aside, and purged away. The "new man" in Christ Jesus is to have power, but it is to be a power that inheres in kindness and love—in that new temperature which comes from heaven, and envelops the whole man. If in the family there were no more naggings, no more twittings, no more pinchings, no more snappings, no more snarls, no more scowls, no more morosenesses, no more selfishnesses, no more jealousies, no more evil speakings, it would be a different place. When the fire is first kindled, and the smoke cannot find its way through the pipe into the flues, and it flows into the room, filling it full, you throw every door and window open, and in a little while all the smoke is swept out of the room, and the fire begins to burn, warming the chimney, and the draft is good, and the smoke passes through its proper channel. The difference between a room full of smoke and a room without a particle of smoke in it is the difference that there would be in a household if the inmates knew how to put the old man out and how to put the new man in, and keep him there all day long, and during their whole life. Bitterness on the part of one member will turmoil and lower the tone and destroy the happiness of a whole household. One ugly nature is enough to distemper an entire family; and, on the other hand, one light-shedding, joy-bearing nature is enough to restore the equilibrium of a disturbed family. Great is the power of a human soul.

In the intercourse of men there is an affected kindness, or a kindness put on. It is called "politeness." It ought to be genuine; but even in its present form it is beneficial. It makes society possible. It obliges men to inject poisons disguisedly or not at all. Etiquette, courtesy, requires that men should treat each other gracefully, pleasingly. It tends to make the intercourse of society harmonious. And that which externally politeness strives after belongs interiorly to the Christian new man. It is his nature. Society itself would be immensely relieved, and far more fruitful of good,

if this spirit could be made prevalent. If out of business all envyings, jealousies, strifes, hardnesses, wrath, and clamor could be taken away, how smoothly it would flow on! What a manufactory is whose hundred looms and whose thousand spindles have not been oiled for months, so that they shriek and squeak on their rusty pivots turning, that is business; and what such a manufactory would be if every joint of every loom and every spindle were oiled so that the noise should cease and nothing should be heard but the regular sounds of industry, that business would be if all the bitterness which belongs to the lower and animal nature were taken out of it. That "old man" that everybody has something of, and that everybody starts full-freighted with, is a very bad business man. He makes business slow, painful, and wearisome; but the new man whose nature it is to cast out that which produces pain and bring in that which produces happiness, joy, benevolence—oh, that we could get him into the partnership!

In the strifes and collisions of public affairs, in the conduct of the State, in the settlement of questions of debate, in the management of the great interests of the commonwealth, how is the malign element all the time at war with the real good of men!

If you want to know why it is that men so prematurely grow old; if you want to know why it is that there is a mystic handwriting on their faces, it needs no Champollion to explain this: it is because in the family, in the social circle, in business, in public affairs, everywhere, there is an element in the human constitution which asserts itself, and is continually rasping, wearing, wasting men by destroying their peace of mind and making them unhappy in various ways. That is the reason why the world goes on at such a groaning rate. But if a change could be effected so that men should carry only their sweet natures into their household affairs, into their business, and into the administration of public matters, how different it would be! If the dominant temper of all rulers, of all magistrates, of all legislators, of all functionaries in public affairs, was kindness, what a different influence they would exert upon society! If what men wanted and

strove for and had was good-will; if it exhaled from them; if it was their real nature; if in the conduct of business it was their first, their second, their third, their continuous impulse; if under pressure, under trial, under temptation, that side of their mind was ever presented: if even when bruised it were fragrant; if in social relationship the one constant breathing of the soul was from the side that produced kindness and good will, incessantly, always—if such were the state of things, the new heavens and the new earth would have come.

The trouble with this world is that men use their bottom nature almost exclusively, and only attach to it their top nature here and there. The faculties of human nature which are usually employed are basilar and malign. The world groans and travails in pain because it is under the dominion of the animal nature that is in the old man, and not under that of the nature of kindness which is in the new man.

Consider the intrinsic beauty and moral power of a nature in which the malign element is subdued, and the whole emissive force of the soul is genial, benevolent, and helpful. Looking upon an individual as you would upon a picture, a statue, or a fine piece of architecture, is there anything that men so much admire as a strong, grand nature that acts invariably in the line of kindness?

We know very little about William Shakespeare as a man: but if it should be discovered, by some old letters, by some history (which will never be dug up) that he was an envious, jealous, spiteful man, it would throw a cloud over the brilliance of his life-work. It would be subject-matter of sadness to every one who loves humanity. But if you could discover letters which showed that aside from his extraordinary power (which, perhaps, in his line, was greater than that which has been vouchsafed to any other human being before or since), he was as full of gentleness and sweetness and kindness as the most notable and beautiful natures which he created in his matchless dramas, and that he wrote that which was bad in his works, not out of his own self, but out of his observation of the world, would not everybody feel that, great as his dramas are, he was greater than any of them? Do not men

long to find heroes; and finding them, is it not the tendency of better culture, as it rises, to seek better natures, and to crown the illustrious ones of earth with goodness rather than with evil?

So long as the world stands we shall admire the intellectual force of Napoleon, but as the world grows older it will less and less call him a full hero, because in his disposition and nature he was malign, without moral principle, and without any spiritual instinct. He was a hero on the lower plane of life.

More and more as we grow, we appreciate the finer traits that are in human nature. Men going out into life never forget the mother who stays at home, and who has presented to them a nature with reason dominant, with a high moral sense, with refined and sweet affections, with taste, with patience, with gentleness, with self-sacrifice, and with disinterestedness. A man may go through all the world; he may become a pirate, if you please; he may run through every stage of belief and unbelief; he may become absolutely apostate; he may rub out his conscience; he may destroy his fineness in every respect; but there will be one picture that he cannot efface. Living or dying there will rise before him, like a morning star, the beauty of that remembered goodness which he called *Mother*.

There are men who are so cynical that they swear the whole race to hell; but they always spare some one person—wife, or sister, or mother. There is a single character that survives universal annihilation in their thoughts. There is nothing that takes hold of a man's very being so much as a nature that seems to be well nigh perfect.

That is the reason why fiction is so influential upon us. Writers of fiction can fill their books with just such creatures as they please; and the consequence is that they are populous with angels. We yearn for that which is angelic; and when we come into its presence we find it too good to be thrown away. When we meet persons who seem to be endowed with goodness we wait; and if after waiting we find that they are what they seem to be, whether the goodness is native to them, or whether it is implanted in them by divine

grace; if we find that their bent is happiness-producing; if we find that they are just the same under trials and temptations as under other experiences, we cannot, no matter who we are or what we are, help admiring their character, and feeling the power of it. It is more than a sermon; it is more than a rebuke; it is more than a judgment-day; it is more than anything in the world that comes in the shape of expository truth. The light of a real Christian life shining on men puts them to more shame than the cunning sentences of the most pungent discourses. Nothing is so sweet and encouraging to the soul as to see a nature blossoming under the influence of the divine Spirit. I do not mean folks who sing a good deal, and pray a good deal, and talk a good deal, and attend meetings a good deal, and are on committees a good deal; these things are excellent, and they may be among the fruits of piety, but they are not piety. I mean people whose nature is sweet and fragrant, and who pour that nature out on other people, and make it felt everywhere. I mean persons who fulfill perfectly this command:

> "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice: and be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Find such a nature as that, and tell me if there is another power in the world that produces such an effect on you as it does.

Now, that is the gospel. You say the gospel is a history of Christ. I say it is not. The gospel is the spirit of Christ in a living form before you. It is Christ manifested to you—so much of Christ as human life can interpret; so much of Christ as constitutes the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation to those who believe. It is not the letter, which is a mere instrument. The gospel is the *living form* of those qualities which were embalmed in Christ, which are recorded of him, and which have been exhibited by his disciples in every age. Therefore the church is called his body. The reproduction of his dispositions in man constitutes the gospel. The divine elements, as set forth by Christ, and as developed in men, are the real gospel. There is not a bit more gospel

in this world than there is in the living hearts of Christian people. All else that goes by the name of the gospel is dead. There are unrisen Christs, any number of them; there are any number of Christs in printer's ink; but of Christs in men, the hope of glory, how many are there? If I were to call the roll to-day for men who have to any considerable extent by their example made people think of Christ, how many of you would dare to respond?

I know when a man has come into my house wearing fragrant flowers. I enter the room, and say, "There has been mignonette or grape blossoms here, one or the other, I cannot tell which." I know it by the fragrance that they have left behind them. A man comes in, and I say, "Who has tuberoses here? Somebody has." The fragrance that these flowers have is such that it cannot be disguised. If a man has the odor of balm or myrrh about him, the perfume of it is distinguishable. Take me into a pine forest, and you cannot persuade me that I am in an oak forest. I know the odor of the pine. If you were to take me into a new-mown field, it would be useless for you to tell me that I was in an old barn. You could not deceive me in that way.

Take into the presence of those who are capable of spiritual discernment a true Christian man, and the impression he makes is unmistakable. Some men come where you are, and when they go away you are screwed up, and you do not know what the matter is. Your nerves are all tense, and you cannot understand why. It is the old man in them that affects you so. Other people come into your presence, and when they go away you are relaxed, and feel weak and nerveless. Other people come in, and somehow when they go away everything looks blue to you. There is a mist over everything. You cannot see clearly. Other people come in, and when they go away everything looks bright to you. The effect of such persons' presence is soothing to a man, especially when he is very sensitive by reason of a slight sickness. I have known persons that came into my room when I was indisposed, whose faces did me more good than all the medicine they left. There was a courage, there was a hopefulness in it, there was a kind of sweet buoyancy in them. I have

talked with men of such natures that when they went away I felt cleaner; and life looked larger and better to me by reason of the radiance which they threw over it.

Now, persons may be in one church or another; they may be professors or non-professors of religion; but then I say, that the divine element in man, the new life, is unmistakable; and when it is exerted on the minds of men they do not want to resist it—they cannot resist it. That distinctive element is the very essence of the gospel itself. The power of the gospel does not lie in historical statements; neither does it lie in systematic arguments: it lies in the living force of the higher moral nature of the church and of the community at large. There is just so much gospel in the world as there is of this sweet, higher nature, exerting itself on human life, and no more.

Now, do not admit this too easily, because the inferences are very strong, which I am going to draw from it.

If, then, this be the true idea of the gospel force in the world, we must be careful how we allow other things to become substitutes for it, or usurpers of its place. To a very large extent, spiritual rapture has been substituted for it. It is not strange that men have not well understood and discriminated and defined the higher moral nature; because they are less conversant with its elements than with any others. When, therefore, a man is carried off in the direction of the invisible, and has ecstatic emotions, and great joy in devotional exercises or meditation, and especially when his experience takes the form of rapture, and is high, and clear, and beautiful, men feel as though that man were living very near to God. He seems to them angelic. He may be, and he is more apt to be than one who has no such experience; but true Christian experience does not always take on the form of rapture. If rapture is the fruit of this other experience—the discharge of the malign element from the mind; the putting down of the animal nature; the subduing of the old man; the bringing unto ascendency of the new man; the development of tender-heartedness and lovingness—then it is very significant and very powerful; but there are many persons who are capable of going off at will into spiritual poetism.

You do not misunderstand me when I say that one person has a mathematical genius, that another has an oratorical genius, that another has a poetic genius, that another has an artistic genius, and that another has a musical genius; but sometimes people are shocked when I say that a man has a praying genius; and yet it is true that there are persons who have a genius for praying. But it has not, necessarily, anything to do with character. Some persons are so configurated that they pray naturally. They are fluent in prayer—for there is a fluency in praying as much as in speaking. There is oratory toward God as well as oratory toward men. It is good or bad according to the circumstances. There are persons who have unbounded facility in imagination, in creation, in bringing near ten thousand interior, spiritual elements. There are men who can call up at any time a vision of heaven, and people it with glittering angels. There are men who can project their thoughts into the far future, and depict to themselves wonderful spiritual things. Persons may thus be almost carried away. But a man may be capable of all these things, and yet not have a true Christian character.

Mere spiritual rapture, then, as it is taught in many churches and by large sections in our time, if it is the fruit of foregoing sweetness, of the love-element in Christ Jesus, is not to be despised; but when you are seeking the "higher life," as it is sometimes called, when you are uniting yourself to that class who are searching the "perfection," as it is called at other times, and suppose that spiritual ecstasy is the highest form of human experience, you put the effect for the cause. You substitute something else for that mood which is like the state of mind that was in Christ Jesus. What was that state of mind? God so loved the world that he sent Christ to die for it; and Christ so loved the world that he died for it, and prayed for it as he died. So, one whose nature is based on Christ Jesus has discharged from his mind all malice. The whole operation of his thought and feeling and will is such that it carries no pain, no harm, but joy, goodness, well-wishing, peace, good will. He is a new man.

Now, if that mood comes with higher and higher forms of rapture, it is all the better. I never like anthracite coal so well as I do cannel coal, because it will not blaze. It is like good matter-of-fact folks. It has a great deal of heat, and will carry it a great while; but it is not so pleasant as cannel coal, which not only has plenty of heat, but has a blaze which goes roaring up the chimney. Imagination is a desirable trait; and it does not prevent the co-existence of all the other excellent traits. I like practical, sedate men, who are as full of goodness as a cluster is of sweetness, even if they do not have anything else; but if they can break out into a blaze, also, I like them still better.

See how natural it is that persons should confound the two things, and suppose because people have rapture that therefore they are distinctively patterns of Christian life. No, no! The Christian life lies under all that, and is the cause of it. If there is nothing substantial under the rapture, if there are no coals, if there is only the blaze from some light, inflammable material, the flaming ecstacy is fictitious, it is a substitute, and not only a substitute, but a usurper of the true Christian experience, which begins and ends in love.

Consider, too, the forces which have been exerted and the efforts expended to compass the truth as it presents itself to the intellect, as if that were the thing that the world seeks, and not the truth as it presents itself to the heart. There has been such an immense amount of intellectual teaching under the name of Christianity, the truth has been so dissected, so analyzed, and so brought into the form of ideas, that really men have frequently no comprehension of what is the true gospel nature of confessions, creeds, etc.

Suppose I wanted to show a man what a magnificent thing an orchard was in October mellow days, and suppose I should take him into my cellar and show him a barrel which contained cider that had turned to vinegar? He would say, "That is your orchard, is it? Well, the less I have of it the better I like it." Then I say, "If you do not like it, I will show you good old cider that has not turned to vinegar." He does not like that, either; so I show him new cider, and give him a straw. He says, "That is not so bad, but it does not answer

at all to your description of an orchard." At length, finding that the man is so unreasonable, I say, "Then I will go back with you another step;" and I take him into the mill-house where the apples are in a trough, well crushed. The pulp, the seeds, the rinds and the stems lie together there in a mass; and I say, "That is an orchard." "Well," he says, "it is a dirty, slushy orchard." At last, perceiving that he is utterly discontented, and will not be satisfied with anything short of a real orchard, I take him out into the lot and show him the trees. "Ah!" he says, the moment his eye catches a sight of them, "now I understand all the rest. This is beautiful!" He stands in the orchard, and says, "I would not ask for anything better than to have a cottage here, and live in the midst of such a wealth of beauty, and be a cultivator. How pleasant it would be to look upon the flowers and foliage, and listen to the songs of the birds, and gather in the rich, ripe fruit!" He thinks an orchard is splendid when he looks upon the actual thing.

Here is the garden of the Lord—the Gospel. Here are the beautiful plants of righteousness, the precious fruits of the Spirit—humility, meekness, gentleness, patience, forgiveness, tender-heartedness, joy, love—growing in the hearts of believers. A theologian comes in, and says, "I want to show you the Gospel." So he rolls out his old cider barrel full of vinegar. "That is it, boiled down, fermented, brought to a *pint*." Yes, I should think it was! He brings forward what he has crushed out of the living form, and declares that that is the Gospel; but it is the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth remove from it. He points out the old still where the manufacturing processes are carried on, and where various elements, after having gone through men's thoughts, are made into a philosophy; and he speaks of the result as though that were the Gospel. He begins with the existence of God; then he goes through the history of revelation; and then he deduces from revelation this, that, and the other doctrine. He states these things as regularly and with as much facility as a man would call the roll of a military company, referring to chapter and section, and giving hideous quotations from the dear old Bible, the writers of which never dreamed that they

would be used to prove any such things as men seek to prove by them. He preaches a set of intellectual doctrines all the year round; then he turns about and preaches them over again; then he preaches them cross-wise, every which way, as letters are sometimes written; and that he calls preaching the Gospel. And the newspapers are full of diatribes against men who do not turn the same mill as they do; who do not take the truth and intellectualize it; who do not convert heart-life into philosophical life, which is a totally different thing. The great mistake is made of supposing that an intellectual system is the Gospel. I aver that there is no Gospel except that which is in the lives of men. The wisdom of God in the production of gentleness, sweetness, patience, long-suffering, disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice—that is the Gospel. There is no other. It is not in the book; it is not in sermons; it is not in my discourses to you; it is in *you*, or nowhere. Theologies are good for some things, but they lie when they tell you that they are *the* truth.

And that which is true of intellectual systems is still more emphatically true of dynastic Christianity. Far be it from me to deride church-government. All churches must have some sort of government. Government belongs to the law of association. Whether you write it down or not, it will take care of itself. It will go wherever men come together. Let five persons meet for any object, and in less than twenty minutes there will be a relative adjustment of their forces according to their individual peculiarities. Some will go higher than the others, and will have ascendency over them, in the nature of things. When you put ten pounds into one scale and twenty into another, it is not a matter of accommodation that the ten pounds go up and the twenty pounds go down; it is in accordance with nature. And when men are associated with each other there is subordination and elevation; there are inferiorities and superiorities; and these things take care of themselves. There must be government in all churches. What sort of government it shall be depends upon the nationality of the people, their customs, and the habits of the time in which they live. Governments are like

clothes, which adapt themselves to the climates in which they are worn. They are of no more account than garments which are taken off and thrown away when they are worn out, or cease to be useful, new ones being substituted for them.

Do men to this day go back to the cedars of Lebanon for wood with which to build houses of the Lord? I should as soon think of saying that all synagogues and churches should be constructed of materials brought from Asia, as to say that men must go back to apostolic times and do now just what the apostles did then. We are to imitate the apostles: but the imitation is to be, not in doing what they did, but in doing, like them, that which is fit in every case.

A doctor is called to prescribe for a fever, and he gives a cooling draught. His young Esculapius, coming after him, is called to prescribe for congestive chills. He says, "My teacher gave a cooling draught, and I will give a cooling draught." He imitates his teacher exactly, like a fool. And there is no greater fool than a man who imitates just what the apostles did, instead of imitating the principle on which they did it. It is the inside that is to be followed, and not the outside.

One of my boys comes in crying, and says, "Father, I ran against a lamp-post, and bruised my face." I say, "My son, do not run against lamp-posts." The next day he comes in again with another bruise on his face, and says, "I did not run against a lamp-post; I ran against a tree." "Well," I say, "do not run against lamp-posts nor trees." The next day he comes in, having had another whack, and says, "I did not run against a lamp-post nor a tree; I ran against an iron railing." He had obeyed me, and yet he was hurt. But the spirit of my order was that he should not run against anything that would hurt him. "Well," you say, "the child that could not understand that would be an idiot"—but you ought not to, because in saying it you sweep away half the theologians of creation. For what they have been imitating has been the stitches, the hems, the seams in the garments of the apostles. There has been an outside imitation; whereas they should have imitated that which belonged to the inside. This they have not been big enough to see. They have found it

much easier to crawl around in the narrow limits of an animal, than to walk in the full largeness of a man.

Now, there are substitutes for the gospel in the shape of government, church polity, and modes of worship; there are discussions with regard to the gospel in its relations to history, in its relations to philosophy, and in its relations to the state. I think I may say that, on the whole, nine-tenths of the power of the human soul since the advent of Christ has been expended upon the external, accidental concomitants of the gospel; and that there has never been a time in which the whole force of any considerable body of Christians has been mainly and enthusiastically directed to the production of the real gospel—a manhood which has laid aside all malice, and is acting in the full power and enthusiasm of divine love. That is the gospel; and the producing of that is the very thing which men have not done, which they are not doing, and which they are railing at others for trying to do. There are to-day in the seat where God should be, grinning idols of theology, of church government, of church ordinances, of church polity, and of church worship.

That living disposition, that active spirit, which constitutes the gospel, has been relatively neglected, while undue attention has been given to religious systems and philosophies and doctrines which are means, but not the end.

The true test, then, of any church, or sect, or ministry, is not so much the knowledge which it gives, or the order which it secures, as its productiveness of new men in Christ Jesus, or of a higher degree of manhood; and it is an awful test. I do not know the man or the minister that can stand up under it. I cannot. When I see, where there is the least disturbance among you, where there is the slightest disagreement in a Sunday-school matter, that the old worthy members of my church, who have been many years under my ministry, act just like anybody else, and squabble, and, full of answerings, call back, and carry away hard feelings, I say to myself, "I have not made many *men* yet. My preaching has been as poor as any other minister's." One fails for one reason, and another for another; this man is running after ordinances, that man is running after doctrines, and I am running after

sentiment; and we all come short together. When I judge from what you are, I feel that I am about as poor a minister as I know of.

Oh, that I might see a true ministry somewhere! I would not fall down and worship, but I would count myself unworthy to loose the shoe-latchet of a man whose preaching was such as to bring together scores of Christian men who, in all things, under all pressures, in times of disturbance and in times of peace, still developed the sweetness, the beauty, the patience, the gentleness, the forbearance, the love, that is in Christ Jesus our dear Lord.

You are living epistles, known and read of all men, and your poverty is the worst criticism that can be made on my ministry. Whatever you do that is good and excellent is so much commendation of me, and whatever you do that is less than that is so much condemnation of me.

I remark, once more, that the only basis of Christian union in the world, as tested by the facts which I have thus far developed, is personal excellence. Men have been going about and endeavoring to unite people, but they will not succeed in doing it in the way in which they have undertaken it.

If I were sent out into the field and asked to make a bouquet that should please everybody, and if I were to get some burdocks, and some stinking-jimson blossoms, and some sunflowers, and five or six other coarse-looking, noxious-smelling weeds, I could not put them together so that everybody would like them. It would be impossible to arrange them so that there would be harmony between them. One would want to be in this or that place, and another would want to be in the same place. The burdock would say, "Let me be there;" the sunflower would say, "No, let me there;" and the jimson blossom would say, "Wait! you don't smell half so strong as I do, let me be there; I belong in the most conspicuous place." A pleasing bouquet could not be made out of these quarrelsome weeds.

On the other hand, let a man bring out of the garden, indiscriminately, a quantity of beautiful flowers, and I will defy him to put them together so poorly that everybody will not admire them. They will be lovely in spite of any carelessness

with which they may be arranged. Could one possibly be so unskillful as to put twenty rose-buds together so that everybody would not be glad to have them? It might be done better or worse, but in any case they would be so beautiful that any one would be pleased with them.

Men want to bring churches together, but they are so stenchful, they are so unbeautiful in their blossoming, they have so many repugnances, they are so rebellious, that you cannot unite them in their sectarian forms. You never ought to try. But just so quick as Christianity blossoms in *men*, and makes them beautiful, that moment they belong to all sects, and their fragrant and beautiful qualities find no trouble in harmonizing.

There are no walls that can keep me from taking the good of any man's garden. In England I walked the roads and saw brick walls built ten feet high around gardens; but there were the trees with their foliage, there were blossoming plants, there were birds singing merrily, and I had the joy of them, though I could not get over where they were. You may build fences about your gardens as much as you please, but I will see your trees, and smell your flowers, and listen to your birds. My eye is a universal rover; my nose gathers tax and custom from every sweet-smelling blossom; and my ear takes in all delightful sounds.

So every true Christian is my brother or my sister. Whoever is noble and self-sacrificing is mine. I do not care if it is he who sits in the Pope's chair, my invisible arm goes around that old man and hugs him for Christ's sake. I do not care what men's church connections are; if they are only men in Christ Jesus, they belong to me. And if I can so live as to produce on those who come near me the effect of Christ's love, Christ's gentleness, Christ's humility, Christ's meekness, they cannot help owning me if they really want in their hearts to ally themselves to that which is good. I do not care whether they are in the church or out of the church, I am among them. They cannot shut me out. You can scourge a man who stands on the lower physical plane; but a man who stands on higher spiritual ground you cannot scourge. You cannot imprison him nor cast him out. Chas-

fising him is like wounding spirits in whom the gash closes up as soon as the sword is drawn back. If you undertake to unite men by the outside, if you attempt to unite them by forms of doctrine, you will fail; but if you undertake to bring them together on the ground of intrinsic disposition based on the Lord Jesus Christ, you cannot prevent their coming together. The great want in the matter of Christian union to-day is not a way, but *men*. It is the irresistible attraction of moral affinities that constitutes Christian union. There are various other things which prepare and smooth the way for it, but they are of no account without this vital element. Carving and ornamentation on a candlestick, and the candlestick itself, are all very well, but what does a candlestick amount to without a candle? All these methods that take away offensive creeds, and forms, and ordinances, and arrogant governments and pretensions, are well enough, but there can be no Christian union until there are men in the different sects who shall lift themselves out of the old man and into the new man in Christ Jesus, so that they shall begin to know each other interiorly, and form that atmosphere in which such union essentially consists.

Lastly, let me bring this matter home to you personally, my dear Christian brethren, as a very solemn test. If this is the testimony of the New Testament (and I am not afraid of any investigation that you may make into the subject), it is a question that I have a right to put to every one of you who supposes he is a Christian—not, When were you converted? and not, How were you converted? but, To what were you converted? To belief? To sectarianism? To devotion? Have you been converted to that kind of spirit which was in Christ Jesus, "who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God; but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and, being found in fashion as a man, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross"? Have you been converted to the spirit of that Jesus who rose and girded himself with a towel, and washed his reluctant disciples' feet, saying, "As I, your Lord and Master, do this to you, so ye must do it to

one another"? Have you been converted to the spirit of that Personage who declared that in his spiritual kingdom those who were willing to do the lowest offices were the ones who stood highest? Have you been converted to humility, to self-sacrifice, to unfailing kindness, and to love which casts out fear as well as wrath? Have you been converted to the new man who is in Christ Jesus? It is for you in your own meditation to search your heart and answer these questions to yourself.

Do you think that you have been growing in the divine life? Many of you think you have grown during the last year: in what respects have you grown? Have you grown in externals? That is well. Have you grown in that knowledge which is outside? That is not ill. But have you consciously grown in sweetness?

It is a shame for an apple that has set in the spring or in the early summer to be just as sour when November comes round as it was early in the season. You would not keep in your orchard a tree that bore such apples. You would cut it down. And yet, how many trees there are in the Lord's garden whose apples grow sour rather than sweet! How many men there are who came into the church five years ago, perhaps, and are no sweeter, if they are not sourer, than they were then!

Now, how has it been with you? Has it been the acid, acrid juice, or the saccharine juice, that has been developed in your nature? You can tell; or those who live with you can! It is a question that every man ought to put to himself. Every man ought to make an inventory, every man ought to take an account of stock, respecting his inner life. Every man ought to inquire what the unwritten books of his life, the books of his soul's consciousness, show.

What is the power of your life, Christian brethren? You are influential, and you seek place and opportunity to do good: what is the power on which you rely for doing good? Is it that of the external man, is it that of outward wisdom, or is it that which consists in the fact that your soul carries so much of the divine fervor and of the divine bounty that wherever you go God goes with you? If that be your power,

no man can narrow your sphere, and no man can hinder you. If you have not that power; if you have not that spirit of God which fits you for the emergencies and trials of life; if that Christ is not in you, who is not only the hope of glory but the spring of all moral influences, then you are weak indeed. By just so much as you lack Christ you are of the old man, and are of the flesh, fleshly.

This is our last Sabbath of the year. It is the last Sunday morning of the year. I would to God that every one of us might disrobe himself of much of the false covering that he has worn. Would that we might throw aside the patched and fantastic garments that have covered us. Would that we might put away the old and lower man. Would that, on this bright and blessed morning, we might sink our faults and transgressions out of sight, and, as God says, let them be remembered and mentioned no more forever. Would that we might begin a new year, Christian brethren, as Christ's men, inwardly, dispositionally, and from this time forth, with open throat, like flowers, pour out sweet fragrance, and, like trees, bear abundant fruits of the Spirit to the honor and glory of our God.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

ALMIGHTY God, we draw near to thee not abashed because we are inferior; nor are we separated from thee because we are unworthy; for thy great grace and goodness have taken away the sense of fear, and with it much of the sense of shame. We are drawn to thee by a graciousness that makes us forget our poverty. Thou art better to us than we know how to be to men; and yet, when the needy come, it is in the power of the gracious heart so to overshine them that they forget their poverty, and forget everything but the kindness in which they stand, and which warms them with sweet life. Thou dost pour upon those who draw near to thee such tides of graciousness, and such sensible love, that they forget their sinfulness, and are conscious that they are children of God brought home by that grace which is in Jesus Christ our Lord. So we come to thee remembering more of thy goodness than of our unworthiness, and aspiring to stand in the might and glory of thy nature rather than of our own, rejoicing that in the economy of thy grace, as the sun brings forth all things upon the earth, so the Sun of righteousness is bringing forth upon men all that is good and perfect. As the smallest flowers are not shamed when they look up into the sun, whose children they are, and toward whom the sun moves in its mightiness, and gives of its warmth according to its own nature, and not according to the nature of the flower; so we stand in thy presence, rejoicing in thee for what thou art, and not thinking of what we are. We rejoice that there is this perfectness of love which casts out fear, and checks our sense of distance from thee, and takes away from us all feeling of shame and humiliation, and lifts us up into the blessedness of heavenly relations. We are of thee as children are of their parents; and love banishes everything else, gives its own law, and brings its own fruit.

We bless thee for the experiences we have had. We bless thee for all the joy that has come to us. We bless thee for the interpretations of our life which thou hast vouchsafed to us. We bless thee for all the providences which have been messengers of God to us and brought us gifts. We thank thee for those gifts which have brought sorrows as much as for those which have brought gladness. We know that the earth needs its night as much as its day, and that we need darkness as much as light. Thou sendest us winds that make us strong; and we thank thee for these; for we know that those things on which the wind doth not blow do not form wood. Were it not for troubles we should never be stiff or strong in the midst of the burdens of life. Thy storms are all nourishing storms. Thy strokes are the strokes of love. Thou art administering thy chastisements with fidelity; and thou art a better judge than we are of what we should have, and when and where we should have it. We rejoice to believe that in the circle of thine administration there are infinitely

more laws and providences than we know of by which thou art minutely and carefully watching over everything that concerns us.

We desire, O Lord, to rejoice in the thought that thy greatness is such that all our measures come short. We can have no sense or knowledge of the grandeur of the relations of thy thought and soul and purpose to the economies of life. So much as we know of that which thou hast revealed fills us with confidence that when the rest shall come it will be in analogy with this, and carry us up, so that thou wilt prove to be not only greater than we think thee to be, but infinitely better; that thy graciousness shall be found to be such as shall disarm all our fears, and bring in their place hope and encouragement, and give power to the hidden man within our souls; and that we shall be more than satisfied, and break forth in exultation, and join with those in the heaven above, and around about thy throne, in giving praise and dominion and glory to thee forever and forever.

We pray that we may not hide ourselves from the summer of thy heart—that we may be open to thee in such a way that all the chilling frosts of winter may depart from us; that every one of us may grow in grace; that the fruit of the spirit may be in us, and that we may be as gardens of the Lord, full of fragrance, full of beauty, and full of glowing fruit.

We pray that thou wilt help every one in thy presence in the work of his life, by which he seeks to put off the old man, and put on the new man, created in righteousness. We pray that we may not any of us be discouraged as we struggle against undue pride, unlawful desires, the appetites and passions of our lower nature. May we remember that we are in the battle as good soldiers, that whether it go against us or for us we are still to maintain our place and fight manfully, knowing who is our Captain and what is our Armory, that in the end even those who are cast down shall not be forsaken, that those who are wounded shall be healed, and those who are slain shall be brought more gloriously to life; and may we feel that it is not in vain that we are serving thee. So, through darkness and through light, through rude ways and through ways that are smooth, through discouragements and through encouragements, grant that we may have forevermore such a sense of Jesus Christ formed in us, the hope of glory, that life shall seem to us worth having, and its ends worth striving for. While we do not disdain thine outward blessings, though we thank thee for the household, for food, for raiment, for society, for its relations, for all worldly things which we are enabled to enjoy, yet we desire, O Lord, to put highest the work which thou art attempting to carry on in our souls. We desire to look upon invisible things, and to discern afar off the inner home of the soul, with its companionships. May we prepare ourselves so that when we pass beyond the bounds of time we may stand in the plenitude of glory, and inherit with great joy that inheritance which awaits us, but which we have not seen.

We pray that thy blessing may rest upon the services of the sanctuary to-day. Grant, we beseech of thee, that thy truth may come more to us, not falling on the outward ear, but sinking into the inner

soul. By it may we be strengthened and inspired and carried forward in the Christian life. Bless thy churches. May all thy servants be clothed with that spirit which is from on high, and be able to make known to men Jesus Christ as the great Power of salvation.

We pray that thou wilt be with all those who are in distant fields of labor. We pray for those who are working for thy cause in foreign lands. Though they may not now see the fruit of their service, may they have faith that they will see it, by and by—in the world to come if not in this world.

We pray for all in distant parts of our own land, who are amidst trials and sickness and solitude and hindrances of every kind. Still may they patiently do their work, laying foundations which in their lifetime may never rise above the ground, but on which others shall build. May they be content to be builders of foundations, so that they be foundations of the temple of the Lord.

Bless, we pray thee, all classes of our citizens. Bless especially those who are most ignorant and needy; those who are subject to wrongs—particularly to violent wrongs which are inflicted upon them by their own passions through ignorance.

We pray that education may prevail, and that the whole land may be intelligent, and that it shall be an intelligence which shall take hold of morality and true piety.

Remember the President of these United States, and all who are joined with him in authority. Bless the Congress assembled. Bless all governors and legislators and judges. Bless all that bear rule. May they rule diligently and in the fear of God.

Bless the nations of the earth. We thank thee for those steps which are being taken toward brotherhood. We pray for the divine blessing upon all those influences which conspire to disarm the bloody hand, and bring in the heart that would shed its own blood rather than that the blood of another should be shed. Let that glorious day come when all races shall know thee and be joined to thee.

And to thee, Father, Son, and Spirit, shall be praises, forevermore. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray that thou wilt add thy blessing to the word spoken. Give to us that ripening spirit without which there is no summer for us. We never felt so much the need of thy presence and of thy divine, quickening spirit, which pierces to the dividing asunder of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart, as now. O Lord our God, thou of such love that thou didst die for us, and art living for us a life that is more glorious than dying, come among thy people. Cleanse them, inspire them, guide them, that they may become perfect men in Christ Jesus.

Help us to sing again to thy praise, then send us with joy and gladness to our several homes, and finally bring us to our Father's house in heaven, through riches of grace in Christ Jesus. *Amen.*

RELIGIOUS CONSTANCY.

"Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain unto the earth. O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away.' —Hos. vi., 3. 4.

This is a voice that comes to us from a strange land, far away in antiquity—a mournful voice of expostulation. But the thing which aroused the prophet's sad lament is as familiar to us as it was to those who lived in that day. "As face answereth to face in water, so the heart of man to man," in all the different nations and in all the different ages of the world. The same temptations follow the same passions, and substantially the same experiences are the result, somewhat colored, shaped a little differently, wearing a different costume, that is, but in their inner nature absolutely the same, in ancient days and in modern. We find the same expostulations and the same recognitions in the New Testament. The inconstancy of men in goodness; the facility with which they are excited; the quickness with which they recognize the better way; the rapidity with which they forget it—these are themes of the Old Testament and of the New alike, and also of observing men in profane literature.

"Many are called, but few are chosen."

Of all the seed sown, but one parcel—that which fell into good ground—came to good account; while that which fell

SUNDAY MORNING, January 4, 1874. LESSON: Psa. cxlv. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 104, 668.

by the wayside, in the road, on the rock, and among thorns, perished.

The topic is the inconstancy, the remission, of religious emotion. If one considers the prodigious scope of the themes that are brought to bear upon the human soul under the general name of *religion*, it is surprising that man, once aroused, should ever know quiet again. The nature of God, and his divine government; the destiny of men; the everlasting future; right, with its benefits; wrong, with its penalties—these are adapted to excite all the feelings of the human soul, and to keep them in a state of vital interest; and yet, in point of fact, we perceive that men do not abide continuously and long under the impressions which are excited in them, or under the emotions which are developed in them, by the presentation of the great truths of religion. There is a vast amount of tremulous excitement, there is a great deal of feeling, which runs for an hour very deeply; and yet, the transientness of religious life and of religious feeling is just as much a matter of remark to-day as it was a thousand years ago—and just as much a matter of remark in the church as it was in the synagogue.

The grand obvious reason will be, of course, in the nature of the human soul; in its proclivity downward and backward towards the animal, on which it is based, and from which it sprang. The love of the world; the power of selfish instincts; the force of habits which, like springs pressed, or like trees blown by the wind, fly back again so soon as the impressing cause is removed—these are the more common and obvious topics of remark. Men have a very brief religious experience because the power of the world is so strong over them.

It is not, however, in that direction that I propose to speak this morning. There are, besides all these great causes which carry with them an implication of wickedness, other reasons which, although they may not be without blame, turn largely on the want of knowledge. There are hundreds and thousands of persons who do not want to be conformed to the world; who do not desire to have transient fluxes of feeling. They would rather not be like mountain brooks

which are full when it rains, and are empty as soon as the clouds have passed. They study, they pray, they inquire, asking, "How shall I continue in that state which is so blessed? How shall I prolong those experiences which I crave?" To such there is a line of instruction which, although it will carry more or less the sense of blameworthiness, will, after all, I think, throw light upon their understandings, rather than pressure upon their consciences, which, frequently, are already too sensitive.

There is a vast amount of error, I remark, first, in the doctrine of the *uses* of feeling, and therefore of its *degrees*, and of the possibility of equal emotion on the part of all. If religion were the putting of persons through a divine process from which each one emerged amply equipped, and equipped like every other, then every one might demand that his experience should be like that of every other one; but such is not the case. Men are brought into the religious state with all their conditions of constitution, or of soul and mind, with all their conditions of education or non-education, with all their misteachings and prejudices; and they begin at different points. Each one has problems of his own in life. Often, when men begin a Christian life, it is with the idea that to be a Christian means to have an overflowing fountain of joyful and consecrated religious emotion. Whatever may be their purpose, however much they may persist in right living, however profound may be their sense of the consecration of soul and body to the will of the Lord Jesus Christ, if there be an absence of tumultuous feeling, deep and joyful, they sit in judgment upon themselves; or if emotion comes to them but seldom, and slenderly at that, they pass upon themselves judgment according to the measure of feeling which they have seen in other people. So it comes to pass that a man of great heart and great emotion, living a godly and Christian life, while he does a great deal of good in the community, may unconsciously be the means of oppressing weaker natures, where they take from him their notion of what a man should feel; though God in his providence deals with each particular man according to the method which is adapted to him.

Now, feeling is not to be sought as a luxury, nor is it to be sought with a continuity which shall make it like the pleasant sound of the wind among the leaves in summer, or like the sound of music at a banquet. The object of feeling is to be an operative one. To be sure there is pleasure in it; but as we eat, not for the pleasure of eating, but for the more fundamental reason that by food we build up the wasting body, and eat as an absolute necessity, though there has been attached to eating the accompanying pleasure of sapid food; so feeling has a use, though it carries with it a pleasurable experience. The design of feeling is not to create pleasure alone. So that persons who enter a Christian life, and seek to promote such a life by the experience of feeling, exquisite, abundant, and continuous, may think that they are seeking religion, while often they are seeking self. A man may be actuated by a spirit of self-indulgence in demanding that he shall be pleased with moral sensations or moral experiences as much as in demanding that he shall be surrounded by physical objects of pleasure.

What, then, is to be the limit of feeling? How much feeling is a man to have? Enough to maintain himself vitally. Enough to impel him on every side to the duties which belong to his station and to his nature. If one has latent feeling, that is enough; that is to say, if latent feeling is really emotion taking on the form of action, it is as truly emotion as that which effervesces and overflows. The most powerful loves in life are latent. Although father and mother often disclose much feeling toward their children, yet, after all, ninety-nine parts in a hundred of the real love of father and mother is shown in deeds done—in watching, in care, in thinking, and in provision. Everywhere in life true and wholesome feeling tends to clothe itself in action. And although religious feeling, as such, rising up like some columnar sound in a band of music, merely for its own pleasurable existence, is not an undesirable thing, yet if you seek it with the impression that that is the distinctive feeling of religious life, it misleads, and oftentimes harms. I have known many persons who gave up a thousand ethical duties for the sake of having *experience*, as it is called. There are

not a few people who devote themselves to meditation, to exercises in the closet, and to meetings, with a desire to so attune their inward selves as to bring forth emotions, not for the sake of making their life more fruitful, and others happier, but in order to come nearer to what they believe to be the state of soul which God requires of them.

This is the old notion of those days when convents were founded, and caves were resorted to as retreats; when men thought the way to go to heaven was to get out of life and away from men; when there was the impression that a man's safety depended upon his being separated from physical and social circumstances; when men were seeking after an ideal perfectness in the individual.

It is a notion which has come down to us in many lines. There are many people nowadays who are acting in accordance with it, and attempting to be eminent in their Christian life by having a full-orbed emotive experience all the time. And this is not bad when it is accompanied with fruit; it is not bad when it is the water that turns the wheel of life; but it is not only bad, it is eminently pernicious, as a substitute for practical living.

In this connection I should add that a great many persons are constituted so that depths and currents of feeling such as others have are quite impossible to them. It is possible for all persons to experience enough of emotion to constitute a motive toward right living; but there are multitudes of persons who, by their nature and organization, are incompetent to produce very deep, certainly very prolonged, tides of emotion; and if they are seeking them, they are like persons who seek for gold in a stratum that never bears gold.

Secondly, the law of the *production* of feeling must be better understood; for there are many persons who seem to think that feeling so exists in men that one has but to wish for it, long for it, pray for it, try for it, to have it come. No person trying on any other side of the mind would ever come to such a conclusion. Suppose I were to say to you, "I want you every one to feel caution," would you feel it? Try to feel it; can you feel caution by trying? Suppose I were to say to this congregation, "Now, all of you feel mirthful,"

would you feel mirthful? Commanding you to be mirthful, or wishing you to be mirthful, does not produce mirth in you. But I do not need to command you, to cause you to feel caution. If I were to lift up my voice and cry, FIRE! you would instantly feel caution, and the fear that goes with it. Or, if I were to present to your minds some idea that was witty or humorous, I should not need to command you to feel the sense of humor or wit: you would feel it as a matter of course. Feeling follows causation. He that wants any special phase of feeling must have the cause of that feeling.

What, then, are the causes which produce feeling? They are various. There are certain ideas or elemental truths which produce the sense of awe; there are others that produce the sense of faith; there are others that produce love; there are others that produce joy; there are others that produce sorrow; there are others that produce remorse; and whoever wants a given feeling must understand what are the truths which stand connected with its production.

Many persons are born into the Christian life, they become members of the church, they attempt to live right, and they say to themselves, "It is my duty to venerate God;" and they try to do it; but can anybody have veneration for God as the result of mere wishing? He that would venerate God must bring before his mind those clearly vital conceptions of God which shall lift before the soul the vastness and grandeur of his nature. When he does that he has no need of commanding the feeling. Then it comes of itself. In other words, there are many persons whose feelings fail them. They long to be better; they feel right; they seek to do well; but their feelings are constantly deliquescing, because they do not understand the law of the production of feeling; because they do not recognize the simple fact that feeling must have a cause in some truth which is presented to the soul. The exceptions to this are only in appearance; examine any instance of the arousal of feeling, and you will not fail to find its normal, adequate cause.

Thirdly, we are to take into consideration the law of *continuity* of feeling in men and to look into the case of those

who are mourning because they have so little feeling, though they strive after it.

There be those who think it is their duty to have a continual sense of the divine presence—which is an absolute impossibility; who think it is their duty to abide in a continual sense of love—which is an absolute impossibility; who think they are to feel reverence, all the time—which is an absolute impossibility. For feeling, when it becomes continuous, is insanity. Take your best feeling and let it run on all day long, and all night in your waking hours, and the next morning,—and your father, if he knows what you are about, will send for the doctor. It is necessary that you should have medicine and regimen; for you are on the road to insanity. Emotions never run thus in channels. They are always changing. They rise and fall. They are like waves that run up, and then break and fall down, another running up behind or from one side, and breaking, and falling down, and another, and another. If one observes a wholesome mind, he will find that there are scores of feelings which alternate, first one being in the ascendancy and then another. The health of a man's mind is determined, not by the continuity of any one feeling, but by the succession of feelings which he has. The on-going of the impulses of a wholesome mind is like the progress of a tune. The theme runs high or low, through all manner of notes. It is not a monochord. There is not one continuous sound running through it. Neither has it one unvarying pitch.

Nothing is worse for a person than to attempt all the time to have just one state of mind because he thinks that to be a Christian is to have God in one's thoughts all the while. You cannot do it, and you ought not to try to do it. It is unnatural. If it seems anywhere to be commanded, the command is only metaphorical, or to be applied in a general sense.

I am always a patriot, but I do not think of my country in a way which inflames a distinct feeling of patriotism once where I think of other things a thousand times. I love all my children, and yet I pass ten hours without thinking of them where I pass one in thinking of them. I love art; and

yet sometimes a whole month will roll away in which I do not think of it. The sense of art is there, and the secret influences of it are on me; but I seldom bring it up as a matter of distinct consciousness; and when I do it alternates with many other things.

Even an artist must eat and drink; he must visit and be visited; he must be often broken in upon. There are many things besides art which are thought of even by the most enthusiastic artist. Woe be to that genius who is so allied to one thing that the moment he has turned aside from that he is all at sea! It is the curse of those who are called *geniuses* that they move in a narrow channel, and are at home nowhere else, so that when they wander on either side they lack adaptation to a healthy, broad and true manly development.

And this is just as true in religion as anywhere else. A man who is trying all the time to keep himself to the thought, "I am a sinner, I am a sinner, I am a sinner," is not only a sinner, but is, without knowing it, a fool. He lacks the first element of knowledge. No man acts in any other direction in such a way as this. In such cases the conscience has been acuminated, intensified, and men fall into unnatural experiences, and try to retain them; and finding that they cannot, they complain and say, "I cannot keep my religious feelings. All my purposes and resolutions in regard to a higher life are transient." Of course nature, which is grace in your case, is too mighty for your folly.

Then there is the law of the inspiration of distinctively *moral* feeling. This is a matter which should be more closely studied, perhaps, than almost any other head that I have mentioned. There is an impression that religious feeling is the direct product of the divine Spirit. It may be, as harvests are the product of the sun; but the sun works differently on different growths. It works in one way on the leaves of a sweet apple-tree, and in another way on those of a sour apple-tree. It works in one way to produce rye, in another way to produce barley, and in another way to produce indian corn. It works in one way upon clay, and in another way upon ice.

Now, the moral or spiritual part of a human being, that

part which makes him a man and not an animal—that comes from God. It is universal mind, moving in universal space, that gives us vitality, and inspires our reason and moral emotions in all their variations. I hold, as much as any one, that a true moral feeling is an inspiration of God; but it is an inspiration which acts differently in different persons.

I recollect very well when it was thought that no person could be soundly a Christian who had not a climacteric experience, bearing relation first to *seriousness*, then to *conviction*, then to *conversion*, and then to *joy* and a *developed Christian life*. I remember very well when I used to think that no man could be truly converted, and become a good orthodox Christian, unless he derived his inspiration from a good orthodox source. He must show that it was under such and such training that he was aroused and saved. He must show that his salvation bore such and such relations to the great fundamental truths of Christianity.

Now, far be it from me to say that the great truths of the divine nature, of the government of God, of man's nature, and of human responsibility are not more nearly concerned than any others in the production of emotion, and in the change of men's lives—they are; but I hold to the sovereignty of God. I hold that no man can say that God acts in so many ways, and only in so many ways. I hold that the divine Spirit, in acting upon the hearts of men, acts by innumerable influences, and in innumerable channels, besides those which we are accustomed to reckon as moral inspirations. For example, there is one class whose emotions distinctly run to ideas. All men's emotions follow reason. Reason is a window through which light comes into the soul. Reason is to men what light is to all manner of colors. Everybody feels, on account of some foregoing action of reason. But there are some men who have no distinct conceptions of moral emotion except those which evolve ideas—that is, differentiated truths, or a series of propositions.

Take the mind of old John Calvin—one of the most incisive, one of the strongest, one of the ablest, and one of the noblest of men in respect to mere intellection—a kind of Christian Plato, without Plato's heart. The great trouble with

John Calvin was that he had no heart. But as a profound thinker, as a clear observer, as a reasoner without chaff to his wheat, there has seldom been such a man as he. And if you present to a man like him views of God, of duty, of life, and of the life to come, which shall take hold of his moral nature, they must be not simply consecutive ideas, but ideas arranged, formulated; and they must be presented so as to answer to the intellectual constitution of his mind. There are many who belong to this class.

There are many men that have been trained as lawyers who could not go with any profit to a Methodist meeting where there was a voluminous outpouring of the whole brotherhood, with noise and clamor and sensuous excitement; they would be filled with repulsion and disgust by such modes of worship. And you might take them into the smallest congregation where some Doctor Skinner or some Doctor Williams was discussing a theological question, no matter with what slow reading, no matter with what want of emphasis, no matter with what inevitable dullness, and they would be interested. There would be clear, beautiful, logical ideas presented one after another, and they would sit and take them in, and smack their lips, and say, "That is the kind of preaching for me," and would go home feeling that they had been fed; while their children would go home wishing that father and mother would go somewhere else to church.

We are accustomed to say of such men that they are *men of ideas*—that they have no emotion. They may have no distinctively strong emotion; but they have some emotion; and what they have follows ideas, and produces ideas; and they are to be dealt with by means of ideas; but they are not to rail against nor to despise your fluxes of feeling.

A man says to me, "Do you mean to say that when you walked in the gallery of the Luxembourg and in the Louvre you rose nearer to a conscious perception of God than ever before in your life? Do you pretend to tell me that God blessed vague art, miscellaneous forms and colors, and that these things acted on your mind so as to bring you into communion with the future, with heaven, with spiritual in-

telligences, and, above all, with God? Do you claim that such moonshine did you good, and ripened summer in your soul?" My reply is, "I do claim just that; and who art thou, that thou shouldst tell God that he shall not impress my moral feeling through the esthetic faculty because he impresses yours through the intellectual faculty?"

I never was so near the gate of heaven, I never was so like a globe of fire on every side, as when I first walked in those galleries. Literally, some of the old historic representations which I saw there lifted me above the realization of this lower sphere. Notably, at Stratford-on-Avon, the home of the great poet, the rooms which he occupied, the church, the Avon itself, gently flowing—these so raised me out of my physical consciousness that I seemed to myself like an ethereal being, transparent and invisible. I actually could not feel the ground on which I walked, my whole system was so cerebrated. And when I went to Paris it was just so there. Alas! that it should be only first experiences that have power to affect one so. Never before did I have such a sense of my sinfulness and of my unworthiness as I had when walking, hour after hour, through those chambers. Never before did I so wonder that God should love me. Never before did I have such thoughts of the Lord Jesus Christ. The impressions which I then received were revelations to me.

The beauty-loving element, then, has power to open the door of the soul, and produce profound moral emotions. You say it ought not to; but I say it *does;* you say it is not natural, but I say it is *true;* you say it is not orthodox, but I say it is *divine*—and you can settle it between you!

When, therefore, a man says, "I cannot be a Christian when I go to church; I do not feel interested in anything there; but when I go into the fields, on the Sabbath day, and walk up and down amid the scenes of nature, I am conscious of rising to a feeling of gratitude, and I am rebuked for a great many unworthy things." When a man says this, if it is an excuse for riding on Sunday after a fast horse, I condemn it. If you want pleasure on the Sabbath, say so, and take the responsibility of it; but if you are an honest man,

and on due consideration you think it is better for you to spend the day surrounded by God's works, walking in the meadows, on the bank of some beautiful stream, or along the edge of some delightful forest; if you sincerely believe that such a use of Sunday tends more to raise your thoughts heavenward and God-ward than any other, do not be ashamed to stand up against deacon and class-leader and minister and say so. So far as you are concerned it may be true. It is as right for some persons to have the chamber of the soul unlocked by the key of nature as it is for others to have it unlocked by the key of the Catechism. For God is sovereign, and he works as he pleases, and he pleases to work in many different ways.

There are others (and I think this class embraces the great majority of mankind) whose moral feelings are largely dependent upon the imagination. If I were asked to tell what two elements constitute the whole revelation of God, I should say *fact* and *fiction*. The framework of the Bible may, almost beyond peradventure, be said to be one flowing history from beginning to end; and woven in it, and through it, and over it, and around it, is fiction. There is the historic element, and there is the imaginative element, by which it is made up. One reason why I feel that it is divine is that men, in the earlier and later stages of the world's development, have been dependent on the power of these two elements. You have a perception of things invisible, and you have also a perception of things visible. The imagination, working with the reason, constitutes faith, generically considered. There are specific kinds of faith—there is a faith that works by fear, there is a faith that works by hope, there are faiths that work in various ways; but the fundamental element of faith is reason so etherealized by the imagination that it can see things not present which exist, that it can create new things, and that it can form images of things that have no existence. It is the imagination that makes fables; it is the imagination that makes parables; it is the imagination that makes petty fictions for the entertainment and instruction of children; it is the imagination that makes fairy tales, legends, myths, by which the young are inducted to know[1]

edge. Nations, in their childhood, are largely brought to intelligence and culture through the medium of the imagination. And that which is true of the beginnings of national and individual life in this respect ought to be true of their endings. Every man should have a susceptibility to moral emotion through the imaginative element.

Tell me how any man can read the Apocalypse of John and appreciate it without imagination. How shall I stand and hear the thunderings that roll in that book; how shall I understand its songs and triumphs; how shall I see the city, and its processions of rejoicing saints; how shall I be filled with wonder at the marvelous scenes which are depicted; how shall I be brought into sympathy with all that is in heaven, and all that is on earth, and all that is under the earth, and all that is in the sea; how shall I rise up and come into communion with those angelic hosts that lift their voices in praise to God—how shall I do these things if I have not imagination? How can you, O mathematician, stand in the presence of such representations, and see anything? Logician, what do you see when you read them? Mere reasoner, what do you see? Ye that are children of the imagination see all these things. Shout is joined to shout, joy touches joy, triumph takes hold on triumph, and the best nature in man comes forth under the divine influence of imagination. We have been idolaters of reason, and if we sprang from New England we have been particularly idolators of logic. These be thy gods, O Yankee!

Now, the whole history of the development of Christianity in Oriental lands, and in all lands, shows that under the divine economy the master instrument by which manhood is created is religion. Take, for example, the old way of thinking of God. When God came to Jacob, he came as *the God of his father*. He did not say, "I am Jehovah," he did not say, "I am the God of the whole heaven and of the whole earth," he did not say, "I am the Lord God of omnipotence;" he said "I am the God of thy father." What is the difference between these several declarations? The last one touches the domestic, the home imagination. If he had said, "I am the God that was feared by your father, and I am a proper object

for your reverence, and for that of your posterity," the effect would not have been the same. What is it to us that God was the God of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob? What has the imagination to do with that?

When you are seeking a revelation, say, "Lord God of my dear mother!" and see what a God will start up at the touch of the imagination quickened by the affections. Is there anything that you love very much? Is there anybody that you revere? Is there some saintly person that is dear to you? When you pray in good earnest, say, "O God of such a one," naming that person. So I might pray to the God of my Litchfield school-days.

"Why," people say, "what sort of preaching is this which teaches men to forsake the words that are in the Bible, and to make words of their own?" It is because you are in bondage to the letter that it seems strange to you. The use of the imagination will give you a liberty and a power which you have no conception of. If you would do that which the apostles did in spirit, whose example you follow by the crust and the rind, and not by the kernel and the inside, you would have a breadth of experience to which you are a stranger now. They did certain things, and you do precisely the same things, and think you are imitating them. No, you are not. You cannot more truly evade imitating them than by literally copying their outward acts. Such a following of their example may make you a parrot or a monkey, but it does not make you a rational follower. Real imitation goes to the inward thing; and when you imitate the apostles, you should do it by using your imagination to bring down, by the help of your experience, thoughts of God which shall magnify to your apprehension the sphere in which he moves.

Then there are others who, with all the imagination that they can raise, can scarcely make progress. Their imagination is small and feeble, and needs developing and strengthening.

Did you ever, before matches were invented, see a man in the early morning (for they used to get up betimes in those days) undertake to make a fire from coals poorly raked

the night previous? He pokes and pokes about in the heap of ashes, and by-and-by he discovers a spark. He seizes it with the tongs. It is no bigger than a pea. He blows it, and blows it, and blows it, and at last, by the utmost care, succeeds in bringing the speck to a flame, and in lighting a candle; and then he is safe.

Now, there are some men whose imagination is about like a fire raked up in a heap of ashes. If they would dig it out, and fan it, they might get a flame, and make a light, which would enable them to see many things which they cannot see now. What can they see? A hammer, a hatchet, a saw, an ax, a beetle, wood, stone,—tangible, visible objects. And when others tell of seeing other things, they wag their heads, and say, "*I* believe in real substantial things." As if there was nothing real and substantial except that which belongs to matter, the lowest of all conceivable things!

There are, happily, other doors for feeling, besides the imagination. Persons who lack imagination are frequently quick in social sympathy, which goes far toward making up the deficiency. There is a kind of magnetism which glances from one person on to another. There is a subtle element here which is not half enough understood, and which is not half enough expressed, but which is often felt. I know that when I was a boy and had an ache, and the kind-hearted nurse said, "Let me find the ache," and having found it, said, "It is not so bad, Henry; I will kiss it all away," it did go away, and I did not know where it was. You say it is impossible. I say it is not. I say that pain is of the nerve, and that you can act on men with your mind so that their whole bodily condition shall be changed. You can repel pain in this way. A man can be in such a state of mind that he can burn at the stake almost without experiencing pain. We have it demonstrated, in the nursery and elsewhere, that one mind has the power of projecting itself on other minds.

For instance, let a great round, big-chested Methodist, who has the root of the matter in him, who has genuine religion, though he has a rough way of manifesting it—let him go into a crowded assembly of Methodists, and pour out tides of feeling, and let the people all around about him

begin to cry, and groan, and shout, and clap their hands; now if a man who is unemotional be present, he will have no sympathy with this, and will perhaps be disgusted by the exhibition. Multitudes have come to God under the excitement of such occasions, although there are multitudes who, if they come to God at all, come under circumstances that are entirely different. There are many who never come to God through ecstatic feeling, but who come to him through social feeling. They go to meetings where they are influenced by others, and spiritual emotions are aroused in them, and they cry, "Oh, I see! Praised be God, I have the blessing!"—for when one has a sight of the spiritual realm which he never had before he thinks he has "the blessing." They go forth from the meeting, and those spiritual emotions pass away; but when they go to the meeting again their souls are overflowing with religious feelings once more; and they say, "God is always here with his people." They have not power to awaken these feelings in themselves, so they go where others are, that the social element may unlock their souls, and bring them into a moral state. That is the philosophy of it, as I understand it.

There are different modes of reaching men's interior natures. Some are to be treated according to one method, and some according to another. It is ignorance or neglect of the laws of feeling that makes so much trouble with persons in their religious experience. There are many who think that if they are to have true moral feelings they must have them in a particular way; whereas true moral feelings come in an infinite number of ways. Some men say to me, "I do not like your church; it is very plain, and there is nothing venerable in it"—and I am afraid they are right. They say, "O! when I go into a cathedral, the moment I step across the threshold I feel that everything changes"—and they are right. There are some folks who are so affected; but they are not to say that everybody else must take that which is true to them; they are to leave to us that which is true to us.

Therefore I say that a certain number of sects is better than any one great body, because some will go to the rousing Methodist church who would not go to the Calvinistic

church, where intellectual discussions are carried on; and some will go where there is a magnificent ritual, and where they will be helped through the senses, through the imagination, and through the power of association, who would not go elsewhere. I do not deny to other men their preferences in these matters; and let them not deny my preferences to me. What I call true catholicity is a recognition of all the ways in which God works upon the human soul. Some men come to a feeling of trust, of hope, of faith and of love toward God through the imagination; others come to it through reason; others still through the social instincts; and we should accept all these various methods without quarreling.

Another hindrance to the development of moral feeling and to its continuous flow, in so far as continuity of moral feeling is practicable, is found in the law of discord or the force of malign feelings in changing the current and nature of a man's emotions. If, on a day when he feels like it, John Zundel is pouring out an idea on the organ, you will frequently see that there is a note introduced which evidently is not at all in the line of the thought that is being rendered, and which is a discordant note as it first strikes your mind; but instantly there is a change; the theme conforms itself to another scale; and the whole harmony flows out after that note, which, as compared with those which went before, was discordant, but which is really a hint for a new variety, a new direction, a new course. And this is just as true for an erroneous note, which is wrong, and stays wrong, and is not the mere entrance to a new modulation. When a hundred notes are right, if one shrill note that is wrong be thrown in, as, for instance, from the oboë, it will put to shame the entire orchestra.

Now, in the human soul, which is the most exquisite of all orchestras, you may have mirth, you may have reason, you may have wit and humor, you may have veneration, you may have hope, you may have faith, and they help each other, and are naturally harmonious, and cannot of themselves make discord; but when a man is in that peaceful and joyous state of mind which it is the nature of these combined elements to induce, let one single g strike in

among them, and it will put them out of concord, and strike a line of discord through them.

A man may be at church listening to a pleasing discourse, and may be rejoicing in high and noble thoughts, resting in a blessed state of mind, and, all at once, looking about, he may have the harmonious flow of his feelings disturbed by the sight of a man that owes him something. Instantly an avaricious impulse may sweep through his soul, and quench the spiritual meditation in which he has been indulging.

Have you ever been among the songsters on the edge of a forest in June, and heard the warblers singing, and the sparrows chirping, and the bluebird's exquisite little lady note? If, during a chorus of birds' voices, a hawk in the air, so high as not to throw a shadow on the ground, should but once scream, every little voice would be hushed. One note up there is enough to put to silence five hundred notes down here. So it is in the human soul. Men may have all manner of ecstacies; but let there be one hawk-note struck, and it will put all these ecstacies and joys to flight.

The man says, "He owes me; and I will take a turn on him, I will take the twist out of him—I *will* do it; it is just and right"—and his spirituality is all gone. You cannot mix benign with malign feelings. Pride, selfishness, hatred, anger, wrath, envying, jealousy, cannot be mixed with love, and kindness, and generosity, and magnanimity, and meekness, and gentleness, and humility. One class of these qualities is of the flesh, and the other is of the Spirit; and the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh. They are not reconciled, neither indeed can they be.

Then there are persons who ought to have in this discourse an explanation why, when they begin a day with high feelings, they lose them before the day is half gone; why, when on some Sabbath day they have a blessed revelation, and pray God to continue it through the week, it is not continued.

There are other elements which I intended to speak of, and of which I should have spoken had I not dwelt so long on those that I have considered. There is the law of happi-

ness. there is the law of association, and there are several other laws connected with this subject of the production and continuance of moral and spiritual feeling. to which I should have liked to call your attention ; but the time will not permit.

Christian brethren, there are two things that I wish to say in closing this discourse, by way of application. First, on the first Sabbath of the new year, when every man ought to take measures, make resolutions, form purposes, ought it not to be a part of your plan to rise to a higher state of moral emotion, and to live more in the better instincts and inspirations of your nature in the year that is to come than you have in the year that is gone by ? and if that is your purpose, is not the way in which to do it made more clear to you ? Are not the laws by which you can rise from an infantile or childhood state to the realm of spiritual things as distinct as the laws by which you regulate your physical or material forces ? Are not the laws of the soul as clearly defined as the laws of the body ? If a man would have moral feeling, and would understand how it is acquired, and how it may be perpetuated, and how it may be varied, and would be informed of those things which disturb or destroy it, may he not proceed on as distinct a basis as that on which he would proceed if he were going to educate himself in music, or mathematics, or history, or French, or any other branch of knowledge ? If a man can unite with the laws which regulate his secular life the development of the higher instincts which belong to humanity, is it not a thing to be desired both for his own sake and for the sake of those who are associated with him ? Is it not desirable that you should have an abiding sense of the reality of the invisible world, of its nearness to you, of God's existence and presence, of your duties to God and to your fellow-men, of the royalties which belong to you as a son of God, and of joy, peace, aspiration, faith and love ? Is it not becoming, at the beginning of the year, that you should purpose to yourself to rise to a higher state of communion with God, and to higher relations with men, not simply for one moment, for one day, or for one week, but for the whole year ?

Is it not to-day in every man's power to say, "I will, this year, undertake to lift my whole being into a higher sphere, to take a step upward, to develop my nature on a higher plane than I have ever done before; and if there is a spirit of God that will help me, if there is an inspiration that will guide and incite me, then by all that is sacred in religion, and by all that is revered in the thought of God, I will, as the best offering that I can bring to God, bring him my heart, all equipped, all eager, all ready to go forward and follow on to know the Lord"?

Let us, then, on the first Sabbath of the year, with such hopes as these, draw near together round about the table on which are the symbols that represent Christ to us. Let us draw near with humble boldness, with a spirit of consecration, with unfeigned love, with desire, and with hope, feeling that we can bring nothing but prayer. Pray for what you would have, and for what you would be. Come, and partake of these dumb symbols; and in doing so kindle in yourselves faith in the living realities which they represent. Come, all who can come in the right spirit. I ask no man to come because he is a member of this church; I ask no man to come because he is a member of any church; but whoever, in the secrecy and silence of his own conscience, knows that he needs divine help; whoever can honestly draw near and say, "Lord, if thou wilt help me, I will be thine"—him I invite to come and partake of the help of his Lord, the all-merciful Jesus, who gave his life a ransom for us all. If you are losing the Divine Spirit, this is the place and this is the time for you to come and implore help. Come, not from form, not from habit, but from an inward reality; and then this memorial is yours. It belongs to every man who has faith in Jesus Christ.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We rejoice, our Father, that there is no prosperity nor gladness that lifts us above the need of thee. We are thankful that there is no sorrow nor trouble that sinks us beneath thy care. Thou art ever present with us. And though we cannot always rise through the cloud of our own feelings to discern thee, with thee is no darkness nor shadow. With thee the night shineth as the day, the darkness as the light; and we are always with thee, in thy consciousness; and there is no such love upon earth as thine toward us. Though we cannot comprehend it, nor understand how One can be so great as to care for all things, and yet regard each particular creature in all the vast assemblage even as we do each one in the smaller household of our own family, still thou hast been pleased to declare the minuteness of thy thought. The very hairs of our head are numbered. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without thy notice. And the whole race, scattered abroad throughout thy boundless domain, are before thy thought. They are all within the circuit of thy love, and the purposes of thy mercy. Thou art God over all, blessed forever, and forever blessing.

We draw near to thee, O Lord, this morning, with some faint consciousness of what the greatness of thy being is, but praying for more knowledge; praying that the road to knowledge may be opened to us by the transformation of our own natures; praying that we may become like thee in order to understand what thou art. So teach us to deny the flesh and all its lusts, so teach us to bring into subordination every passion and every appetite, so teach us to develop in ourselves all sweet affections, so teach us to aspire after truth and justice, so inspire us with holy desires, that we may rise into the spiritual realm, and dwell in the invisible, and thus, through our own experience, come nearer and nearer to some true apprehension of thy nature, and thy feelings and dispositions toward us.

We beseech of thee, O Lord our God, that thou wilt grant to every one in thy presence, this morning, a sense of the forgiveness of sins If there be any who are afraid to look up into thy face, so speak mercy to them that they may discern a forgiving God. If there be any who are conscious of their own delinquency, or of their own helplessness to overcome easily besetting sins, and to walk in the way that is before them, and which they desire to walk in, O grant that they may have borne in upon them, this morning, that divine impulse, that inspiration of the Holy Spirit, by which they shall understand that their strength is not of themselves alone, but also of God.

We pray that thou wilt grant to all those who are environed with care, who are bearing burdens, and who are tried with perplexities, that patience which they need, and that trust in divine providence which shall bring them rest and disarm them of fears. To all who sit under burdens and in darkness, and are to themselves prisoners, if not

slaves, O Lord, bring release. May they have the liberty of sons of God. Teach every one how poor is this life compared with that toward which it is working; how small is the inheritance of the best of us here compared with the riches which are laid up for us in the heavenly state; how little is friendship in this life, which is but twilight, compared with that eternal friendship which exists beyond the flood. Grant that we may have brought near to us some sense of thy benignity; of thine all-surrounding power; of thy tender thought and care of us, ministering to our want on every side, within and without; of the wonder of that voyage which we are making; and of the blessedness of that shore toward which we are tending. Grant that the world above, and around, and within, may be so disclosed to us this day that we shall feel our faith and our strength renewed. And may we realize that we are ministered to by thee. As the clouds pour down that which comes from the mountain, from every fountain and from every rill, so may we feel that we are moved by a spirit descending from above, that all our experiences are impleted of God, that he watches us, thinks of us, takes care of us, and that all things shall work together for good to us if we love God. May we be filled with a sense of thy providential government and personal care, this morning, that we may be able now, and here, to rejoice in the Lord; to be glad to express our thanksgiving in sacred song, and to fill the hearts of those who are darkened with light.

Bless the affliction of those who are bereaved. Grant that those who have wandered out of the way, and are come again to the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls, may feel his great benignity and forgiving love to-day.

Grant, O Lord our God, that every one in thy presence may have some token of thy thought of him, and feel the power of God resting upon him, so that this shall not be an outward assembling alone—so that each soul present shall feel that it is divinely blessed, and so that we shall all go away as children feeling that we have received some gift.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon all those for whom we should pray. Remember those who are laboring from out of our midst in behalf of those who are less favored than themselves. May those who are torch-bearers be enlightened to see the path plainly while they are showing it to others. We pray that those who purify men, and shield them from temptation, may be strengthened against all evil. We beseech of thee that those who impart knowledge to others may have fountains of knowledge springing up in them. We pray that among men there may be that patience and gentleness and goodness and long-suffering faith in behalf of the ignorant which God hath toward them. May all who are striving to follow in the footsteps of Christ find the revelation of a Saviour in their own experience, so that they may become better teachers, not only, but better men. Remember all those who desire to take the stores and accessions which have been given to them, and use them in works of benevolence. Grant, we pray thee, that more and more there may be that self-denial, that zeal in doing good, which shall bring us into the relationship of sons of God.

Bless, we pray thee, all the churches of this city, and all thy

servants who preach the gospel therein. Clothe them with the spirit of their Master. Grant that they may have power both to make known the truth and to reap abundantly the fruit of the truth made known.

We pray for the churches in the great city near us. We pray for all those instruments by which, throughout this land, men are seeking to stop barbarism, to turn back ignorance, and to do away with the vices and crimes which afflict men. Everywhere may intelligence prevail, together with virtue, and self-government, and justice and truth.

May the light which rests upon this land be reflected hence, and seem beautiful to many and many a nation that sits in the region and shadow of death. May the light of our example rise with healing in its beams.

We pray for the human race; for their encouragement; for their education; for their power in virtue. May men become more and more powerful, each in himself, so that it shall not be possible to bind them or oppress them. May Liberty, the child of true piety, come forth everywhere. May all the earth see thy salvation.

And we will give the praise to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, evermore. *Amen.*

SOUL-POWER.

"Wherefore I give you to understand, that no man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed; and that no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost."—1 Cor. xii. 3.

Those who have been called to note the changes in language, and the associations which go with words, are familiar with the fact, not only that words very materially change their associations, but that they often turn completely about, things agreeable becoming most disagreeable, and things odious in the beginning, by continuity and by circumstances which induce association, becoming very precious or desirable. Words are perpetually changing both ways. Often beginning with a mission of good they come to a mission of evil; and beginning with associations of evil they frequently end in bringing very blessed and pleasant associations.

For example, when the blood of Christ was spoken of to the Jews, it brought with it associations of the whole national worship—of everything that was endearing in their religious system. "The blood of Christ" can never mean to a modern what it meant to an old Jew; and to those to whom it is not repulsive, it is not repulsive because there has been an artificial and educated sense attached to it.

Though oil was in early times spoken of as one of the choicest blessings, it would strike a child's mind very singularly now to hear it thus spoken of. When you consider what uses oils are put to now in occidental society, the idea

SUNDAY MORNING, January 11, 1874. LESSON: Rom. viii. 15-39. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 299, 137 (first two stanzas).

of oil flowing down Aaron's beard, or being poured over his head, seems very strange to people in this day. There is nothing in modern times that corresponds to that. When, therefore, persons are spoken of as having oil poured over them, the associations are not very agreeable until an educated, artificial, historic interpretation is given to the occurrence.

So, many of the phenomena of nature no longer seem to us what they seemed to those of the olden day. The voice of God was heard in the thunder; and the flash of God's eye was seen in the lightning. These grand natural phenomena represented God almost in disclosed and visible presence. To us they represent nature. And, with the progress of scientific discovery, its analyses and its reasons, they cannot again ever seem to us (except in a poetic or figurative sense) as they seemed to men of antiquity.

Take the word "lord." As a political term it has lost, or is losing, its original significance everywhere. The progress of democratic ideas throughout all Europe, and gradually even in Asia, is changing men's thoughts in respect to kingly power and absolutism. There are a thousand causes steadily working in the same direction, by which the terms "king" and "lord" are coming to have less and less of their old power in civilized countries. And in America, where we have had our history associated with the breaking down of kingly power; where our national life was founded on rebellion, revolution, resistance; where men went to the other extreme, the term "lord" is in very little repute. In a poetic effusion, in a romantic history, or something of that kind, it still has an appeal to the imagination; but otherwise it is not very much esteemed. There was a time when this word inclosed in itself all that the mind and the heart and the imagination could conceive of excellence. There were bad lords, bad kings, bad rulers, to be sure; and so there are bad harvests, bad oranges, bad pomegranates; but when we say "pomegranate," or "orange," or "grape," we always think of pomegranates or oranges or grapes at their best, and not at their worst; and so when men spoke of "lords" it was the generic idea, and not the exceptional view that was

thought of; and thus it was one of the most royal notions that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. Men used to look upon their military chief as the symbol of all excellence—and of all excellence in power; for whatever he lacked in his person was supposed to have been added to him by his position, by the gift of his subjects, or by the direct gift of God. The king represented a royalty that was lifted up far above all ordinary attainment or experience.

In primitive times men came to chieftainship by virtue of qualities which made them the admired of all about them. Saul stood head and shoulders, it is said, above all his people. He was a grand, glorious fellow. He had great power, he was large of stature, he had unusual dignity, he was kingly in his bearing; and so he was selected as a leader. People love to look up, provided they can look up to one who is worthy of their admiration. Glorious kings in every age have been those whose people were proud of them; proud of their strength; proud of their wisdom; proud of their success; proud of those qualities which gave them an eminent manhood.

It is in these things that the term "lord" is applied to Jesus; and I wish to call your attention to the way in which we have minified and almost destroyed it. Aside from the fact that in our popular thought and imagination we do not put great store by the word "lord," historically it has not brought much to us. We have so employed it theologically as to make it very little more than the latch to a door—a mere way of opening a way. When the term "lord" is applied to Jesus, we do not say it as the disciples did, at all. We speak about the "Lord Jesus Christ," or of the "Lord Jesus," as if these words were one name. We run them together.

Now, to the Jews Christ was "the Anointed." The word "Christ" signifies the *Anointed One*; and "the Anointed" was the hope of Israel. It was the thought around about which prophets and singers and holy men of old dwelt. And when at last it was applied to the Lord Jesus, no other term representing religious feeling could be found that would be so significant as "the Anointed of God."

In modern days, we never anoint people for the sake of imparting to them dignity, but we anoint them for rheumatism, for disease, for medical purposes. So our anointing men never carries with it any conception of honor; but anointing in the olden time was like coronation, like crowning, like robing. He who was anointed priest or king with the anointing oil was greatly honored. And Jesus was called "the Anointed." *Jesus* was his family name; but *Christ*, "the Anointed," was his honorary title. And what fragrance, what power on the imagination, there was in that term! And what vibrations of unanalyzable feeling it gave! So that when they called him "Lord Jesus" they recognized his anointing, they put upon him the crown of empire. They needed no other argument for divinity than that.

He who sits upon the throne, and puts upon his head the crown, and takes the sceptre, has usurped kingship, if it does not belong to him; but when they applied to Jesus this term "Lord," they crowned him; they lifted him to the very highest reach that it is possible for human thought to attain. And you will find that, ever after, the use of the term to the early Christian was peculiarly significant. It was not to them the slippery, glib thing which we have made it—the mere knocker to a door; a mere handle; a mere whirligig. To them the word *Lord* was full of reverence, and heart-shakings, and gladness, and gratitude. It was a wonder-working word, when it was applied to Jesus.

Therefore you see the significance of this passage which I have selected:

> "I give you to understand that no man, speaking by the spirit of God, calleth Jesus anathema; and that no man can say that Jesus is Lord but by the Holy Ghost."

Assuming that he does it with that full feeling which I have been describing—with the enthusiasm, the amplitude, the associations, the values, that belong to that name, no man can apply this term to Jesus, unless he has the inspiration of the Holy Ghost upon him.

It is to the effect upon the soul, upon the character, upon the conduct of life, of allegiance and affection toward a great nature, that I shall now call your attention.

Personal influence is a primal law of nature. God has set each person in the household to be educated—that is, developed and carried up, step by step, through the most critical period of his life—by the influence upon him of father and mother, and of brothers and sisters. It is personal influence that goes to make the family. The child is greeted with that influence. He is not greeted with abstract ideas; he is not greeted with rules and regulations, explained to him; he is not greeted with any systematic arrangements: he is greeted with father and mother, and brother and sister. Everything he does in the earlier stages of his living is educed from him by the direct inspiration of personal influence.

And when he goes out of the family into the school, the same thing, though weakened and imperfect, is carried forward, and should be carried forward, and will be carried forward. in all the relations of after life, until the society in which he moves becomes perfect.

After men enter upon public life, or business life, it is, as a matter of fact, true that they are more influenced by things than by persons; but it is their misfortune—not their necessity. It is contrary to the genius of true education, and not in the line of it. Some men are more influenced by sensuous things than by things moral or social. They are more concerned about what they shall eat, what they shall drink, and what they shall put on, than about the welfare of their souls. To men who love pleasure, and seek after things which afford transient enjoyment, and strive to gain the caress of the hours and bowers of delight, these things are far more influential than any single person, or any number of persons.

There are men who are influenced by money; there are men, too, who are influenced by politics; there are men who are living on a comparatively low plane in their own nature; and *things*, as a matter of fact, are the objects which are most influential upon them.

But none of these elements act upon the whole nature of a man. If one is drawn toward pleasure, only a part of his nature is developed. If one is drawn toward social life solely, only a part of his nature is stimulated. If one is drawn

wholly toward public affairs, only a part of his nature is awakened. If one is confined to business, to facts, to combinations, to enterprises, *things* only can take hold of him, and *things* are never able to rouse up the whole of a man. Nothing in society or in the world that is external has power over the whole man—over his intellect; over his imagination; over his force-giving passions; over all his faculties; and all of them at once. It is not given to *things* to have complete power over men—it is given only to *souls*. It is the living man that has power to dominate and electrify living men. Nothing else has this power—neither the sun, nor the stars, nor the seasons, nor the grandest mountain scenery, nor all beauty, nor all combination of force. These stop in the outer court of the soul—in the precincts of the natural man. Nothing has power to enthuse a man, and open up his life, without and within and altogether, except the inspiration of another living, throbbing, enthusiastic nature. It is given to living beings to exert the highest influence, and make it powerful; and it is given to nothing but living beings to do it.

Let us observe some of the examples which may be cited in corroboration of this.

The influence of a chief on his clan is such that men not only follow him, but follow him with an enthusiasm that swallows up everything else. The followers of a chief in old Scottish days would sacrifice house, home, family, life itself, at the heels of that chief. They were enthusiastic. They counted nothing dear to them in following him. The heroic element in these half-brutal natures was strong. Some of the noblest instances of self-denial, self-sacrifice, and suffering, that ever were known, are recorded of rude, red-handed men, in following their chief. It was not that they were going to get glory or wealth, but they had the inspiration of their chief, and admiration for him. For him they would do a thousand times more than they would for themselves. Many men will do things high and noble for another that you never could inspire them to do for themselves.

Hero-worship has been so universal throughout the world as to show that there is an element in human nature that

longs to expend itself on something which is above it, which it may admire, and from which it may receive potential influence. Not only is it so in respect to heroes that are living, high, or low, or intermediate: it is so in respect to old ones, embalmed ones, historical ones.

Some nations have been almost transformed, from this cause. It is one of the mischiefs of French life that the people of France are not natural, but artificial, formed on models of the Greeks and Romans. For them to form themselves on models of the Greeks and Romans is as if a man should put baby bells, no bigger than thimbles, into a cathedral steeple, and try to make a chime of them, instead of putting there ten or twelve-thousand-pound bells. They are trying to put on the Greek and the Roman manner, which have hardly any sympathy with their real character; that leads them to desire to have heroes, to worship them and to follow them.

The power of personal influence is seen where a great nature is master in a school—the nature of one like him of Rugby, who died and left no successor. Arnold inspired multitudes of men. The great men in the churches to-day were many of them his pupils. The enthusiasm of men for him, especially when he died, almost knew no bounds. For, as a dandelion is a great deal more beautiful when its blossom perishes, and nothing but its seed-globe remains, so men seem to need to have their external nature purged away from them in order that they may rise to their full power. And though Arnold had an immense power over his pupils while he was living, yet after he was dead his influence impelled them with an enthusiasm which hardly any military man ever gave to his followers.

It is something so in art and literature. We shall find persons following after men in these departments who seem to them to embody their ideal of perfection.

Especially we see it in military heroes. This I need scarcely more than mention. A great warrior, who is at the same time a great *man*, almost carries everybody captive. And I do not wonder. I feel the enthusiasm myself; and I know how everybody else feels who is touched by it. I ad-

mire a heroic general; but a general should be a great man in order to call forth the highest admiration. If you could only have taken Washington's moral nature and put it inside of Napoleon, without disturbing that chieftain's military and statesmanlike nature; if besides Napoleon's great military power you could have given him a moral force, how admirable he would have been! I think I would give my life a hundred times a day for such a man. The fire and enthusiasm of one's nature is kindled under the influence of a great soul that brings near, in a visible form, noble traits that hover before us in dreams, and that fill the air with specters.

Take a man who fills up the proportions of manhood; set him in operation, point the age to his achievements, make the nation feel that he is their representative, and give every one a sense of personal aggrandizement in that he is represented by such a grand nature,—and what a stimulus it gives! What a power it exerts over men!

There is nothing that touches the understanding like a thoughtful understanding; there is nothing that touches the imagination like an active imagination; there is nothing that touches feeling like feeling itself; there is nothing that touches moral sensibility like greatness of moral nature in a living form. These things are normal. They are the things which God meant should exercise power over mankind. Living beings are the educators of living beings.

Evidently, then, there is a prodigious power in the nature of personal influence, if it is only understood and used. We have this power without analysis, without philosophical inquisition, and without any considerable degree of arrangement. We have not organized it yet, except to a limited extent. The Roman church has done more in the organization of personal power into institutional forms than any other church on earth.

Now, personal power of the highest kind tends to utilize the objects of it, and to harmonize them with themselves. If you take a serf—an old-fashioned Scottish servitor—and leave him to himself, he degenerates, and becomes vulgarized, and gets to be little better than a cast-off swineherd; but let him be called in the moment of excitement and en-

thusiasm to stand by his chief, and see how his nature lifts itself up. See how much more there is of him. See how the bad part of his nature goes down, and how the good part of his nature, being inspired, comes up. He is harmonized by the enthusiasm which is given him by his chief. A great nature tends powerfully to stimulate, and to develop in an extraordinary degree, those who are underneath it.

I do not say that everybody has been fortunate in having a nature adapted to receive influence which tended to stimulate it; but I do say that there are many thousand persons who have been thus fortunate. There are hundreds in my presence who, as they listen to this discourse, are saying to themselves, "I trace back the best things in my life to that person, who influenced me."

In reading the life of Goethe, written by himself, you will notice how he marks the various stages of his self-culture, and says, "At this point I met such a man, and he was of great use to me in such and such respects." No one man seems to have sufficed for the regulation of his life; for successive persons with great natures appear, at different points, to have risen up and exerted their influence upon him; and the sum of all the effects which they produced on him was prodigious. His educators were living men, active and powerful, around about him.

I can look back upon my own early life, and see how one and another took me, and how one prepared me for another. I can see how the largest natures did not always get access to me. It was late in life before my father influenced me very much. I think it was a humble woman who was in our family that first gained any considerable control over me. I feel the effect of her influence to this day.

I next came under the influence of a very humble serving-man. He opened up new directions to me, and gave me new impulses. He was a colored man; and I am not ashamed to say that my whole life, my whole career respecting the colored race, in the conflict which was so long carried on in this country, was largely influenced by the effect produced on my mind when I was between eight and ten years of age, by a poor old colored man, who worked on my father's farm,

named Charles Smith. He did not set out to influence me; he did not know that he did it; I did not know it until a great while afterwards; but he gave me impulses, and impulses which were in the right direction; for he was a godly and hymn-singing man, who made wine fresh every night from the cluster. He used to lie upon his humble bed (I slept in the same room with him) and read his Testament, unconscious, apparently, that I was in the room; and he would laugh and talk about what he read, and chuckle over it with that peculiarly unctuous throat-tone which belongs to his race. I never had heard the Bible really read before; but there, in my presence, he read it, and talked about it to himself and to God. He turned the New Testament into living forms right before me. It was a revelation and an impulse to me.

I remember some teachers who gave me impulses that I never shall get over as long as I live. Some of them are dead—one in especial, whose success in life was never great, and whose issue out of life was sad. I could make a pilgrimage to his grave, and bow down, and give God thanks for that which he was to me, and for that which he did for me. You see single instances in which persons have power given them to wake up the whole nature of those who come under their influence.

I am interested in the history of John Stuart Mill. I am sorry that he was not better than he was. That is the way I feel about all of you. People are criticizing him, finding fault with him, shaving him down; and doubtless he was imperfect, as we all are. Nobody ever thought he was an angel; he never thought himself to be one; but laying aside all incidental questions, he had admirable traits; and he came to a point in his life where he was married to a woman who so absolutely controlled him that from that time to the end of his life he could say, "I am what I am by the grace of my wife." When she died, and was buried in France, he built her sepulcher there, and there he had his dwelling. He went back to England and attended to his duties during the winter, but when summer came he returned and lived by his wife's grave.

Next to the thought of being so great as to be God, the grand feeling in the world is to have a God, and to feel that with the highest impulses and the noblest conceptions you give up everything that is in you to another. This laying down of one's being in the presence of another, and saying, in the words of the great song in Revelation, "Thou art worthy to receive glory, and honor, and power, and dominion," is the noblest and the grandest reach of which human beings are susceptible.

There is, then, this element—the power of feeling, the power of enthusiasm, the power of being absolutely subdued by another soul—which, when it enters into a man, casts light about, assumes control, harmonizes his nature, brings the top to the top, and keeps the bottom at the bottom, and the middle in the middle, so that one has possession of himself when he is perfectly possessed by another who is large enough and good enough to exert that plenary influence which God permits souls to exert upon each other.

And this is the key-note to the idea that Jesus is Lord. There is One so large, so various, so magnetic, so inspirational, as to exceed all that the human mind ever imagined. There is One who gathers in himself all that the most beautiful thought ever conceived. There is One who opens up moral quality with a power, and a beauty, and an effluence, and an affluence transcending everything that man ever dreamed of. There is One who centers in himself such signal sweetness, such wonderful gentleness, such omnipotence of personal power, that each one of us has a right to say, "He is Lord to me."

So, then, we have come to a point in which, if it be not in father, nor in mother, nor in sister, nor in brother, nor in companion, nor in friend, nor in hero, there is for every man who lives, one Being that has in himself supreme excellence of every kind—such a Being as, when looked upon, kindles enthusiasm and zeal and self-devotion and self-consecration, and gives to the human soul the full of that divinest and most potent of all powers, the power of a living soul acting on an inward consciousness.

There is an idea in the New Testament which men have

run over but have not discovered. As skaters glide over running water on the ice, not knowing what is under the ice; so men skate across the river of the water of Life, which theology has frozen over, and do not know what is below them. It is the Lord Jesus Christ; and he is God; and he rose up before those holy men of old, who were influenced by him, and who wrote concerning him, as a living presence full of every conceivable excellence; and he so poured his Spirit upon them that they were enthused and lifted themselves up with abandonment of love and with luxuriance of devotion. They received the divine blessing in overmeasure; and it came through the power of this living Saviour. He made the old Christians what they were. Men go mousing about, here and there, to ascertain what the secret of their power was; but they do not look in the right direction. There was a Person who influenced them; and that Person was Jesus; and that Jesus was Lord; and that Lord was a living presence to them; and his presence was worthy to rule consciousness, and conscience, and sensibilities. When, therefore, it is written that "no man can say that Jesus is Lord except by the Holy Ghost" you understand what is meant—his Spirit inspires them with allegiance.

This explains, then, the problem of all problems, the question of a network of questions, in the New Testament—that which relates to the emission of the earlier Christians from Judaism, or the Jewish system. They had been endeavoring to build up a moral life by maxims, and precepts, and rituals, and institutional arrangements. These things were very well in their day, and for a specific purpose, and to a limited extent; but Christ the Anointed was the "end of the law," as it is said. All that was sought by symbolism and ritualism was accomplished. When a living Being was brought into the consciousness of mankind, ritualism went out of view. But men have brought it back; men are trying to bring it back; and they are welcome to it! I do not object to the bringing a cradle out of the garret where it has been for scores of years, provided there are grandchildren to be rocked; but for the old man himself to try to get into it is absurd. If there are babes that need rocking and tending in the old cradles and

cribs of the past, there is no objection to their being used again; but for full-grown men of our day to attempt to get into these ancient cribs and cradles is preposterous.

Ah! it is the love of power, it is the hierarchic element, that is cropping out. Men *do* love power. They love organization, because they manage organizations. They love doctrines and institutions, because by the interpretations of doctrines and by the control of institutions they hold men in thrall. They do not hold them for evil, perhaps, but, nevertheless, they hold them. The Pope of Rome is not the only pope; for I think that while cardinals get together and elect a pope, every mother who brings a boy into life elects a pope. The desire to rule is natural. Every man wants to be first. Every man wants to govern. Every man wants to feel that he has power over others. Men organize to carry on popedom. It inheres, first, in human nature, and afterwards, it finds its way into schools, and colleges, and churches, and eleemosynary institutions of every kind.

Now, there is but one power that is worthy to rule. It is not in magistrate—unless he represents something besides his own interest, and is lost in that which he represents; it is not in judge; it is not in earthly being; it is not in synod; it is not in presbytery; it is not in church: it is in nothing less than the Lord Jesus. He is a living power that is worthy to rule over the hearts of men, and to inspire them. These other things, as steps toward things higher, as adjuncts or adjuvants, are here and there permissible, but the only characteristic, central and critical element of the Christian scheme is this: that it takes each individual man, and tears off the priestly vestments from him, and removes from him institutional elements, and takes the living, throbbing heart, which needs development, inspiration, growth, hope, and brings it right into the presence of a living Heart that is larger and better and transcendently nobler, and lets that Heart ripen the fruit of this. That is Christianity—the bringing of the inward man right into communion with the everlasting God.

You will see what was meant in the olden time by "believing in the Lord." People say, "Repent, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and you shall be saved." In our time

men stumble over that. They try to believe, and, not seeing their way clear, say, "What shall I believe? How shall I believe?" "Faith that works by love" is another expression that is used. The believing is exactly this: such a view of Christ, such a conception of the relationship between Jesus and you, as makes him a living power on your soul through love, through trust, through confidence. There is not one of you who does not know what it is to believe, in that sense.

In the great march through the South to Savannah, under Sherman, would it have been necessary to interpret to the poorest bummer in the army what it was to believe in Sherman? "Eh!" said the men under him, "he knows how to think. Ah! he knows how to plan. Ha! don't he understand? Ho! I would go through fire and water for him." The old black man said, "Aha! Massa Sherman—I'se gwine whar you go." Sherman was a living presence; and it was his personal power on his men that inspired them.

Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ is not any mythical state: it is the enthusiasm of a follower who reveres his leader. It is the rapture of one who looks up confidingly toward a beloved master. It is the personal effluence of a soul toward Christ under the consciousness of its relationship to him.

When you lift the Lord Jesus Christ up before men, remember that, with a certain constancy, he is as various as are the heavens. We in the temperate zone know that during winter and summer the same skies are over our heads; but did you ever notice how the seasons vary? No two springs ever walked the earth with the same sandals. No two weeks were ever precisely the same. No day is the exact copy of any other day. The sun, I suppose, never rises as it has risen before. I suppose the sun never sets twice alike. That Artist of artists, who reaches forth his hands, profuse with color, and makes pictures hemispheric, continental, never repeats himself. He paints figures of majesty and glory on the sky. He piles clouds in grandeur, like mountain ranges, upon the horizon. He wipes out the wrinkles of his cloud-painting, and lets the sun go down unobscured.

The scene is always changing. It is never just what it has been. And we forever exclaim, "It is beautiful!"

Now, the Sun of Righteousness, Jesus, the Lord, is never one fixed thing. There are some men whose God is like the moon as we sometimes see it painted on clocks, with a round, fixed face, behind which the machinery ticks, ticks, ticks, without cessation, and which always looks alike. Idolators are they. For the true God is from everlasting to everlasting the inspirational God, whose thoughts move all thoughts, and of whom we are but dying sparks. Every heart here has some slight touch of the divine Heart, and is but an emanation of God's soul. What is he but the sum of all things conceivable, in gentleness, in sweetness, in justice, in purity, in truth, in righteousness, in courage, in self-denial, in winningness, in heavenliness, in caress, in wisdom of philosophy, in beauty of poetry, in majesty of eloquence, and in magnitude of government? Whatever exercises the imagination worthily is possible to our conception because it is in God. And can you keep the image all the time? It never should be the same, nor twice alike. It is forever changing, as the sky is forever changing—sometimes darkened with storms; sometimes covered with light, fleecy, floating, island-clouds; sometimes clear and tranquil; always varying; and yet always substantially the same. Our God changes not, in this: that he is holy, that he is blessed in love, that he is powerful in government, that he is drawing all creation toward him, even as planets draw the tides of the sea toward them; and yet, after all, when you look at him, so much is there of him, so little can you take in of him at once, that his attributes seem fugitive, and he does not seem to you twice alike. So great is he that there are no bounds to his greatness; so blessed is he that there are no terms that are adequate to describe him; so unfailing is he that every heart says, "Thine, O God, am I, and thou art mine."

Contrast, now, this way of living with the ordinary way. Suppose one should come to such a personal sense of the living God as I have been speaking of? Suppose you could realize that God's intense feeling toward you is one of yearning, one of fondness, one of love? What would be the effect

upon a man's life and disposition to have such access to God, and to have such a blazing of divine heat right upon the soul? When you come to go back and consider the analogies and instances which I gave you of the power of the teacher, of the master of art, of the king, of the general; and when you realize Christ, and make him personal to you, and open your soul to him, the effect is tremendous on your understanding and will. It harmonizes them, and tends to keep the best part of your nature uppermost, and to give it power. And it is all that you need to make you symmetrical.

I wish to contrast this, for a moment, with the result of the efforts of men to control their lives by surrounding themselves with institutions and observances. You may surround yourself with these things; you may divide the days, and say, I will sleep eight hours, and keep awake all the rest of the time; you may ordain that your working-hours shall be occupied so and so; you may determine that the body shall stand silent eight hours for repairs, and that during the remaining sixteen hours it shall move in a prescribed course; but when you have done that what will you be but a machine? The machine would strike, the wheels would go round, and your life would be worked in an artificial way. I could make a better machine with my knife than you would be under such circumstances. There is enough of the human element in you to spoil you for a machine. An iron machine is better than a flesh one.

When one is converted, he should be converted to manhood in Christ Jesus—that is, to versatility; to variety; to power—automatic power, will-power; and to liberty—liberty to think, liberty to feel, liberty to flash this way or that way, liberty to be, in his sphere, and according to the measure of his strength, what God himself is in his universal sphere, and according to his omnipotent strength.

That is the Christian idea. You are sons of God, his children, his heirs; and you inherit his nature as well as the pleasures of his kingdom. So that all attempts to break up a man's life by institutions, by rituals, by days, by observances, are generally unnecessary and useless. They may, in a remote way, and as mere suggestions, on the principle of association,

help you; and if they do help you you are at liberty to employ them; but to undertake to say that they constitute Christianity is to substitute for the royalty of a living Saviour a simple methodical machine. It is to put things artificial and auxiliary in the place of things that are chief and divine.

If, therefore, men say, in regard to teaching, organization, church-forms, and the like, "We take these things because we think we can help ourselves with them," I have not a word to say by way of objection, though I may criticise their judgment; but when they undertake to tell me that these are religion, and the only ways of religion, I say to everyone of them, "You are worshiping the sepulcher, and that three days after Christ has risen." It is an empty grave, and not a living Saviour.

Consider how men are trying to *get a hope*, as it is called. Among the means which they employ are revivals. I believe in revivals. They are normal; they are philosophical; they are a part of the divine scheme. In revivals men are often converted soundly, and sent on their way rejoicing. But many suppose that revivals are like china-making furnaces, and that in them men are transformed. That which goes into the furnace is clay; and when it comes out it is in the form of vases all ready for the market. So men are supposed to sit under a certain amount of preaching, and have a certain amount of feeling produced in them, and go through a certain amount of crying and wishing and resolving, and then receive "the blessing," as it is called, and go forth singing and happy. Men have the impression that after they have undergone a certain change, and come out in a certain experimental way, they are safe. They think that then they have their policy, that it is a good life-policy, and that they are insured. I need not tell you the difference between living with a loyal allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ and relying upon a vague hope based on a thousand fantasies.

There are those who attempt to say that this is what may be called *the New England scheme of a new life*. Well, it depends upon what period of theology you strike in at. If you strike in during the days of Hopkins and Edwards it is one thing; but if you strike in during the days of Taylor it

is another thing. On the whole, it is, as last unfolded, *the generic purpose of the soul to live for God.* So, when men are aroused to a sense of their condition they are urged to *choose.* The command is, "Choose, this day, whom ye will serve;" and men are scrutinized. It is said to them, "Has the great act of choice taken place? Is it a generic choice? Does it control every part of your life, and every part of your being? If it does, you have begun a Christian life." Then they say, "I choose; I have made a choice; and I am from this time forth on the Lord's side. Now what must I do?" "Well, take up your cross, and follow every step of your duty as fast as it is unfolded to you." That is all. But do you not see how absolutely they have lost out the central element of a true Christian conception? The real controlling choice is only this—such a sense of the Lord Jesus Christ, and of his living presence, and such an enthusiasm of consecration, that in the future he becomes nearer and dearer to the heart, and more influential than anything else.

This is the peculiar idea of Christianity. How it takes the place of that dry notion! In one case persons are following an abstraction that intellectual men, men of a vital will, can conceive of; but the trouble with half of mankind is that they have not will-stamina; and when weak folks try to form generic resolutions, those resolutions are like pictures on a March window, which are beautiful before a fire is made, but which melt off as soon as they are subjected to the influence of the heat, for their beauty is only condensed frost, frozen beauty.

To thousands of men it is said, "Now resolve to be Christ's; resolve to live right." They do resolve, O yes; but there comes a second resolve that knocks the head off from the first; there is a third that knocks the head off from the second; and so on. Ripple follows ripple, and wave follows wave; and there is ceaseless change; and men are bewildered, and well-nigh discouraged. They hope that they will perhaps go to heaven. They say, "I have done the best I could, and God must take care of the rest." And there is some sense in that. If there were not I do not know what would become of the church.

Ah! do you suppose that the kingdom of Christ is woven with meshes as small as the meshes of theology?

"As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts, saith the Lord."

He scorns, he derides, system-makers. There is not in their systems one first conception of the grace that inheres in him. These theological notions are all obscurations, where they are put in the place of the New Testament idea. There is one God, one Lord, by whom you are called, whom you are to serve, and who is everything to you. Jesus is his name. By the waking up, through the Holy Ghost, of the higher spiritual consciousness in your nature, you will see blooming in him all excellence, all power, all glory. Worthy of being honored, imitated, loved and worshiped, is this Lord Jesus. Accept him and follow him, and then the living power of an ever-present God will subordinate your lower nature to your higher, will harmonize your feelings, will keep you right; and the ten thousand minute particulars of daily life will take care of themselves as they arise, one by one.

Men are trying to be humble to-day, benevolent to-morrow, forgiving the next day: they are endeavoring to build up their life by little patch-works. Make all things grow in you, and everything will take care of itself. As when from the South summer sun comes and brings May and June, the power of light and heat making a green-house no longer necessary, the sun being gardener, and all things springing up under its influence; so when the Sun of Righteousness, with healing in his beams, shines upon men who have been priest-led and priest-educated, or who have had no religious teaching or training, under the grandeur and sweetness of the excellence and power of the Lord Jesus Christ these men are of themselves humble, of themselves loving, of themselves self-denying. The influence of the living presence of the Saviour on your soul corrects everything in you, and makes it regular.

Christ, then, is the Beginning and the End; the First and the Last; the All in all; the Consummation; the Consummator; the everlasting Reward.

Dear brethren, let Christ be more to you. Dear friend,

wandering wide, with vague thoughts of excellence, behold the Lamb of God—the One who, of all beings in the universe, is "the brightness of God's glory"; "the express image of his person"; "upholding all things by the word of his power."

I preach Jesus to you. I preach his living presence to those who want a Leader. I preach his love and sympathy to those who have not the love and sympathy of man. I preach him as the One, above all, who stoops to every creature on the globe. I preach him as the only One who is pure and holy, and who comes to all that are sick, and that pray for help, saying, "I will answer and I will heal." To you who are bound, I say, Let his hand untie the cord. To you who are strangers in the Commonwealth of Israel, I say, Let him bring you home. Come to the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls. Take Christ, and then you will have taken all.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.*

We thank thee for these rays of light, our Father. Though we cannot understand thy gifts as we would, and though there is much of wonder around about the beginning of life, yet we discern much of wisdom in them; and we see in the gifts which thou art making to us of these little ones, much of instruction for our own nature. In thy way thou hast opened inspiration in the household, which perpetually interprets all forms of life, the word of the Lord, and thy dealings with men. Thou hast, by the kingdom of love below, however circumscribed and imperfect it may be, given us a light by which to discern the glory of that greater kingdom of love which is flaming beyond the bounds of sense, and is waiting for our interpretation, when we shall have cast off the things of this world, so that we can discern, with unclouded eyes, the things of the spirit land.

We thank thee, O Lord, for the blessing which thou hast granted to these dear parents, who have this morning drawn near in the midst of their brethren. May all our hearts surround them with sympathy, and warm them, as they come among us with their children, in the hope that by their fidelity, by our coöperation and help, and by all the blessings of the sanctuary ministered by thy holy Spirit, these children may grow up to Christian manhood; that they may not live for low and sensuous enjoyment; that they may not live for worldly pomp; that they may not live for things that perish; that they may live in this world as not abusing it, for that other world to which they are destined. May the unfolding sense of these children be filled with the truth of Jesus—for in him is all wisdom.

We pray that thou wilt grant that the life and the health of these little ones may be precious in thy sight; and yet, if thou takest them away from thy servants, grant that their going may be a ministry of sorrow that shall be precious to them, even as their coming has been a ministry of love most precious.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt teach these parents to be patient in yielding their time, their thought, their affection, for these little ones; and so may they find that every day, in their household life, they are growing larger inwardly; that the kingdom of heaven being developed is within them; and that it is growing more and more in power over the outward kingdom of the flesh.

Grant, O Lord, to those who are taking hold of early manhood, that they may grow up with faith in virtue, faith in truth, faith in honor, and that the slippery ways of the world may not lead them away from a firm confidence in the power and happiness of real integrity. Vouchsafe to those who are beginning their life-work, higher aims, nobler ideas of duty, and thoughts of a better and purer manhood. May they not be content to live only as they live who are dragged down toward the earth and toward the flesh. May they seek to live by their enlightened reason; by their sanctified affections; by all that nobility of the soul by which it calls itself a child of God.

Bless, we pray thee, this morning, all those who have gathered to-

* Immediately following the baptism of children.

gether here this morning, a great company, with various wants. O Lord, it is easy for thee to see into every heart, and to know every thought. Yea, the unexpressed wishes of the heart are plain to thee. The very throbs of the heart are audible to thee. And we beseech of thee that thou wilt grant to every one in thy presence the things which thou seest that he needs. Art not thou striving in men by thy Spirit? and are not those sighs and yearnings which are unutterable inspired by thee? Grant, then, that whatever they ask through thine inspiration may be given to them—patience, faith, hope, that shines in the darkest night, and never goes out. Grant that they may have allegiance and fidelity to Christ, and that they may take hold, from time to time, upon his life. Grant that they may behold, in thy providence, in human events, in all the evolving processes of human life around about them, tokens of the divine presence and arrangement and power. We beseech of thee that thou wilt deliver them from doubt, from unbelief, and from the temptations which sometimes assail them mightily, and roll night in upon their soul. Deliver them, we pray thee, in the hours of weakness. Thou that didst bow down in anguish, thou to whom came angels, strengthening thee, how much weaker we are, in the hour of trouble, when we feel unable to stand, than thou wast! Grant, we beseech of thee, that we may fall no further down than upon our knees, that to us may come angels of mercy and succor. And if there be those that are dead, O thou that didst lift up the hand of power upon death, thou that didst ransom even from the sepulcher, look upon those who seem spent and gone, and say of them, "They are not dead—they sleep;" and arouse them from their sleep, from their stupor of sin, and from evil living of every kind whatever. May there be a resurrection of the souls of men to-day. May there be, at the beginning of this year, such a wonderful working of the Spirit upon the hearts and consciences of men that multitudes shall begin to draw aside the veil that has hidden their true faces. Grant that they may begin to shine out with the lustre and lineaments of the Lord Jesus Christ. May the power of divine love ransom many, and give them power, and send them forth to their work, and prepare them for it.

We beseech of thee, O God, that thou wilt bless not only this congregation, but all the congregations that are gathered together in this city, in the great city near us, and in all our land. May the light arise upon Zion. May all contentions cease. May all hearts be joined together in the common love of the common King. May his name become triumphantly glorious throughout this nation. May his power be felt everywhere. May all our laws and all our institutions feel the presence of God.

Be pleased to remember those who are in authority—the President of these United States, and all who are joined with him. Remember the Congress assembled, the Legislatures of our several States, the Governors, all judges, magistrates of every kind. We beseech of thee that they may administer their trusts in the fear of God, and with a true heart.

May the people be patient, and may they live not alone for outward prosperity, but for justice, for truth, for virtue. May humanity prevail among us. At last may there be nations that have pity;

nations that love peace; nations that seek, not their own aggrandizement, but the welfare of the whole human family.

Grant that the world may begin to move in sympathy with thee, who hast declared that the field is the world. So may mankind begin to feel for mankind. Grant that the days of darkness and hindrance may be cut short, and that those civilizing influences may be hastened which breathe forth from the bosom of God, by which every man shall live and grow to the full stature of perfect manhood, and by which all nations shall stand together compact in righteousness, and the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

And to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, shall be praises everlasting. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray that thou wilt bless the word of truth which has been imperfectly spoken. Oh, who can rise to the greatness of the argument? We are overwhelmed and distressed and rebuked at our inefficiency; and are ashamed to think that we undertake to speak of themes like this. Yet weakness is blessed of God, and our emptiness is filled by thy fullness. Bless the truth of thyself. Winnow it, that nothing of chaff may go with it—that the pure wheat may remain in the imagination and in the memory. Bring forth by the power of the truth lordlier lives. Oh, may we look up to Jesus, and rejoice in him, and follow him, and be like him. And then bring us where thou art, O dear Lover of our souls, where we shall see and know, so that no man shall tell us any more anything; where we shall know as we are known. And to thy name shall be the praise, forever and ever. *Amen.*

THE RICHES OF GOD.

"But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ (by grace are ye saved), and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus: that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness toward us, through Christ Jesus."—Eph. ii. 4–7.

One of the most interesting studies in the New Testament is the progress of the development which may be traced in the mind of the Apostle Paul. From the time that he entered upon a Christian life to the time that he left it, there was in him, as there is or ought to be in every noble-minded person, a steady development and growth, so that the last part of his life was vastly richer than the earlier parts of it—more tender I mean. I do not refer to his conduct, for of that we know little; but there is reflected from his later writings a light purer, more transcendently elevated, than that which belonged to his earlier writings. For, whatever doctrine of inspiration you may hold, it is perfectly certain that inspiration always carries with it something of the material through which it acts, and that therefore human intelligence is a part of it, so that the laws of that intelligence are also taken into consideration. There is no such thing as a divine revelation or a divine inspiration which takes out of the divine nature, as it were, the picture of a truth, and puts it into the world without any human mixture. Material things are discovered to us through human organs; and the

SUNDAY MORNING, January 18, 1874. LESSON: Eph. i. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 162, 660, "Homeward Bound."

progress of knowing the things which we see or hear implies the exercise, the education, the finer development of the senses themselves. And that which is true of the lower nature or mind of man is still more true of the higher reason, which works through the moral sense, and perceives interior divine truths, which are as much higher than common truths as the soul is higher than the body.

Now, that part of the apostle's life, near its close, when he was writing in prison, was the most notable part. The studies, the scenes of labor, of a great many remarkable men have been preserved, and have been visited. I went to see where Jonathan Edwards wrote his *Treatise on the Will*, in old Stockbridge, and sat down in the chair that he used, and at the table where he worked. In Scotland, I went to the house where John Knox lived, and sat down in his study-room. I went, in Geneva, to the church where John Calvin preached, and went into the pulpit where he so many times stood. I should be glad if Bedford Jail were yet standing, and I could go into that, and see where it was that John Bunyan wrote his memorable *Pilgrim's Progress*. But of all places on earth, the one that I would first visit, if it were yet in existence, and I could, would be the sepulcher of the Saviour; and next to that would be the old Roman prison where Paul wrote. Dark, manacled, watched over by a soldier perpetually, he sent forth from that cold and desolate spot a light which has redeemed captivity, which has dissipated darkness, which has inspired manhood, which not only has made all mankind akin one to another, but has united this visible world with the invisible spiritual kingdom. And in the last letters which he wrote, during the closing years of his life, he was caught up, and rendered intensely conscious of the divine nature—of the riches that were in God, revealed through Christ. It was made still larger to his comprehension by the revelation of the Holy Ghost, which was given to him as it was given to all those who are prepared for it, and will take it. This was the direction in which his mind traveled as he grew richer, stronger, older (that is, younger; because the older we grow the nearer we are to being born into the spiritual world, which is the true birth). The nearer he

came to that world, the more experience he had, and the more it seemed to concentrate upon this thought—the exceeding riches of God in goodness, in grace, in mercy, in love, in kindness, in everything which we have a word to express in that direction.

Now, when I preach this view of God, unfolding the greatness of his goodness, I am cut short, often, in your thoughts, and in other people's criticisms, by the declaration that this is a truth which is true only to those who have complied with the conditions of salvation, and who are therefore Christians; and that preaching it generically, in distinction from preaching it to the "elect," is misusing Scripture. I wish to say a word on that point before I go on to the discussion of the real subject of this discourse.

We have among us an eminent English scientific man, Mr. Proctor, who is delivering lectures on Astronomy. Are those lectures for the drunken creatures that inhabit Five Points in New York, or are they not? If they are not for them, why are they not? They are for everybody who has the capacity or intelligence to take them in. They really *come* to the understanding of comparatively few; but they are just as much open to the reception of everybody else as to these few, if they can receive them. They are addressed to *whomsoever will;* but *whosoever will not*, and *whosoever can not*, have to stand aside, on account of the limitations of their education.

Now, the doctrine of the inherent universal nature of God is a doctrine of goodness and mercy and ineffable love. It is not a doctrine that God is ineffably kind and good to those who have been "elected," who have "made their calling and election sure," and who have come into the charmed circle inside of which God shines, and outside of which he does not; it is the doctrine of God's universal nature, which is appreciated by those who are called, just as a lecture is appreciated by those who are called. The intelligent understand the lecture, and the unintelligent do not, though it is as much for the unintelligent as for the intelligent.

God's nature is not specialized and parceled out. God's great attributes are not like legal documents, written and

sent by post to particular persons, none being allowed to take them out of the post-office except those whose names are on them. What God is, he is to all—or would be if they would understand him. The God of the whole earth is he. The universal Father is he. In him there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free, male nor female. All are as one, in God.

Therefore the truth of the bountifulness and largeness of God's grace and goodness is true for everybody, provided everybody will put himself in a relation to take it. The reason why the sun produces in one place geraniums, camellias, azaleas, all forms of exquisite flowers, and does not produce them in another place, is not in the sun. The cause of the difference is in the use to which you put the sun. It shines on the south side of my barn; and what does it produce there? A warm spot, where chickens and cows gather. It shines on the south side of my neighbor's barn; and what does it produce there? Flowers and grapes. What is the reason of the difference? Does the sun change? No, but it is put to different uses. It is just the same sun, with just the same vivific power to all; but its effects are different when it is differently employed. In one man's hands it amounts to nothing, because he does not make any use of it; but in another man's hands it amounts to a great deal, because he does make use of it, and makes it do a great deal for him. The nature of God is the same to all men; but the effects are not the same on all men, because they do not all put it to the same uses.

There is a sense in which every man may be said to make his own God. (I am now speaking of his conception of God. God is made by no one absolutely. In these times, however, it is necessary that we should walk very carefully, and explain ourselves at every step. We do not know what may happen!) Every man forms for himself his conception of God. He has helps, he has foregoing statements, he has analogies, he has reasonings, he has experiences; but, after all, any person to whom God comes as a reality is one who, besides employing these instruments and aids, shapes them into a vital image or conception in his own mind.

God has never been seen. He has never revealed himself in chapters and sections. He is revealed, to be sure, in the popular use of that term, by words in Scripture; but then these words are qualities, or signs of qualities, and it is necessary that we should have, or should have had, a spark of those qualities in our own selves in order to understand what the words mean. For instance, take the sentence, "God is just." If a man has never known justice in himself, or in others, the word does not mean anything to him. The interpretation of this word to a man is in the man's own knowledge or experience.

And so it is in forming a conception of God. Though it is revealed to us in Scripture terms, those terms themselves cannot be understood by us except so far as by personal experience, or by observation, which is a kind of experience, we have entered into the meaning of the word.

Now, to some extent God is revealed in the Old Testament, but not as exclusively as in the New. There are some things which make known the divine nature to the world as exquisite in the Old Testament as in the New; but mainly in the Old Testament God is represented as being the regnant Power; as having control over nature and over nations; as conducting universal government, and maintaining the visible creation. And that was a true and appropriate view, for the human mind, in the earlier periods of the world, was occupied with physical experiences. The first struggle of the race has reference to outward conditions. First there are households; households united constitute neighborhoods; neighborhoods combined constitute States; and States associated form nations or empires. Out of these inter-relations physical life is wrought. Social life comes close upon that. But the higher forms even of national life are slowly evolved. And the whole of human intelligence being occupied with these things in earlier civilization, the thoughts of men by which they frame a conception of God would naturally spring from these material elements. And as in the Bible God is always revealed on the principle of adaptation to want, you will find that the earlier revelations represent him as a God of administrative power—as a God of law and government.

In the New Testament, that is, in the fullness, in the ripeness of time, the other view of God having, as it were, been established—having grown by the stem, and made itself strong with ligneous development—now came the blossoming period; and on that view of God as an administrator was developed the idea of a God of goodness, of gentleness, of sweetness, of patience, of suffering, of *long*suffering, and of tenderness. Although those qualities existed to some small degree in antiquity, and their germs are plainly discernible here and there in the Older Revelation, yet they had then no such development as they have had in later times. Therefore, as we develop our conception of the Divine Being out of our experience and observation, it must needs follow that the finer and nobler traits of God's nature would appear at some interval, or in some sequence, after what we may call the framework of the divine personality had been laid. And the analogy would lead us to believe that the germs given to us of the interior disposition of God in the Old Testament will go on unfolding and producing in men noble qualities and traits, and that out of these traits and qualities, by the imagination (that is, by faith; for faith is truth acting through the imagination), there will be transferred to God yet higher conceptions; so that as the ages wear on the name of God will grow larger, and the contents of that name will be richer and more beneficent to the very end.

Paul's idea of God, then, was efflorescent and tropical. It grew in him all the way through his life. No longer to him was God a national God. The lowest idea of God is that he is a God of place. Jacob seems to have had that idea when he was running from the face of his angered brother, whom he had cheated, and when he lay down on a heap of stones, and slept, and God—or rather that which brought to him the idea of God—appeared to him; so that when he awoke, he said, "Lo, God is here, and I knew it not." He happened to go to sleep in a place where God lived, as he supposed.

Such was the early notion of God. But it was augmented in the conception of the Jews. They believed that he was the God of the Israelites—the God of all Israel. The Jews' conception of a national God was so strong that although they

enlarged it in one way they did not in another. They believed that the whole earth was to be swallowed up and become Jewish, and that then God would be the God of the whole earth. They firmly adhered to the thought that he was the God of the Jews. The idea that he would ever be the God of the Greeks, or of the outside world, never entered the Jewish mind. It was so repulsive to the Jews that it was enough to bring down a whole shower of arguments on the head of anybody who dared to advance it—arguments in the shape of stones. It was quite late before the idea entered the mind of the Jews—the apostolic Jews—that God was a God of the whole human family.

The idea of a God of salvation, as distinguished from a God of attributes and of legislative and executive powers, came still later. The conception of a God of ineffable dispositions; of a God such that, on being presented, the soul would fall in love with him; of a God so radiant and so beautiful that when once the vision of him rose before men they would rush toward it as children rush toward a meadow full of flowers and fruits; of a God so rich as to draw all men spontaneously to him by the inherent loveliness of his nature operating on human imagination and affection—that conception came a great deal later. You may well say that it came late, because it has not come yet, except in spots.

Do you ask me if I believe in election? I certainly do. I believe that some men are elected to be mathematicians, and some I *know* are not. I believe that some men are elected to be poets: some are not. Some men are elected to think with the perceptive faculties, and some are left out of that election. Some are elected to be thoughful with the philosophical faculties, and others are not so elected.

Now, there are a great many men who are "elected." That is, they are born of their mother and father with such moral susceptibilities that they can take in the idea of this soul-filling, soul-enriching and soul-rejoicing God. There are others that are born so that they can take it in but imperfectly, little by little, and only as the result of long-continued education. This is election—receptive capacity. It is inside election, not outside election.

The God that is ordinarily presented to men is not rich—except in the sense of property. He owns the world. California, and all the continent this side of it he owns. (To those in California that is the center of the world, and this is the fringe; but to us this is the center of the world, and that is the fringe. Everybody, every nation, is conceited; and they think they live right at the navel, and that everything radiates from them in every direction.) He owns the cattle on a thousand hills. The heaven is his, and the earth is his. But these possessions do not make him rich, unless he is a man, and is susceptible of being enriched by physical things —as he is not. As he is taught in the majority of instances God is not rich to men's imagination; nor to their sense of domestic delicacy; nor to their sense of love, with all its endless inflections and variations; nor to their sense of magnanimity; nor to their sense of generosity; nor to their sense of those finer traits which come later in the development of the human race, and grow finer, and involve in them a more perfect development of the higher faculties which belong to the human soul. Those traits in the divine nature are not properly apprehended. So I think I may say that the God whom men think of is very poor. We have impoverished God.

When I present to you the name of Astor, what do you think of? Oh! millions, and millions and millions of dollars. Money is what you think of in connection with him. When I present to you the name of Shakespeare what do you think of? Not a dollar. Nobody ever thinks of any such thing when he is mentioned. In connection with his name we think of observation, of philosophy, of poetry, of all dramatic conceptions and perceptions. We think of a nature rich in those elements. When I present to you the name of Homer you have a sense of distinct associations as connected with that name. Names mean a multitude of things. When, going into the household, I present to you the name, *mother*, you are conscious not only that she was the author of your outward life, but that she has as much been the author of your inward life. There are some mothers who never wean their children. They are weaned by the mouth, but not by

the heart; and they as much derive their life from mother or father when they are themselves fifty or sixty years of age, as they did when they were but five or six years old. And when you mention the name of such an one what does it bring to you?

When one speaks the name of my mother, and says to me, "Roxana," it is no Greek that I think of; it is she that was a Connecticut woman, bred in an obscure neighborhood, quiet and retiring, but full of deep pondering of things beyond her age, and of a heart rich and rare. And is there a person here who has not a name—somebody's name—which, when he hears it, distils a sweet influence upon his imagination, or rains down joyful emotive feelings on his heart? These are familiar instances. Names? They are wonder-workers. A single name will send fire through twenty thousand men. A name? When the united armies of the North returned from the sad but necessary war with the South, and marched through Washington, and Sherman's name was sounded in their ear, what a heaven-rending shout went up! Just one word was uttered; but what an effect it produced!

Now, when I mention the name of God, what does it bring to you? Catechism; confession of faith; doctrine; abstract philosophy; something that you are afraid of, and do not exactly know how, or why, or when, or where. Is there any other name so *un*rich to you, for the most part, as this? Here and there have been souls with such a knowledge of Jesus Christ that to them his name was above every other name, in heaven and on earth: but take men collectively; take a congregation like this (a congregation as well brought up, certainly, as any ordinary congregation; better, you think; but I guess you are a fair average of mankind), and when the name of God is propounded to them, what is it? What is it to you? A name that makes your soul quiver?

When you are tried and worn and made sad by your business, and some one says to you, "Your wife and children expect you home early," how it rubs the wrinkles out of your brow!—I hope it does. You feel at once as though a strain

of music had come into your care and trouble. New thoughts and feelings are brought to you.

Now, when, in the midst of your cares and troubles, men say "God" to you, what does it do? Does it touch you? Is there anything in it to you? Does it shake down the dews of heaven upon you? Is there in it everything that is gentle, and tender, and sweet, and loving, and lovable? Does it mean all that you ought to be, and wish to be, and ten million times more? Does it represent to you One who has such love that he loves those who are in trespasses and sins? Did you ever read that sentence? I am afraid you have read other books more than you have the Bible.

"God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins."

Is this the thought of God: that he is a Being who is so wonderful in love that when he looks out upon men, and sees them dead, *dead*, DEAD in sin, he not only pities them, and sorrows for them, and waits on them, but loves them?

How can God love a man that is in sin? I do not know; I should be more like God than I am now if I knew altogether; but I do know a little.

A wife has followed the husband of her youth through all his declining periods, till he has come to be a brute—a fester—a lump of sickness and wretchedness, and is as foul inside as he is loathsome outside. The father and mother forbid him the house; the neighbors consider him a repulsive thing; the whole community wish he was dead; but this one woman stands by him night and day, giving up everything she has—father, and mother, and children even—for his sake. She holds on to a life as full of misery as it can be packed, for no other reason than to try to take care of that poor fellow. And when at last he dies, and everybody says, "Thank God, the monster is gone," she says, "Oh! oh! oh! don't, don't, don't speak so. I loved him!"

Is there not such a love as that in a wife's heart—not in every instance, but in some instances? And where did she get it? There is a Fountain from which such experiences spring. Whoever has any noble trait gets it from God, who is rich.

What constitutes riches? I asked, in New Hampshire, how much it took to make a farmer rich there; and I was told that if a man was worth five thousand dollars he was considered rich. If a man had a good farm, and had ten thousand dollars out at interest, oh! he was very rich—*passing* rich. I dropped a little further down, into Concord, where some magnates of railroads live (they are the aristocrats just now), and I found that the idea of riches was quite different there. A man there was not considered rich unless he had a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, in pretty clear stuff—not hypothecated riches. I go to New York and ask men how much it takes to make one rich, and they say, "There never was a greater mistake made than that of supposing that five or six hundred thousand dollars make a man rich. What does that sum amount to?" I go into the upper circles of New York where millionaires, or men worth a million dollars or over, used to be considered rich; and there if a man is worth five or ten millions it is thought that he is *coming on*. It is said, "He will be rich one of these days." When a man's wealth amounts to fifty or a hundred millions he is very rich.

Now if such is the idea of riches in material things, what must riches be when you rise above the highest men to angels, and above angels to God? What must be the circuit which makes riches, when it reaches him? And when you apply this term, increscent, to the Divine nature, as it respects the qualities of love and mercy, what must riches be in God, the infinite, whose experiences are never less wide than infinity? What must be love and mercy, and their stores, when it is said that God is rich in them?

If a noble, heroic man is rich in a quality, carry it up into saintship, carry it up into angelhood, carry it up through principalities and powers and dominions; and then there is an infinite stretch before God is reached; but sweep it by faith on and on; and what must it be in him?

Now, is there any such conception of God in your mind, as that he is rich in grace, in love, in mercy, in tenderness, in forbearance, in patience, in delicacy, in fineness, in those rare things which make everybody tingle with admiration

when he sees them in some heroic nature? Does the name of God bring to you any such association as that? I do not mean to ask whether your God has a good deal of hand-power; I do not mean to ask whether he can make stars as boys make snowballs; I do not mean to ask whether he can think a good deal, and put thoughts together in endless magnificent logic; I do not mean anything of that sort; but is he rich in soul? Is he rich in those directions which Jesus Christ opened when he thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and humbled himself, and willingly accepted death, and picked out, as it were, the worst death known to human nature—the death of the cross? Is he rich in the sense which was implied when Christ told his disciples that they were the strongest and noblest and best who were the slaves of men? Is he rich in those particulars to which the Saviour referred when he represented to his followers their duty, and pointed out the line of their growth, by taking a towel and washing their feet, and saying, "If I, your Lord and Master, do this, I do it to show you how much more it should be done by you"? Is there any such conception of riches in your idea of God?

What are the reasons, then, of this comparative poverty of conception in regard to the divine nature! One reason is, that men look more upon the external and less upon the internal revelation of God in nature, derived from human experiences. I believe that in our day God is revealing himself by the hands of natural philosophers. I will not take a narrow view of the office which is being performed by the thinking men of our time. I am not alarmed at what may be called the *personal infidelity* of these men. They are all workers together, though they do not know it.

Go with me into a silk factory, and take down one of the most exquisite pieces of silk, and unroll it. Oh, what a beautiful pattern! What exquisite colors! What fineness of texture! What magnificent figures! Why, it is charming!

Now, let us see how that is made. We will go back step by step till we come to the loom where it was woven. We see this machine, that does not know what it is doing, throwing

its shuttles by some operation which it cannot understand. Let us go further back. We see men in one of the rooms punching holes here and there in a pasteboard card, according to some plan which has been devised; and these holes mean figures. When the fabric is put on the loom in the proper way, in certain places given colors and given threads come out, or do not come out, according to these holes. The idea that they have any relation to the making of that silk, or helping to make it, seems perfectly absurd. But go further back, and you will find men spinning silk, and working on little bits of thread; and if you are told that they are making such a fabric as that, you say, "They are not; they are spinning single threads." What they are doing has not the slightest relation, apparently, to the fabric. Go back further yet, and you will find men up to their elbows in nasty-looking dye-stuff, in a badly smelling room, and all smouched themselves. I say, "You recollect those exquisite colors which you saw: these men are making them." "These men making those colors? Preposterous! Absurd!" On going further back, we find boys and girls, six, eight or ten of them, winding up little bits of films from yellow cocoons. These boys and girls are talking and laughing with each other, and I say, "They are working for that silk fabric." "Do not tell me any such stuff as that!" I take you one step further back. We go into the cocoonery where there is craunching that sounds like rain falling on a roof, and I show you millions of little ugly-looking worms, and say, "These are the folks, after all, that are making the silk." "What! these worms?" "Yes, *these worms.*"

Now, then, take a Christian, according to the ordinary acceptation of that term. A Christian in this world is—well, a minister, or a deacon, that knows all theology, and keeps Sunday, and observes all the proprieties of the sanctuary, and lives an admirable, blameless life, and holds the faith of the Church exactly right. Men look on such a man, and say, "There, that is what I call a regular churchman, and a good Christian man." I present to them Herbert Spencer; and they say, "What! that outrageous skeptic, Herbert Spencer? He, mentioned in the same day with that

excellent Christian man—that admirable churchman?" I present to them John Stuart Mill. "Why!" they say, "he did not believe in a God, even." So those worms did not know that they were making silk. They did not believe in silk. If you had told them about silk they could not have understood you.

What fools you are! What a fool I am! What fools all men are! How preposterously we reason about things! Do you suppose everything in the world is going to run according to your pendulum? Is there not a common scheme which regulates the affairs of this globe? and are not all men working in obedience to that scheme, and working in their own way, God being the great Architect? Is not everybody working, whether he knows it or not, toward the final consummation of things.

There are riches in stellar discoveries, in chemical discoveries, in things that the microscope reveals, in things that the telescope reveals; and it matters very little to me whether individual workers, who are bringing about effects, and arriving at deductions, believe as the Jews did, as the Brahmins do, or as I do. So far as their work is concerned, they are working together in the cause of the world's progress. If religion is the truth of God in its essence and absolute reality, it never can be rubbed out; and I am not afraid. Those who work most to rub it out are often those who do most to diffuse it, and cleanse it, and bring it into power.

Nevertheless, when scientific men, in the earlier stages, work to bring out the truth of God, they of necessity work by the senses; they work with the exterior physical organs; and they bring out that truth of the divine nature which has relation to materiality. And if you have only what is called a *scientific God*—a God that presides over the alembic, over chemistry, over dynamics, over physical elements, you have a real God; but he is not a God that makes heaven rich and the earth musical.

When you go further, to those who teach the nature of God, the will of God, the law of God, and the government of God, these are often preached so out of all proportion that men come to conceive of God as really very much what Judge

Noah Davis is, sitting with books before him, a good and kind man personally, but not at all at liberty to use his goodness, and saying, "Here am I, gentlemen, to dispense justice. I am very sorry for that man; but he has done wrong, and I can not stir an inch. I am bound to take the law and administer it on him." So men transfer to their conception of God that which, in the weakness of human administration, we are obliged to make use of, because no man is large enough to be intrusted with following his own feelings in judging men. But God is not such a Judge or Administrator as that. He is large enough to say, "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy, and I will have compassion on whom I will have compassion." His will and thought are adequate to every emergency and occasion. But still, we have a legal God presented to us.

Now, a man may admire justice, but no man ever loves it.

I heard one of my old friends—a rude man, with a great deal of soul-depth in his composition (nor as when you break open stones you may find crytals, so, when you break him open, like a geode, you find that he is full of precious qualities)—I heard him say, "When my house was burning, I stood over across the way and looked at it without any very great trouble of mind; I said, 'Thank God, that house burns as well as any rich man's.' I stood it very well (the tears ran down his cheeks as he said it) till I saw the bedroom burning, where my children were born, where the cradle was, and where I used to kneel down and pray. I cried then." He could see the garret and the cellar burn; but when it came to burning the room where his children used to gather about him, that touched him. And so it is with our God. That side of God which deals with matter never draws men with more than admiration. It is that side of God which represents the social and the moral that develops not only admiration but attraction and love.

Then the mode in which God is presented to men for the sake of stopping them in evil and drawing them toward good takes away, substantially, from thousands of men, all power and all sweetness in the name of God.

There is the presentation of an idea which has almost be-

come a pulpit or theological custom—namely, that every faithful minister must first preach the Law to sinners; that the law-work must be done on everybody first; and that after that work is done, then everything that is in the Gospel may be introduced. If you run it back to its philosophy, it is this: that, as men are made, the only way to stop them from going wrong, and turn them back toward good, is to deal with their conscience; to awaken their sense of fear; to lay the rule of right and wrong on them. It is thought that when the consequences of wrong-doing are placed before them they will cease doing wrong, and retrace their steps. And when that operation has been performed on the subject he is ready to have another of a higher grade performed.

A doctor says of his patient, "Give that first—it will take down the fever; and when that has taken effect, and he has begun to get better, put in your quinine."

So these men say, "Let the fear-work, the conscience-work be done first; and then put in love."

Now, our seminaries, and a large proportion of our ministers, teach that; and there is a certain element of truth in it; but it is not the whole truth; nor is it a good truth to proceed on, unless it is on the general principle of the "foolishness of preaching."

How is it with the family? I hold that there is no family which is not better for having a stick in it. I think that must be a very foolish child that grows up without ever being whipped—that is, if I may take my own experience as a criterion. I would not be understood very literally in this matter. There are some children that really seem born in the wrong world, they are so good; but as a general rule such children die early. Almost all saints among children die early. They do not hold out a great while. If they live they are not saints; and if they are saints they do not live, for the most part. But now and then there are children of such a nature that you do not have to chastise them. Let me say, however, that it is not altogether owing to the nature of the child. It is due to the wisdom of the parent in a great measure.

Take a great wise-hearted mother, and give her all the

time she needs, and endow her with insight into character, and let her meet her one child at every single step so that before he knows it she is bringing influences to bear which change the operation of his thoughts and feelings, and she can bring him up without once smiting or coërcing him.

But suppose she was a poor woman, with a very large brain, and a very small body, and therefore very nervously organized; suppose she had twelve children; and suppose she could not get at any one of them more than about once a day, because she had to work for them all, early and late. People would say to her, perhaps, "Bring up your children by the use of moral suasion—that is the way." "Moral *nonsense!*" she very likely would say; "I have to bring up my children as I can." In such a family as that, a whip is a very nice thing, whatever sentimentalists may say of it. I go in for the woman who, having brought up eight strapping boys, and brought them up well, on being asked, "How did you bring them up?" said, "I brought them up in the fear of God and the horsewhip."

There is a truth, therefore, in bringing up children by the use of love, and there is also a truth in bringing up children by the infliction of pain. Pain is medicinal, and very good, oftentimes.

Nevertheless,—looking all through the bringing up of the child in the family, till it is five, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen years of age, when it is beginning to feel all the germs of after life without any of the knowledges or experiences of after life, and tracing the conduct of the parent from beginning to end,—which predominates, fear and pain, or love, and patience, and gentleness and counsel? Why, I tell you that a mother's heart does more in the bringing up of children, a million times, than a mother's hand, though the hand is sometimes quite busy. Both elements are there; but as the child grows older, and he comes to have respect and veneration for his mother, he is stopped more from wrong-doing by reason of his mother's tenderness and his mother's tears than by reason of the authority which she exercises over him. Many and many a child is carried through exigencies of evil by a mother's love.

But it is said, "You must treat human nature first by law." If I had tried everything else to no purpose I should try law too; but suppose I should proclaim this doctrine: "No man can do anything with stones unless he blasts them with powder"? I go on that theory in building my house. I have the stones brought to the spot; some could be fitted and managed without breaking, and a hammer's blow would break most of the others; but "No," I say to the workmen, "you know the doctrine. You must bore a hole in every stone, and put in powder. Observe the law first, blast them, and then you can go on and face them, and put them in their places."

I say, where you cannot break stone with a hammer, and where you cannot do anything else, why, then blast it with powder; but do not be bound to that particular method when other better methods might be employed.

In teaching men about the moral nature of the government under which they live, I should deal with them according to circumstances. In the coarser elements of society undoubtedly there is to be a more vigorous appeal to the imagination, and a larger proportional use of fear; but fear itself is only instrumental, and relative to the next higher element. You may find it wise to use fear for the sake of not having to use it next time. You may start with fear for the sake of by and by using higher motives. But any system of preaching which perpetually dwells on law, and divine vengeance, and God's justice (as distinguished from his love), and which steadily holds up from year to year in the congregation nothing higher than conscience, *conscience*, CONSCIENCE, although it means well, is a preaching that impoverishes God in the minds of the people. Out of such preaching can never come that notion of God which is the glory of the New Testament. A few persons may break through it, and find the Christ that is sent for them; but the mass of men in the congregation will live and die without ever having come to the riches of the goodness and grace of God as they are represented through Jesus Christ.

There are other causes which tend to impoverish our conception of God, but I cannot pause to speak of them now.

I remark first, in closing, that everyone may measure the state which he is in by the feeling that the name of God brings to him; by the memories, the associations, the loves, the hopes, the raptures that it excites in him.

God is the consummation of everything that is noble, beautiful and rare. Every quality that excites admiration in a generous or noble mind exists in God in infinite proportions and developments; and the growth which you have made is manifested by the receptivity which is in you when the name of God is disclosed. Not only is it "a name above every name," but it is a name that should bring to you thousands and thousands of the rarest and sweetest and noblest associations.

Below the old cathedral of Antwerp, I sat on the sidewalk; and as beggars usually sit there, the passers-by looked queerly at me, to see what sort of a beggar I might be; but as I asked no alms, and took none, no one spoke to me. I sat there, on a bit of wood, with the cathedral over against me. About the base of the great edifice were booths and trading shops—for in some parts of Europe they pollute their churches by building worldly houses, trafficking places, right up against the base. But at every quarter of an hour there rang out from the belfry far up in the air the sounds of, I should think, some twenty or thirty bells—sounds like silver—the finest and most exquisite sounds I ever heard, underlaid and enriched by the more sonorous tones of larger bells. In their whirls and combinations the air seemed to catch these sounds and spread them; and it appeared as if all manner of little sprites and angel imps were dancing and floating in the air. When I think of that cathedral, I do not remember its walls, and its buttresses, and the people that were about its base, except that I have strange reminiscences of them in a generic way; but I remember very distinctly the impressions made in me by the magnificent rush of sounds from that spire, lifted up above all noise of traffic, where no dirt or anything that would defile could reach, and yet descending to bless the toilers below with the sweetness and purity of those realms of the upper air.

What, then, is the name of God to you? Is it doctrine?

Is it the foundation of the church? Is it the place below where the great congregation gather? Or, is it the rush of melodious sounds of sweetness, and love, and goodness, and mercy, and patience, and long-suffering, and magnanimity, and pity? Is it riches in these things that come sounding down to you from that great name, GOD?

You can measure yourself, your growth, your state, by the report in yourself, by your own experience, when your heart turns toward the thought of God.

I remark, again, that the conceptions which we have of God are not exaggerated, though they are disproportionate. We are often told that in preaching we ought to have a proportional view of God. I say that that is simply impossible. You might as well say that we ought to have a proportional view of the stellar universe. When we do not know one in a million of stars, how can we tell whether they are baked, or half baked, or cast solid? Who can take the statistics of the stars, and make any proportional statement with regard to them?

Now as to God, we cannot understand a millionth part of his being. We can say that we understand the qualities of the divine nature; we can say that we understand the direction in which it will lead us when we explore it; but we cannot form a proportional view of God.

We are not, however, in any danger of exaggerating the divine goodness and love and mercy. If men say to me, "You preach a God of good nature and effeminate love," it is not true. I do not preach any such God as that. I do not preach a God of effeminate love. Of all things that are powerful, the love of God is the most so. It is a love that punishes as well as rewards. Down from the judgment-seat where God sits comes condemnation as well as approval. Flaming eyes and a brow of indignation as much belong to love as smiles and sweet caresses. Love has in it all the force and cogency that is needed for a vigorous and efficient administration. A mother's love is not inconsistent with a mother's wrath. And ah, the wrath of the mother! What do you care for a shrew that does not care for you? If she, with voice shrill and angry, scolds and storms at you, what

do you care for that? I do not care for the rebuke of those to whom I am indifferent and who are indifferent to me. It is when those that I love, and who love me, chastise and chide me, that I am grieved. The most terrible of all justice is love-justice. Heathen justice and brute justice, such as is generally attributed to God, is the poorest and meanest of all stuffs that were ever swept into the limbo of vanity. I preach no conception of a God that is not invested with vigor and power, and that has not in his love all that is needed for force, for the incarnation of justice, for the keeping away of harm from those whom he loves, and for restoring from their troubles those who must be restored as men are who have taken too much opium, by being smitten and made to walk. I preach no effeminate love. I preach a love that carries in it all that is necessary for the salvation of the race, if men will use it for restoration, and not for destruction.

You cannot exaggerate God's goodness. He is better than poets' songs have represented him. He is better than dying saints have imagined him to be. He is better than anything that it is possible for the thoughts of men to conceive. He is One that is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." When we shall "see him as he is," in the world that is to come, the reality will transcend any conception which we have formed; and the memory of that which we have conceived will pass away.

When I lived in the woods of Indiana, I used to hear a great deal of talk about the inflorescence of the prairies in spring. I tried to imagine what it was. I had never seen a prairie, and I was filled with curiosity to see one—especially at that season of the year when the flowers were in bloom, of which I had heard such glowing descriptions. I had to make up some sort of notion respecting them, and I did the best I could. I put my garden alongside of another; and I added several others to these; and then I thought of all the flowers they would contain; but it was a comparatively limited idea that I had in my mind. And I remember very well the morning when I first rode out upon a real rolling prairie. After passing through a piece of woods I struck it. The sun

was shining aslant—for it was about nine o'clock; the dew was on the grass, and on the flowers; and very soon I was out at sea—or the effect was the same as if I had been. I could see no timber in any direction. It looked as though the prairie went to a point where the sky touched it, in front, on the right, and on the left. The flowers covered every little swell and hill-side. It seemed as if all the flowers in creation had been collected there.

Instead of little bits of flower-beds here and there, there were vast stretches of flowers. Here was a patch of pansies a mile long; there was a patch of tulips two or three miles long; and here was a patch of phlox five or six miles long. Here were great quantities of one sort of flower, and there were great quantities of another sort. Further than the eye could reach the ground was covered with flowers. It looked as though the sun had dropped down upon the earth and stained everything with its colors. And it was easy to conceive that if I should go on, and on, and on, if I should travel all day, and to-morrow, and the next day, and next week, I should still find flowers. And oh, what was my garden-conception of a prairie compared with what I took in when I saw one?

You build up your idea of God from the household, from the best persons you know, and from the highest experiences that you have had. You gather together on earth all those conceptions which to you make a heroic, noble, resplendent being, and the sum of these you call God. But how different is the idea which you have of him now from that which you will have of him when you see him as he is!

Do you know what emphasis there is in those words *When we shall see him as he is?* The things that are past will grow dim and die away. They will be taper-lights at most. But the glory, the majesty, the magnitude, the bounty, the sweetness, the transcendent riches of the divine Heart, will fill every soul that beholds God "as he is." Silence will first reign; and then rapture will break forth from each heart, and heaven will resound with shouts of the redeemed. No man can learn here what it will be to feel the full power of the goodness and love and mercy of the

heart of God that has cleansed his. But we are all traveling toward that great tropical Center.

When Kane was shut up in the north, two long winters passed in which he did not see a tree. He saw a few flowers under the edge of the glaciers, and he saw some birds that came from the south, and reminded him of summer down there; but his was all an Arctic experience. When, however, he had abandoned his anchorage, and had set his face southward, and had reached the Greenland settlements, a considerable change had taken place in the temperature. When, having met the relief ships, he had started southward again, a greater change had taken place. When he got so far south that he could see the water unobstructed by ice the change was still greater. Gradually, as he came on, the air grew warmer, and the winds grew balmier. More and more as he neared the temperate zone, everything became benign. And when at last he came to where he could smell the land, how great was the change! What a transition it must have been from an Arctic winter to a temperate summer! But when, finally, the harbor of New York opened upon his vision,—and the green ground, the ample bowl for ships,—and thoughts and memories of his dear friends came hovering in upon him, who can tell what his feelings were?

And when, over this stormy sea of life, from these winter scenes and experiences, the soul goes sailing, through warmer and brighter climes, up toward the summer-land, and at last enters the harbor of God, and receives an abundant and choral entrance, who can tell what his emotions will be? Then, when those whom he has known and who have known him on earth greet him, when angels welcome him, and when he sees "as he is" God himself, who fills heaven with his presence and majesty and glory, the experience will be such as it hath not entered the heart of man to conceive.

Toward that land we are all going; and what matters it that we suffer here? What if we know anguish now and then? What if we have disappointments? What if ties are broken? What if companions are separated? What if parents and children are taken from each other?

A poor working-man had no friend in the world except a

little child and a dog. The girl, that ever greeted him when he returned from his toil, died, and the dog was slain; and he cursed God; for life seemed to him no longer worth having. O atheist, standing over the grave of love, do not dare to say that love has gone out! Love never goes out—*never!* God has taken your child, and it waits for you to go and take it again in its more glorified form.

Dear friends, to whom life is solitary, you are crossing a desert on the other side of which are gardens, orchards, blessings transcendent; and the scenes which you are passing through here will make it all the more blessed when you reach it. So be patient. Do not curse God and die, as the wicked wife told Job to do. Do not say, "The heavens are black, and covered with sackcloth." Whom God loves he chastens, and he scourges every son whom he receives.

Then bear patiently your burdens and trials. I present to you a God who is better than your love ever conceived him to be. He is a Father who will wipe away all tears from the eyes of his children. Trust in him. Fill your imagination full of the blessedness of a God who is rich in goodness, and mercy, and love, and pity; and then hold on your way, and bear without complaint the things which trouble you now.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

O LORD our God, why should any go forth this morning, and pray that the sun may shine upon them, that has arisen and poured down its abundance over the earth? Why have we arisen ourselves, but that the light dawned, and called us from our sleep? Why should any go forth and stretch out their hands and ask for the air that they may breathe therein, when all around about the globe thou hast poured it forth abundantly, beyond the want of man and beast? And why should we draw near to thee and pray for the light of thy countenance and for the health of thy soul when thou hast filled the heavens and the universe where thy creatures are, and art everywhere, and art quickening and drawing men up toward the higher and better life? Why should we solicit thee who art perpetually soliciting us to recognize thee? Why should we ask thy bounties when thou art beseeching us to take thy mercies? Why should we implore thy visits when all our lives long thou hast stood at the door knocking, thy head wet with the dew of the night?

Rebuke us in love for our backwardness and unfaith. Rebuke us that we do not trust thee more than we do. Rebuke us that we bring barrenness to thee while thou art bringing to us perpetual bounty. For we are as the stones, and thou art as vines that creep over them. All beauty is upon them; but it is not of the stones; it is of thee, that dost cover them. Grant that we may feel that everything which we have comes from thy hand. Without thee, how dry we are, as sticks that lie in the field, homely and brown, till the sun makes them beautiful by shining upon them, and giving them its light. Grant that we may feel how poor and mean our life is of itself, but how glorious it becomes under the shining of God. How beautiful we may be when quickened by thy Spirit; and how exceeding beautiful we shall be when we have been fashioned and completed and made meet for our inheritance among the saints in glory!

Be pleased, O God, to accept our recognition of our low estate, and our conviction of our innumerable sins, which cannot be catalogued —sins of thought; sins of imagination; sins of too much or too little feeling; sins of emptiness or of overfullness; sins of strength or of weakness wrongly placed. Thou knowest us altogether. Thou rememberest our frame. Thou knowest that we are but of the dust, and that we are struggling away from it—many, with feet very weary; many, upon paths that are very hard; many with easily besetting sins, that swarm in them as insects in morasses swarm about the unwary traveler. Thou knowest altogether our lot, and thou wilt not be unmindful of us. If our children were surrounded by a thousand troubles, how would our hearts melt for them! And art not thou better than we are? Does not thy heart yearn toward us? Art thou not helping us to break away from our sins and from our transgressions? Dost thou not hide them as behind the clouds? Dost thou not bury them and sink them deeper than the bottom of the sea? We rejoice in the kindliness and the bounty of forgiveness that are in thy nature. Grant that we may have more and more a conception of the riches of the goodness that is in God, so that thy name may become a

name of power; a name of hope; a name of comfort; a name of inspiration; and so that we may live, not as to our own selves, but as to God, and as of God.

Bless, we pray thee, all that are in thy presence. Grant the desire of every heart, so far as that desire is for the good of each one. Teach all to pray so as that thy will may be done, and not theirs; for thou art the all-thinking, the all-knowing and the all-loving God; and thou seest all our life. It has been ordained from the beginning. The life of all creatures is predestinated. Thou hast laid the line along which the human soul shall develop from the beginning of things; and nothing hath interrupted nor checked its development along that line. Thou art still supervising and unfolding the same system as when the patriarchs trod the desert lands, and ages before; and thou wilt go on supervising and unfolding it to the end. We rejoice in this perpetuity. We rejoice that we may feel that we are living along the ways of God's marking out. Teach every one of us, therefore, to so submit himself to thee, that he may be made by thy will comformable to those great elements of purity, of holiness, of sanctification and of salvation, which thou hast had before thee as the termination of thine administration from the very beginning. We rejoice in the far future. Death itself will be blessed to us if it shall bring us to thee, and to the consummation of that which we shall behold in thy person.

Take away from every one, we pray thee, the fear of things present or of things to come; for if God be for us who can be against us? If nothing shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, what have we to fear? Oh, take not that away from us which is our hope, our shield, our armor of offence and of defence—thine own self; the love of Jesus Christ which passeth knowledge; the peace of God which passeth knowledge; and the presence of God which passeth all knowledge and all words.

We pray thy blessing to rest upon all those in our midst who are sick. Wilt thou comfort them in their sickness. Grant grace, mercy and peace to every one. Make thyself dearer and dearer unto every one. May all feel the tenderness of thy presence. May they feel the nursing hand of God. May his arm be as a father's arm, that lifts up the child that is weary with lying, and holds it in his bosom.

We pray that thou wilt teach every one who is sick unto death how to go down rejoicing to the very gate that shall lead him forth. May every one be willing to do as thy servant of old did when an angel took him from the prison at night, and the gate opened before their steps, and he was sent to find his own friends again. May those who are imprisoned in the body rejoice when the angel shall come, and shall lead them forth, and the gate shall open and let them out, that they may go to their own that are not here.

Grant, we pray thee, that thy blessing may come to all those who labor in word and doctrine. We thank thee that there are so many who are willing to give their time thus. We pray that their willingness may not come simply as a compliance with duty, but as an eager impulse. May they feel, "Woe is me if I do not labor for other men."

We pray for those who supervise our schools and mission labors:

and for those who teach, or otherwise help to carry on these schools. May the Spirit of God rest upon them. And may these schools be mighty to spread abroad the influences of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

We pray that the light of the Gospel may shine throughout the land. Bless the President of these United States, and all who are united to him in authority. Bless the Congress assembled. Bless the Legislatures assembled, or assembling. Bless all governors, judges and magistrates throughout this nation. We pray that our citizens may live lives full of industry, morality and piety. We pray that there may such truth, such justice, and such self-restraint that their bearing may have a salutary influence on men in other lands, so that those who are in bondage may know how, by a larger manhood, to break forth out of bondage. And we beseech of thee that thou wilt give such growth that there shall be no power in shackles to hold the growing nature. May men become free by becoming fuller and more full of the divine manhood.

So spread abroad thy kingdom everywhere, till the heavens shall descend, till the new heavens and the new earth in which are to dwell righteousness shall come, and all men shall see thy salvation.

And to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, shall be the praise evermore. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

O Lord! thou art greater than our thoughts of thee. Thou art to us more than we can speak. Thou dost also transcend our utmost conception. All of thy name that we can frame into words is but little; and all of thee that we can frame into emotions is still but little; and all that we can conceive of thee by the imagination is yet but very little. Beyond our thoughts and feelings and conceptions thou dost stretch endlessly and boundlessly. We look toward thee as men look toward the morning. Thou art our Sun; thou art our Light; thou art our Life. In thee our life is hid. We do not understand the meaning of this; but our hearts are uplifted with gladness that we shall find its meaning to be so much more than that which is shadowed forth, though the shadow itself is transcendently better than all earthly joys and experiences. Be pleased, our Father, to show this more and more to us. Grant that we may learn more and more in life to live by being better. So draw us near to thee until there shall be that ear opened in the soul which can hear unutterable things; until that sight shall be quickened which can see invisible things; and until that susceptibility to truth shall be aroused which can take in the higher and nobler elements of life, so that we can here feel the first tremulous touches of heavenly joy. And thus we shall go onward and upward until we shall stand in Zion and before God. And we will give the praise of our salvation to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. *Amen.*

ST. PAUL'S CREED.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. iv., 8.

These were among the very last words that were penned by the Apostle Paul. He was in prison, and he wrote them with a manacled hand, chained to a soldier, rejoicing that even his bonds were blest, and that the heroism of his suffering made many bold to speak the truth of Christ, even in the household of the despot who soon sought and took his life; so that this light breaks out from the darkness of the dungeon.

How Paul's last days were spent we know not. There was no decline by reason of sickness. The waste, the decay, we are spared an account of from him. He rises as a spirit burning with the most noble sentiments, with the most heroic feelings, and with a life astonishing by its disinterestedness, by its fervor, by its wonderful success—a life which did not end with the falling of the body; for he rose to a nobler sphere, to join in higher labors; and the truths which he had uttered came on down through the generations which followed. There never have been any brighter scenes than those through which the apostle Paul passed; and there has never been a man who, on so high a level of enthusiastic sentiment, has equaled or been fit to be likened to him. Aside from Christ, he is

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the one shining light of the New Testament dispensation, standing there as Moses stood in the Old Testament dispensation. Though the Jews, running far back in their thoughts toward antiquity, spoke evermore with veneration of the founders of their nation—Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob—and not improperly; yet all these great names are mere shadows. They have left no special memorial—no great truth which they bore and rounded out. They are landmarks very much as those stone-heap witnesses were, which the Israelites were accustomed to build on great occasions. Moses had a creative nature, and he left institutions and laws and methods which have made the world wiser and better to this day; but John and Paul are the two natures of the New Testament, who, inflamed by Jesus, were made to be significantly his great forces. John represents the interior and thoughtful and undemonstrative manhood; but, if he be larger and nobler in some respects, yet, after all, his revelation to the world as an active force is not so great as that of Paul. John may be, in and of himself, perhaps, deeper and higher; but as a regenerating power, acting upon the world, Paul, who was made up of profound personal experience, with an intense practical nature, far transcends John in his sphere, in the width of it, and in its force.

It is quite noticeable that he who has developed in modern times, on religious grounds, the doctrine of the sacredness of the individual man, or the doctrine of the nobility of manhood, should himself have been brought up, I might almost say, a besotted Pharisee. A Pharisee is one who worships instruments. Whoever believes that churches, or books, or institutions, or customs, are more valuable than men is a Pharisee; and, on the other hand, whoever believes that man is transcendently more valuable than his institutions is a Paulist—that is to say, he is a Christman, or Christian. For this idea was borrowed by the apostle Paul from Jesus, who, never disdaining institutions, never disdaining the customs of his country, was adhered to enthusiastically by the common people, because he so well represented to them the noblest notion of a Jew. He was a servant to their sabbaths and synagogues and modes of worship; and yet, after all, through

his obedience to these things, there shone out in him, more and more to the end, the conception that the unit of value in the universe is living intelligence. Man makes society; man fashions communities; man frames institutions; but his value does not depend upon what he does in the framing of institutions. He is not like a stone that goes into a wall, and helps to build a palace or a fort, and is good for nothing except as the fort or the palace is good. He is not like a brick, compressed, and made shapely, in order that it may be laid just so with line and trowel. He is a living being, in and of himself; and all society, all religion, all churches, all institutions, come as servants to him, who is the master of them, who is the one for whom they were created, and who is independent of them—or can be, or ought to be, if he is not. It is because these things help a man to measure manliness, it is because they bring in their hand that which makes him broader and stronger and richer, that they are valuable to him; and the moment they cease to do that he ceases to be amenable to them.

Just as soon as this large conception of the liberty of manhood, of the liberty wherewith Christ makes men free, of the liberty which all men enter into when they are by the Divine Spirit brought into line, not in their lower animal nature, but in their reason, in their moral sentiments, and in that intuition which comes from the higher feelings—just as soon as this large conception of liberty takes possession of a man, and he lives according to it, he becomes free. For whatever things men are accustomed to do because the law says they shall, under the influence of this new conception they do because they like to do them. They act voluntarily. It is pleasanter for them to do right than to do wrong, just as it is pleasanter for a musician to make chords than to make discords.

A man may rise to a plane where he speaks the truth because it is sweeter to speak the truth than to speak falsehood. A man may be honest because he feels that honesty is intrinsically better to him than dishonesty. And so, in every place, that which men do by law and by rule, they come at last to do by volition. In the highest reach of which

we have any notion upon earth, men do things involuntarily and automatically.

Paul was one, then, who cared for nothing so much as for that ennobled manhood which is the result of the divine influence upon the human soul. The inflections in his writings which dissuade from every form of evil, and exhort to every form of good, are simply marvelous. Men have read those writings in order to frame theologies—and they have had business on hand to do that. It has been assumed, generally, that out of the New Testament decrees—at least so far as the whole will of God is concerned—you can frame the outlines of the divine government, of the divine attributes, and of the divine purposes, as well as the outcome of the divine economy in time. Men have supposed that from the New Testament should be extracted these great elements; and they have been busy in attempting to mark them out; whereas that which the New Testament is remarkable for, that which it has been to a very large extent recognized and employed as being,—is that it deals with the formation of a beautiful, noble manhood. Paul was the apostle of manhood,—manhood in Christ Jesus,—he being both the model and the inspiration.

I need not stop to read you the many passages which abound everywhere touching this matter.

Thus these developments have in them the method of making known the divine nature. Hitherto the revelation of God had been autocratic; sometimes it had been despotic, supreme, sovereign, and terrible; but in the New Testament, without losing sight of the fact that God is supreme and sovereign, the especial development is that of loveliness; and the influence of the divine nature upon the soul, as shown forth in the New Testament, is to inspire it with all forms of manliness. In other words, it is for the sake of *shaping men into divinity*, and not for the sake of *bringing them to worship divinity*, that God is revealed in the teachings of the New Testament, and especially in the writings of the Apostle Paul. In so far as the knowledge of God inspires reverence, reverence itself helps to build up the inward being, and to make man nobler; and so far it is useful; but the main con-

ception of the divine nature found in the New Testament is that from the reflection of its power upon men they shall become nobles, priests, kings. You do not strike the apostolic line of vision, you do not get the view which the apostle had, from his stand-point, until you gain a conception of the divine nature which tends to inspire in men all confidence, all hope, all admiration, all trust, and every endeavor at imitation.

The conception, therefore, of a God that is mighty, and afar off, the great Engineer and Architect, is not the New Testament conception. Although he is Engineer and Architect, and although those laws which are irresistible and universal, and are moving through time and space, and shaping matter, are from him, yet there is just the same difference between the interior disposition of God and this outward manifestation of power, that there is between a man showing physical strength and a man showing spiritual dispositions. The New Testament conception of the disposition of God is distinctively that which makes him *the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely*—although that phrase itself is one of those welcome fore-gleams of the later light, which shoot out here and there from the Old Testament.

Men, in this point of view, according to the apostle, are of more importance than institutions. As it is declared by the Lord, "The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath." The Bible was made for man, and not man for the Bible. The church was made for man, and not man for the church. The teacher was ordained for the sake of men, and not men for the sake of the teacher. All ordinances are to be helps and benefits to men, and not masters or rulers over them. These things were all designed, not to take away from but to enlarge and ennoble the individual. The whole drift of the New Testament is to make a man free by making him better; by drawing him up in the only direction in which there is legitimate growth—toward the higher elements that are in his nature; and when men come to power and manhood in that direction they find themselves free from everything except the dominion of love—and that is the only bondage in this world which any man can afford to have.

The chains which love imposes are honors: all others are degradations.

The whole tendency of the New Testament, then, is to inspire largeness of being, freedom of nature, independence of life, as fast as men can achieve it by broadening their powers and becoming good. All other things are instruments, and are ordained to be subject to man's choices.

But is not a man obliged to keep Sunday? It is better that a man should have one day in seven for rest, and that he should give to the household and to moral culture this portion of his time; but is a man bound, under the apostolic injunction, to observe days, sabbaths, and new moons, or is he free?

He who can make manhood without instruments is perfectly at liberty to make manhood without instruments. If a man would be pure, and truth-loving, and beautiful, and full of honor, and full of every scintillation of virtue, is he not bound to observe church economies? No. May men be Christians outside of a church? Would to God that they would be! Well, if a man becomes a Christian outside of a church must he not come into it? If he wishes to—not otherwise.

We think it a well-established fact, that if a man does go to school it will be easier for him to learn; but if he chooses to learn outside of the school he is at liberty to do it. We want him to have intelligence; and we point out to him the ways in which he may obtain it; and undoubtedly they are the best ways for the community at large; but nobody is obliged, because he wishes education, to go first to the common school, and then to the academy, and then to the college, and then to the professional school. A man may possibly be a practical physician without ever having gone into any school. A man can, perhaps, be an able and efficient lawyer without having studied law under an experienced lawyer in an office. A man can be a successful merchant without having had instruction in a counting-house; though none of these possibilities are probable. Such places for training are convenient and desirable, and men are to be urged to go through them, because the presumption, drawn

from experience, is against his succeeding without them; but if any man can prosper without them he is under no obligation to avail himself of them.

It is a great help for a man who is sick or weak to carry a staff; but when he gets well or strong it is not necessary for him to carry a staff. If a man can go without crutches, let him not despise them; and if a man is obliged to carry crutches, (as most of us are!) let him not blame the man for not carrying them who does not need them.

In regard to ordinances, those from which you can abstract benefit, those which do you good, observe. If ordinances come to you and say, "What can we do for you?" and you see nothing that they can do for you, they retire. They are not obligatory on you. No ecclesiastical regulation, no church ordination, no system of days, no philosophy of religion, has power to bind a man that has been made free, or that is seeking to be made free, by the action of the Holy Ghost upon his soul; by the inflammation of that which is highest and best in him; for he is God's son, and therefore he has the freedom of the universe, and is in bondage to none. In Christ "there is neither Greek nor Jew, circumcision nor uncircumcision, Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free." And ordinances are as nothing unless they serve the weaknesses of men. If a man can get along without them better than with them he is at liberty to do it; but in dispensing with them he is not to despise religion; for religion does not consist in being a member of a church, or reciting the catechism, or repeating so much Scripture: it is a living quality in the living man. It is the right exercise of right feelings all the time, toward God and toward men.

I do not say this because I wish to take away from you the thought of the great advantage of church economies. I value them. So do I value the friendly intercourse of my neighbors, whom I love. I go into their houses with great pleasure. But suppose there should be an ordinance passed that, once a week, I must visit A, B, and C, or suffer a penalty? It would take away all the charm of visiting them; and I would say, "I won't!" I go to see them because I am benefited by going, and not because I am obliged to go; and I

will go just as long as I am benefited, because I desire to, and not from any exterior compulsion.

Now I believe that churches do good to men—they ought to, at any rate. Why? Simply because all feelings tend to strengthen themselves by coming together. Whenever men wish to act with the greatest facility and effect in the line of art, they coalesce, and form a stream of influences. In politics, men combine, and mighty influences are developed by combination. In friendships, in all the relations of man with man, it is the coalescence of feeling that deepens the channel, and widens the river, and increases the on-flow. And in religion it is precisely the same. It is easier for men to fire themselves with sacred enthusiasm together than separate. One man trying to be enthusiastic alone is like one stick of wood trying to burn alone; two men are like two sticks of wood; three are like three; and four will burn in spite of you. When men come together they kindle each other; and that is good enough reason why they should come together. You come together, not because you must, but because you think it best.

And so it should be in churches, though in many churches it is not so. Often when men go into a church they find a great many rules and regulations, a great many prohibitions and permissions, a great many restraints of their freedom. They find everything arranged and fixed. They find a great many things that have been handed down from antiquity. They find a great many duties and obligations imposed upon them. They find themselves under the dominion of systems and economies. They find themselves tied up in many ways. It is said to them, "You must not do this, and you must do that; you must not go here, and you may go there; you are responsible for these things and for those." The church, as it is often administered, is webbed by various provisions which take away the liberty of the individual. It does all his thinking for him, and arranges all his religious work for him. It tells him what he shall do in every hour of the day. It takes away the autonomy and spontaneity of his nature. It relieves him of the responsibility of developing his own thoughts and feelings, and of taking care of his own life. In other

words, it makes spiritual eunuchs of men, divesting them of their vital manhood. Under such circumstances it is not a benefit.

I have a receipt. The world has been going wrong all the time, and men have been thieves, and debauchees, and drunkards; and I know how I am going to stop it. I am going to put up enormous buildings, full of cells; and I am going to take every man, and place him in one of those cells, and turn the key on him, so that he cannot get out. Then he will not have anything to drink or to steal; there will be no one for him to harm; he will not be able to do any mischief. In that way I will reform the whole community. When they are shut up so that they cannot do anything, how harmless they will be!—and how *worthless!*

The supreme conception of manhood is that of a vital spirit, full of voluntary action; full of unrestrained will; full of thought, flying high and free as the winds fly, and profuse as the flowers of spring. God's spirit developes a thousand times more bountifully from the human soil than the sun does from the natural soil, all vines, all shrubs, all high-growing trees, all lowly plants, grass, moss, everything in its place, and of its kind.

Now, it is this multifarious spontaneity in man that constitutes the grandeur of manhood; and it is this spontaneity that men try to repress by institutions, by denominations, by sects, by authority in its different forms, hewing off the branches here and there. But liberty is one of the signs of Christianity; by as much as a man is a craven, and trembles before his priest, by so much is he less a Christian. By as much as a man is superstitious about Sundays, about ordinances, about forms and ceremonies, by so much is his Christian character weakened. He that loves God until he fears nothing is the typical Christian—the ideal man; and out of him proceed all kindness, all truth, all love, all faith, all self-respect, all needful restraint, all things that go to make him a full man, moving in the ranks of society easily and naturally.

Now, what men attempt to do by the pressure of customs, by the methods of absolute authority, that the apostle under-

stood perfectly well could be better done by our being *men in Christ Jesus.*

When I was in Washington the other day, I went into the National Conservatory; and there I saw all tropical plants strong and growing. For instance, I saw canes, that, springing from the ground, had run up to the very glass. I climbed the winding stairs in the center, and found that as soon as the trees had reached to a certain height they could not go any further. Why? Because the Conservatory must be preserved, and the trees had to be cut back, lest they should break the glass. In order to save the Conservatory they were obliged to crop in the trees.

It is very much so with churches. They let men grow according to the limits of the conservatory. When a man has grown so tall that the glass is in danger, they cut him in. But God's conception is that men shall grow with a free soil, and with free air, to the uttermost limit and bound. According to God's conception, in freedom there is safety, and in freedom there is the only true conservatism, and the only perfect manhood.

You will perhaps ask me when I am coming to my text. That is the last thing I am coming to in this discourse.

I remark once more, that religion is not to be considered as comprised in its formulas and in its instruments. Religion is only another name for certain states and conditions of living human intelligence.

I have on my shelves *Lindley's Vegetable Kingdom.* Do you suppose, because I have in that one volume an account of all known trees and vegetables, that I have those trees and vegetables themselves in my book-case? I have a book which points to them; but it does not contain them. And do you suppose that religion is in the New Testament, or in any catechism, or in any confession of faith? These things contain words that point to religion; but the thing itself is outside of books. If it is any where, it is in men. It never can be compressed into a formula. Although you can describe a tree, no description is the tree; and religion cannot be compressed into a description. It is a development in the human soul. No formula can do more than point to it. It must be

searched for outside of the formula. That to which all doctrines and all teachings refer must be looked for in the living realities of life.

Again, I remark that the new views which arise in the progress of civilization, in the development of scientific knowledge, in the refinement of life, in the advancement of liberty, are to be considered neither as outside of Christianity, nor as antagonistic to it. I strike at that most miserable and wretched fallacy, that Christianity is a letter, or that it is a book, or that it is a system of doctrines. I say that Christianity is manhood developed by the divine Spirit to its uttermost bounds, for the life that now is, and for the life that is to come; and I aver that whatever belongs to man acting in normal relations, whatever, in subsequent times, may come, of knowledge, of will, of development, of beauty, of skill, of rare modes of life, is an element of Christianity.

Read, now, our text, in the light of these remarks:

"Brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

So, then, I boldly say that I hail the thinkers of every school of philosophy who are making progress in the development of truth. Let men search for hidden records—for the footsteps of God on the globe. Let men make discoveries in the stellar depths. Let men develop new economies and philosophies. Let men open up other realms of knowledge. Let whatever there may be in the sphere of human society be disclosed. It does not follow that it is not in harmony with religion because it is not a part of that which is hereditary and conventional. Christianity in its nature is interminable, universal, unfathomable. There is no end to it. No man can express it in books of prose or verse. No man can give the statistics of it. Whatever expansion the human soul is capable of; whatever may be done in the household that is more beautiful; whatever may take place in the State that is more noble—that belongs to Christianity, which is sanctified, divine manhood in men. There is no antagonism between religion and the discoveries that are being made, so far as they

are true developments. Whatever elements go to make men deeper, higher, wider; whatever enlarges man's horizon; whatever makes him an heir of two worlds, and worthy to be made a king, not by an outward crown, but by a crown of the heart; whatever makes him more like God, and more deserving of the love of God—all of that belongs to Christianity; and the unexpressed part of Christianity is a thousand times more than that which has been expressed. Christianity is the alphabet, and life is the literature which springs from that alphabet.

Many of the fears of men, therefore, are groundless, in regard to the results of scientific investigation. Men say, "If you develop this or that doctrine original sin will go under." I would to God that it might! "If you develop Darwinism, or Herbert Spencerism, or the system of this, that, or the other school, where is your faith?" Any faith that can be upset by two men, or by twenty, I do not want nor care for. Nothing can undermine Christianity if it means the development of humanity, and such a love of God in Christ Jesus as shall draw all hearts toward the truth, and govern the animalism in them, and awaken their higher sentiments, and make the household more noble and beautiful, and make the state grander for peace, equity, liberty.

Everything that tends to enlarge manhood in man, as a child of God, and not as his own God, or as God in himself, I hail; and although modern discoveries and developments may put on the guises of opposition or dissent, although they may even style themselves *infidel*, I see that under a kindly providence they are all working for good; and I rejoice in them. Though I highly value the direct efforts which are made to lead men to repent of evil and forsake it, and take hold of virtue and a high spiritual life; though I conceive that work to be the noblest and the richest and highest of earthly employments; though I believe that a true, wholehearted, and joyous following of what we now call a religious life is the highest plane of earthly spiritual experience; yet I discern that in the times to come *whatsoever* is just, whatsoever is pure, whatsoever is of good report, whatsoever men instinctively believe to be noble, and honorable, and

true, and right, will be recognized as belonging to Christianity.

And so, when the last times, the teleologic period, shall come, then He that shall descend and come will not come in any ecclesiastical guise. The priest that looks for Christ's coming, when the new earth and the new heaven shall appear, will not alone see him. The orator will see him; the artist will see him; the singer will see him; the mechanic, working on fine things for fine purposes, will see him. There will be, in the descent of Christ, when we take in the full scope of his nature, something that will represent the best things of all sides of the human mind; of all sides of the human economy; of all sides of human society; and the new heaven and the new earth will be a realm in which man, being a son of man no longer, shall strike upward, and rise until he is the king's son—and God in love is only King.

May God give to us this largeness of thought, this liberty, this aspiration, this intuition, until we reach the land where even intuition shall be lost, and where we shall be inspired, by the spirit in us and about us, with blessed fruition and joy, forever and forever!

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We bless thee, our Father, that thou hast drawn us toward thyself with growing knowledge; that we are not left in the low estate in which we were born, but that thou hast, by thine influence, lifted upon us more and more the rising light. Thou art the All-governing; and thou art more—thou art He that is forming and educating the race; and still thou art more—thou art the Redeemer of men, and art bringing them to virtue out of their sin and transgression, by fear and by hope; and yet thou art more—thou art our Father; and all that is dear and trusting in the world belongs to thee. Thou art our personal Friend, and no other friend is like unto thee; none so perfectly understands; none so enters into every want, and beholds our infirmity and sin, and waits with such infinite patience, with such brotherly kindness, and with such all-healing love, as thou dost. Thou art the soul's Medicine. Thou art He that loves to save; and thou art perpetually healing men by the power of thy sympathy, and by the outflow of thy goodness, and asking to be admitted more and more into hearts that seem barren; but thou comest into barren hearts, even as the rain comes upon barren sands, to bring fruits and flowers; and thou dost rejoice more than the husbandman from whose labor springs an abundant harvest. We rejoice that thou art, above all others, the One that is ever wakeful, ever laborious, ever caretaking, ever burden-bearing, enduring to the very end; and that there are none who do not rest more than thou dost. We rejoice though we cannot compass the conception of thy being nor the thought of such things as thou art doing, nor reach up unto thee. We look in the direction in which thou art supreme in government and in love, and rejoice as we draw nearer and nearer to thy nature, so that it breaks upon us with more and more intelligence, and with better and better refreshment of soul.

Now, O Lord, we pray, not so much for the forgiveness of our sins, as for the supply of those things for which we need to implead thee. We pray not so much for the bounties of Providence, as if only upon petition thou wouldst give forth the morning sun and the blessings of every hour, as for inward mercies. We do beseech of thee that thy goodness may at last so ripen love and gratitude in us that we shall be somewhat worthy of thy companionship, and shall not walk in continual humiliation; in continual thought of our selfishness and waywardness and worldliness.

Grant, O Lord, that we may have, if not the assurance of kingship, yet some of its tokens. We are the sons of God. It doth not yet appear what we shall be; we walk in disguise; yet grant that there may be some such sense of our nearness to thee, and some such sense of our relationships to thy thorough love, that our hearts shall grow strong and glad, and that our lives shall overflow with bounteous and willing service to thee through our fellow-men. For how can we reach thee? What song of ours can be heard beneath the musical roll of those who sing around about thy throne in the heavenly land? Who of us can give thee anything, from whom comes all bounty? What thought can serve thee? What affection can be as incense unto

thee? But we can serve thee by loving one another, by exercising patience with each other; by forgiving one another; by bearing and forbearing; by being to each other as Christ is to us. So may we serve thee.

We bless thy name, O Jesus, that thou hast been pleased to say, Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me. Though we cannot reach to the height of thy glory to do anything for thee, nor to place upon thy head any crown, we rejoice to believe that all the things which we do to benefit our fellow men around about us upon earth are accepted at thine hand as if they were done to thee. We beseech of thee that more and more thou wilt make us to feel it. We *do* feel it; for who can bless us as much as they who bless our friends? Who can grant us any favor like that which they grant who succor our children or our dearly beloved ones?

And now, we thank thee for the mercies of this day; for the privilege and the pleasure of the sanctuary. We pray that we may be guided through all the way upon which we have entered, by thy providence, and by thy personal presence, that we may have that peace which passeth all understanding; that we may dwell as beneath the shadow of thy wing, where no storm shall rise to reach us; and that we may abide in the strength of the Father.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon all who have come up hither to-night. Look thou into their hearts. Bring peace to those who are troubled, and strength to those who are weak, and hope to those who are discouraged. We beseech of thee that thou wilt give to every one succor according to his need, and according to thine understanding of that need.

And so wilt thou deal graciously and bountifully with thy servants every one. If there be those in thy presence who have not been accustomed to draw the joy of their life from thy life; if there be those who have had tokens of thy presence, and yet have not recognized nor known thee, we pray that their eyes may be opened, that their hearts may be made sensitive to the divine presence, and that they may find in the newness of life strength and gladness such as has never yet visited them.

We pray that thy blessing may rest upon all whom we love—upon our friends everywhere; upon those whom we have worked with in the Gospel; upon all those who need our supplications; upon the poor and the outcast. We pray for those whom men forget, or remember only to punish; we pray for the vicious; we pray for those who are bound to crime; and we beseech of thee that they may all find rescue. May there be saviors raised up even for those who have gone to the uttermost from virtue and from truth. And let that kingdom speedily come from which shall be banished wrath, and hatred, and all malice—that kingdom in which dwelleth peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

And to thy name, Father, Son and Spirit, shall be the praise forever. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

GRANT unto us, our Heavenly Father, the light of thy truth more and more perfectly, that we may understand the largeness of thy revelation, and thy purpose in men; that we may rejoice not in the limitations of a poorly interpreted letter, but in the largeness of the Spirit. Grant, we pray thee, that we may be delivered from servile fear; from all chains which we wear because we think we must, though they do not help us. Grant that we may know how to break away from the bondage of conventions that bind without benefiting.

We pray that we may learn to live so that our labor shall not be a stumbling-block to others; so that in the royalty of intelligence, and yet in the gentleness of motherly affection, we may know how to possess our full strength and knowledge, and take care of the weak as tender babes, and rear them to the fullness of knowledge which shall enable them to be as we are. So may we learn, in this new school, in this divine court of love, all wisdom, all justice, all truth, all practical life; and when we have finished that part of our education which belongs to this world, be pleased, O thou Lover that lovest us more than we love ourselves, to take us to thyself, where we shall see thee as thou art, and rejoice and be satisfied because we shall be like thee.

And to thy name shall be the praise forever and ever. *Amen.*

THE DEPARTED CHRIST.

"It is expedient for you that I go away."—Jno. xvi., 7.

The last scenes of our Lord upon earth defy exposition. His own soul rose so manifestly into the higher realm; his presentation of truth became so ethereal; it was so far above the level of interpretation, that it is extremely difficult to follow his discourses, which seem enigmatical, mystical, and, from their very brightness, obscure. There is no part of the closing history of the Saviour's life that is more wonderful than the record which John makes of his last interviews with his disciples. All those clustering chapters of John—the 15th, the 16th, the 17th, and on—were a part of the great event of the Supper. They were the conversations which took place at the time of the Supper, and in intimate connection with it. They are full of what may be called a love-lore, such as is to be found in no other literature, and such as refuses to be interpreted by the ordinary love-literature of human society. Such love, so high, so full of divine intellection, so full of spiritual impulse, so full of regrets tempered by a better knowledge, so full of aspiration, so full of faith, so tender, so gentle, touching the human soul on all sides so potently—I know not where we shall look for anything, till we hear it from the lips of God in heaven, that can be compared with it as it is represented in those chapters in John—chapters which have this trouble: that they are like fruit-trees which grow so high that children, stepping under them,

SUNDAY MORNING. February 1, 1874. LESSON: Heb. xi. 1-3; 17-40. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 31, 668, 1230.

can only take windfalls, being unable to reach up into the boughs, where the fruit is ripest, and where the sun has given it its best colors. Men are so small, and the tree is so high, that it is only through the medium of higher forms of experience, which are not given to all, and which are seldom vouchsafed to any, that one can enter into these discourses and interpret them. I confess that I am stopped in a labor of love, in attempting to unfold the Life of Christ. I have come to the verge of what are called "the forty days"; and the mountains are so high and so dazzling that I hardly know how to climb them, or what to do with them. They reach far above any power that I have; and so I wait, and hope.

It was in one of these conversations that the Saviour declared to his disciples that he must leave them. On him their whole souls had rested. He epitomized to them everything that was sacred; they had forsaken occupation and had suffered contumely for following this man, and now he was about to be taken from them; and everything in their knowledge, everything in their affection, everything in their understanding, rebelled against it. They could not comprehend it either in its relations to him or to themselves. And yet he said, "It is expedient for you [it is for your own interest, it is for your own good] that I go away."

That, I think, touches the universal feeling of wonder in men. Is there one of you who has not, at one time or another, pondered the question, "Why did Christ leave the world? Having once come into it, and brought life and immortality to light, why did he not, in the exercise of infinite divinity, abide in the world?" Although it may be a vague feeling, coming and going, yet, at one time and another, persons spell out good reasons—reasons that are to themselves good—why he should have remained.

There are multitudes who think that if they could but once have seen Jesus with their eyes; or that if, like Thomas, they could have laid their hand on his hand; or that if they could have heard from him the history of his life and the repetition of his instructions, and could have brought away with them from one single visit this sanctified vision, it would have made a difference with them as long as they lived, that

it would have begotten in them a certainty, an enthusiasm, and a power which would have carried them through a thousand sloughs that otherwise must have engulfed them.

Then, again, men think that if once they could learn to pour out their soul's allegiance to Christ, in his very presence, it would change the tenor of their whole lives. They think that if they could once express their feelings in person, the channel of their souls would be filled up, and they could go on all their lives long worshiping and rejoicing in Him to whom they had yielded personal allegiance. They think that if they could erect in their souls a conception of God in Christ, and prostrate their will and affection before it, having seen the substantial Reality, and having pledged their fealty and fidelity to him, this experience would be an anchor that would never give way. They think it would lay the foundations of piety so strong that all doubts and skepticisms would flee from them forever more. And that will not strike you at first as irrational.

Then there is a larger number of persons who feel that if Christ were only alive, enthroned in Jerusalem, around that sacred Center where he would dwell would be formed the church circle in an unbroken unity; that all the shattered particles of shining truth would be gathered together; that those causes by which the truth is broken and rendered fragmentary would be avoided; that the world would grow up into substantial oneness; that there would be no sects; that all would be Christ's men; and that there would be no divisions among them.

Then, again, there is the feeling of certainty which men seek for. There is a desire among men to know the truth, and to know it exactly, without variableness or shadow of turning. This universal desire leads men to feel that if they could have a determiner of controversies, it would be a great and desirable thing. "Yes," they say, "we have the Bible; but then, what is the Bible? It is a forest of glorious trees out of which men have cut sticks and bludgeons for handles of all manner of implements with which to fight each other. Instead of there being a determiner of controversies, to whom men apply for the settlement of their difficulties, we see men

of equal wisdom and scholarship and piety separated and divided on almost every single question. How can the Bible be a determiner of controversies, when, instead of one church being built out of it, there are a dozen different and warring sects that draw their proofs from it, and justify their operations by reference to it?"

There is the vicegerent in Rome; and men say, oftentimes, "We do not believe in a great many things that are claimed in regard to Roman papacy; but, after all, it is a good thing to have somewhere a center of faith—one that can determine and put an end to controversies. It is eminently desirable. And if men receive the truth from one who knows it in all its relations there is nothing to hinder there being unity of faith and belief—a consummation devoutly to be wished."

I think so too, in the way in which the Master spoke of it; but not in the lower way in which men speak of it. Unity according to the Gospel idea is very desirable; but one of the most mischievous things that could have been done would have been to introduce into this world an economy so revolutionary and so different from the original decrees and designs of God as that would be which should point out all the paths of duty, all the lines of industry, and all the elements of belief, and mold them, and present them to men, like so many cakes standing in a baker's shop, so that they could go in and take this truth, or that truth, and find it all ready for them, they having nothing to do but to eat it, and go home and be happy.

This great unity of the church, this absolute identity of beliefs, of which we hear so much—men follow it, and think that if Christ himself, not a man, but divine, in his own person, had remained in Jerusalem, so that every time a doubt arose, a letter might be sent thither and an answer received solving that doubt, or so that when a doctrine came up which could not be fathomed an inquiry could be despatched and an exact reply returned—if there could be a tribunal that should be a kind of encyclopedia in church matters and matters of doctrine—it would settle everything. They think it would unitize men and the church.

And so, for these and many other reasons, it is thought that if Christ had remained on earth his presence would have been an immense gain to the world, and men marvel that he should have gone out of it.

I cannot deny that, at the first blush, there is some sort of justification for these vagrant fancies; but they will not bear examination. God's way is always the best. It is best for the world that Christ left it. It was best for his disciples. It was best for his church. It has been best for the race. Let us consider it,—and first in its simplest and most obvious elements.

If the Saviour had remained, say, at Jerusalem, either there would have been a perpetual miracle of youth, or else by growth he would have reached a monstrous and unnatural age. If he had lived on the earth two thousand years, he would have been so utterly unlike men that he would have grown away from them; and the very supposition contains in it an element which explodes it, for then he could not be to us what he was to his disciples.

Moreover, consider that had he abode upon earth he would have been subject to all the limitations and infirmities of the body. That is to say, he must needs have eaten, and drank, and slept, as men eat and drink and sleep. He must have traveled, as men travel, by instruments. Hours, periods of time, must have had dominion over him. He would have dwelt in what, to him, would have been a prison—for he laid aside the glory which he had with the Father, he emptied himself of his reputation, he became as a man, that he might do a specific work in this world. And for him to have remained a man would have been to remain in an infant condition, as it were, hindered, cramped on every side, as he was in Jerusalem, subject to hunger and thirst, subject to disease, subject to captivity, subject to the ten thousand adverse elements which belong to the lot of humanity. Would it be best that the Head of the church should be thus imprisoned? You might make Jerusalem as gorgeous as you pleased, you might make the mountains surrounding it of layers of gold, you might defend it by armies which should defy the approach of all enemies; but it would not be a fit residence for

the risen Christ. The divine Spirit cannot dwell in a human body, nor under the laws of matter, except as in prison, and manacled. The idea of Christ's taking up his abode permanently on this earth is to me a most humiliating conception.

Further than that, suppose our Master had remained upon earth, abiding in Jerusalem. You plead the benefit that would have been derived from seeing him. How many of the race could have seen him? He would still have been unseen by far the greatest number of men. The ocean may know ways of circulating its waters; the Gulf Stream may find the poles, which no man can find, and flow back again, and incessantly move; the atmosphere may change and go from place to place without vehicle or expense; but there is no grand current by which the human race may be thus carried hither and thither. So the tribes of the earth would find it difficult to go to a certain place and see the Saviour if he were on earth. Moreover, the mere social and physical disturbances would be enormous. The entire customs of society, the industries of men, and national life in every part of the world, would necessarily be totally different if they were to undertake such a thing. As things are, it would break up the household, destroy social intercourse, and subject men to untold perils and toils and wastes and expenses. The simplest attempt to see the Christ under such circumstances would burden men beyond all computation, to say nothing of the destruction of vast multitudes of the human race—witness those fearful pilgrimages in the East, to this day, whose fatal results, in famines, slaughters, and the dreaded Asiatic cholera, scourge the earth.

But let us rise above these wretched considerations of man's physical circumstances, and go higher. Do you suppose, for a single moment, that you would feel any better satisfied if you had seen Christ than you may feel without having seen him? Do you suppose your spiritual life would be unfolded through the eyes as effectually as it is through your understanding and imagination? There is no greater illusion than the supposition that if you could once see God and heaven, the power of that which would come to you through

the eye would be greater than the power of that which comes to you through reason or faith.

Was it so? When the disciples were with Christ day by day, and night after night, were they more strong and more powerful than afterwards they were? You know they were not. The inspiration that lifted them above common humanity came by faith and not by sight. So long as they lived by seeing they lived on a low plane. When they could no longer see, when they were put upon the necessity of imagining, when they began to live toward the invisible realm, then they rose, and then came to pass the promise, that the Spirit, the Comforter, should be given to them. Then there broke an illumining inspiration upon their souls. Then they became more than ordinary men. But it was not by the power of vision; it was by the power of moral intuition; it was by faith.

It may be said that their faith was derived from the fact that they had once seen Christ; and there can be no question that once having seen Christ worked with them to a certain degree; but there is little doubt that that which was the real power of their ministry was not the reminiscence of a direct inspiration of the Saviour when he was on earth. The sight of Christ did not do for the apostles what his absence did. His presence was sweet when they had it; but his absence was far better for them than his presence. Sense is the antithesis of sentiment. Spirituality is never derived from vision. The higher spiritual growths in men are produced by other means. The materialist, the atheist, in science, would have it all his own way, if we insisted that every spiritual influence came through the senses; but if we deny that, and say that there is given to men interiorly a moral constitution which is illumined by the direct influence of the divine soul acting on ours, then the scientist, if he be atheist and materialist, does not have it all his own way. There are realms of knowledge which cannot be reached by vision, and which must be reached by the spirit. Therefore the Saviour says to his disciples, "It is expedient that I go away; if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you." There is a Holy Ghost—that is, a Holy

Spirit—that is, the Divine Nature in a spiritual form—which rests upon the corresponding moral nature in man, and by which we are developed toward the highest stature; and that does not come by seeing. Christ said, "If I remain with you you will be helpless, you will be dependent on me, and you will rise no higher than your eyes can carry you; but if I leave you, then the Spirit of God, that has in it all light and all interpretations of noble thoughts, shall come, and new developments will take place, and you will be lifted to a higher sphere, and will rest upon a higher plane. It was for their good, then, that he left them.

But again, would there be any more certainty of unity in government and polity if Christ could yet be referred to? What is the obvious problem of human life? Is it designed that men shall be brought into this world as nearly correct as possible, and grow more and more symmetrical clear through to the end, and be slid out naturally into their proper places in the other life? If so, it contradicts every fact in history, and all facts that are extant. For see how men are tumbled into the world like so much gravel-stone and soil. See how they come into life inchoate, unformed, unknowing. Men begin at the lowest point. They develop slowly, imperfectly, little by little, each individual rising through certain stages adapted to himself. And the idea of a man's coming into life perfectly formed, and then going on without accident or mistake to the end, is, as representing the structural genius of the world, preposterous. There is hardly a fact in the history of men that would go to corroborate such an idea. Men are born low down in the scale of being. They are born with imperfect knowledge. If they would obtain knowledge they must gain it by searching; by seeking; by taking responsibility upon themselves; by the exertion of their faculties. But if all knowledge were prepared so that it could be put upon a man, where would be the chance for exertion on his part to obtain it? Men earn caution and wisdom; but if these qualities were inherent in them, what motive would there be to earn them? If men were made as the potter makes a vessel, giving it a certain shape, and baking it, so that its form cannot be changed, and so that its size is fixed in such a way that if it

is a pint it will be a pint forever, or if it is a quart it will be a quart forever—if men were made and molded so, how could there be any stimulus brought to bear upon them for endeavor?

The fact is, men are made at zero, and by a process of self-development, by reason of their condition and their necessities, they unfold their characters. It is more or less the stimulus brought to bear, in the providence of God, through their wants, that lifts them up.

You would like it if a house were built for you before you were born. You would like it if, when you came into the world, you found shoes ready made for you; if you found coats hanging and waiting for you; if you found tables ready to slide in or to rise up through the floor, covered with all manner of delicious food, and surrounded by airy servitors. And what would *you* do? Oh, nothing! And what is a man who does nothing in this world? A man who does not cry with pain, who does not strive to avoid it, who does not aspire, and who does not work; a man who is not plied on every hand with motives for the exercise of all his faculties in the development of himself—such a man is not the man God meant to produce in this world. He is not the ideal man of divine providence. This world is a world of anvils, of benches, of plows, of looms, of everything which indicates that men must *work out their own salvation;* and WORK! may be said to be the birth-cry of creation to every man that comes into the world.

Now, there are men who are attempting to set up an ideal perfection which thwarts the divine intention. They say, "If we only had some one in Jerusalem who had authority, and who should be supreme over the church throughout the world, saying, 'This is the exact way—walk ye in it,' how much better it would be!" Well, how much better *would* it be? Would it be any better? Why, we do not want unity in any such sense as that would imply—that is to say, we do not want mere likeness, mere sameness, mere absence of conflict. I tell you, we have that; we have men who never quarrel; we have men who always keep their places—in the graveyard; and the race would be but little better than dead men if such

unity were to exist, and men did not need to think, to exert themselves, or to make mistakes, which are always incident to investigation and endeavor.

Some people are all the time trying to set aside the divine providence by doing for a man what it was designed that he should do for himself. They think that if we had a church that would take care of a man, so that he would not have to take care of himself; if we had a church which everybody would have to come into first or last, that had just so many Articles, just so long, and in just such sequence, so that all would know just what rules they had to follow, and would find their thoughts and beliefs and lives arranged for them, and put in regular order—they think that if we had such a church, it would be a glorious thing. But what would a man be if we had such a church? He would be about equal to Babbage's calculating machine, so that all that would be necessary would be to turn a crank, the wheels being of just such a diameter, and with just such cogs, but having no volition, no life, no automatic action, no individuality,—no divinity!

Now, although selfishness is a sin, *self*ness is a virtue; and the divine providence is steadily seeking to work out the individual power of manhood by voluntary choices, and by the endeavors and labors of each man.

There is an idea that a great central authority at Jerusalem would have converted this world into a vast machine entirely harmonious with itself, and in perfect unity. Yes, oh yes, I can enter into the conception of it; but I cannot conceive how anybody who has an idea of how the providence of God is unfolding and has unfolded the world should stumble on that as the way in which he ought to unfold it.

But it is thought that, at any rate, it would determine controversies to have one who could speak authoritatively. Would it? Did it? Is it true that the disciples believed just what Christ told them? We know that they did not. Did the most learned and educated men in the time of the Saviour believe what he taught them, when he went up into the temple? We know that they did not. Did the early church that were immediately under his personal influence

believe exactly alike? We know that they did not. Nay, did not he himself say that there were many things which he could not teach them, because they were not large enough to receive them—because they could not hold them? "I have yet many things," he says, "to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." He recognized distinctly the fact that something more was necessary than to give men a word-statement of the truth—that there must be something more in them before they could receive it.

Take another example. One would think that the fact that Christ must suffer was simple enough. The Old Testament Scriptures pointing that way, and it being a mere physical historical fact, one would suppose that everybody could understand it; and yet his disciples did not comprehend it; and although within three months of his crucifixion he talked of it to them again and again, Peter took him aside and dealt with him [for in that little church there was freedom among the brotherhood: they dared to say, even to their own Master, what they thought]. Peter rebuked him, and said, "It shall not be so; you shall not die; the priests shall not take you and crucify you. You say that you shall be killed, and that after three days you shall rise again; what do you say such things to us for?" Jesus tried to impress that historical physical fact upon his disciples, all the way as they went to Jerusalem, and after they were there; but he failed to make them understand it. And after he was crucified, after he had risen again, they were in a mist of amazement. They could not get it through their heads that the Messiah had suffered and died.

Well, then, was the presence of Christ so successful as a means of indoctrinating men with the truth? Did not the mind act the same then as it does now? and was it not necessary for men to get at the truth by unfolding themselves, and by educating their inward nature to the thing taught them? Take the most moral, the most refined and cultivated, natures of the Saviour's time. You will observe that his teachings in Galilee were very different from his teachings in Jerusalem. He instructed according to the audience which he addressed. In Galilee there was a kind of cosmopolitan

population. Armies of every nation had been there, and had shed their soldiers, and a mixture of nationalities was the result. You perceive that in Galilee Christ taught truths in their lower forms; but you observe that when he went into Jerusalem, and passed through his conflicts with the priests, and scribes, and rulers, his utterances became very mystical. They said to him, "If you are divine, prove it." What was his answer to them? Substantially this: "You cannot be judges of what is divine. To enable you to know whether or not I am divine requires that there should be more sensibility in you, in order that when you see divinity you will recognize it."

A man says to me, "You claim that to be a beautiful picture: prove that it is beautiful." I say, "Look at the picture: is it beautiful to you?" "No, it is not." "Well then, nothing can prove to you that it is beautiful."

I say to a man, "Four and four make eight." "Well, prove it," he says. "Does not your arithmetical sense jump to that conclusion?" "No." "Then it cannot be proved to you."

There are things, the comprehension of which when they are stated depends upon certain corresponding intellectual qualities; and if those qualities do not respond in you, then nothing can help you to see these things.

I remember how difficult it was for me to understand what was meant by "fine lines" when I first began the study of art. I could not tell what a "fine line" was. I thought it was probably a line that was not broad. I heard critics commenting upon pictures, and I wished I knew how to criticise pictures. They would say, "Look at the distribution of the parts! What symmetry! What fore-ground, middle-ground and distance! What gradations of color! What beautiful lights and shades!" I looked at the canvas, and could not make much out of it. I could see the "fore-ground," but I could not tell what the "middle-ground," or the "distance" was. So far as light and shade were concerned, I could not see much else but shade;—and all because my artistic sense had not been cultivated.

It was through a quiet familiarity with these things that

I came to have an insight into them. As soon as *I* changed, by culture, *pictures* seemed to change, too. And now when I look at a picture, I am not such a fool as to see merely what stares out from the canvas ; I see its finer and less obvious features.

There is a process by which men learn the qualities of things. This fact was recognized by the Saviour, when he said to the chief priests, the scribes and the rulers, "I am doing the works of God ; believe me for the truth that I am telling you, or believe me for my works' sake. If ye cannot believe, it is because ye are the children of the world. Ye are of your father, the devil. Ye live on a lower plane, and cannot comprehend the evidences of divinity, which are not arguments nor analogies, but the presentation of moral truth and moral beauty. If, when these are opened to your mind, they do not strike you as meaning divinity, there is no evidence further that can be presented to you, because you cannot be taught on spiritual subjects." While he was on earth,—and he had before him the most intelligent men, the men that were the most refined, the men that had been most developed in moral ideas, of all on the globe,—he could not teach them spiritual things until they had gained some experience of them ; and if he had lived three hundred, five hundred, eight hundred, a thousand or two thousand years, he would down to this day have taught only those who were competent to understand, by reason of their growth. The earth would have always followed the same law that it does now, the same law that he pointed out to them then, and we should have had to learn by stages, and rise accordingly.

But we should not even then have come to unity. There never will be absolute unity in respect to moral truths. Any truths which are susceptible of being made unitary to the whole human race must be very low, very elementary, very broad. Even in the consideration of physical truths there is but very little absolute unity—if any—in men. And when you take social and moral truths, still more when you take spiritual truths, they are of such a nature that they report themselves to each individual according to his conformation.

It is not probable that, taking the subtle truth of sound or color, any two persons in this house would see or hear it alike. This is not a speculation. The pilot on one of the ferry-boats can tell whether one or another engineer is down below. He has to run differently according to the dispositions of the engineers who are on duty. He said to me, "Well, So-and-so is slow; and if he is engineer I know that when I ring the bell he must have time before he reverses the engine; whereas, when my engineer (the one that runs mostly with me) is at his post, I can ring later, because his mind works quicker." It takes longer for one to receive the impression than for the other.

This is a curious illustration, in a homely way, of that which is understood among astronomers. The way in which men are organized is such that their power or readiness of vision varies. When there is a transit of Venus, or of some other planet, and twenty men look at it, the sensitiveness of some of them is such that they will see it quicker than the others, so that there will be an appreciable point of time between the seeing of one and the seeing of another. One being quick, and another slower, and another still slower, there are differences of seconds in the times when the contact reports itself to the different persons; and seconds are of great importance in such matters. Distinguished observers have "personal" equations, as they are called, by which they measure each other in this matter of swiftness and accuracy. One is at the top of the list, another is lower down on the list, and another is still lower down; and, in comparing the results of their observations, allowance has to be made for the personal equation of each. And that which is true of the nervous system in regard to sight is a thousand times more true with respect to the higher functions.

For example, take a person who is a roaring, jolly, coarse-fibered man. He loves his friend. Yes, a kind of love he has—that sort of love which he shows by coming up and slapping you on the back so hard as to knock you half across the sidewalk, and saying, "You are my friend: I like you!" Not far off, just over the way, is another nature to whom love is as an atmosphere of coming and going elements, full,

delicate, sweet, and fine, opening and expanding in every direction. And how different those two natures are! How different to them the sound of the word "love" is! To one it is a rude shout of good-nature; to the other it is like the music of the spheres.

Take honor. What is honor? A thousand different things, according to the moral stature or the gradation of the men by whom it is estimated. He that does not know what it is to be honorable cannot understand a discourse about honor.

Take any of the truths which belong to a man's social life. They vary according to the fiber, the education, or the competence of the persons before whom they are brought for adjudication. Disinterestedness, to be understood, requires first to have been felt in some degree. Self-sacrifice with gladness is an absolute mystery to men who never have known what it is. But those who have some personal knowledge of these qualities can interpret them.

Now to the great realm of religious truths belong the social and spiritual elements in man. They cannot be learned by the senses, nor by arguments, nor by demonstrations; and the idea of a unity of belief is simply absurd. Each truth will be to every man what his own receiving nature makes it.

Here is a man whose nature is absolutely practical. His forehead retreats, but his brow juts out. He is immensely perceptive, but he has no reflective power. He is strong in his social affections, but he is weak in his moral nature. Truth to that man interprets itself according to his organization. It is with different men in this respect as it is with different kinds of glass in the transmission of light. For instance, when light comes in through a perfectly clear pane of glass, it is white light, combining all the various colors; but if the glass is yellow, or red, or green, it lets in light of its own color, and that only. Men are like cathedral windows, kaleidoscopic with stained glass of all manner of colors and shades, each piece transmitting light of its own peculiar color; and the revelation of truth is according to the faculties in the men themselves through which it reports itself. In some men the imagination largely predominates, and when the truth

comes to them it coruscates and fills their minds with all manner of glowing conceptions. It sends forth from them pulsations that roll like waves on some distant shore. The truth is multitudinous and large to them.

Where a man is intensely practical, if the truth is presented to him, he says, "State it to me exactly. Tell me just where it begins and just where it stops." He seems to think it is a thing that can be ciphered out on a slate. Many men appear to have the idea that all the truth in the universe can be written down in a little book, and called *the system of divinity;* and that when it is so written down, men can see it all alike. Why, such is the infinity, the almightiness, the profuseness, the multitudinousness, the variety in endless cycles, of truth, that there is not in the soul of man a competence to conceive of so vast and varied a realm; and if you could, you cannot express it in human language. If men saw moral truths just alike, it would be an absolute contradiction of all other facts as they exist in nature. It would be a mystery which we could not solve. If the Bible said that men were to see moral truths alike, it would be one of the most powerful arguments against its validity. So far from this being the case, all the way through the New Testament (particularly in the Epistles, which treat of specific subjects relating to the churches) there are endless allusions to differences of faith.

"Him that is weak in the faith receive ye, but not to doubtful disputations." "God hath received him. Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?"

There are abundant recognitions in Scripture of the infinite variations in men's conceptions and beliefs.

Therefore, the idea that there is a system of truth which has a certain head, a certain trunk, and certain parts, and that it can be put in such a form that everybody can see all that belongs to it just alike, is a fool's phantasy; and the whole world has been running after this *ignis fatuus.*

It is supposed that the world would be the gainer if there were One in Jerusalem to tell men just what to believe. It is thought that unity of truth might be secured under such circumstances. Well, how much has been gained by the

slight attempt to unitize the truth which has been made, not in Jerusalem, but in another quarter? How admirably the truth has become unitized by the efforts which were made at Rome! How perfectly every body in the world agrees now as to what the truth is! Before the last great Council the whole Catholic world was split up on the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception; so the bishops gathered together from all nations, and it was determined that the Virgin was immaculate; and she was raised a few ranks higher; and the decree went out. What did the men, who did not believe it before the Council, do after it was stated to be a fact by the Council? They shut their mouths, and swallowed—that is all. They agreed that they would say that it was so; but do you suppose they believed it was so any more than they did before?

An old rich man is visited by a nephew who is his heir, and they sit down to the table, and meat is set before them, and the old man says, "That is a hedgehog." The butler has whispered to the nephew, and said, "Don't you dispute the old man. Agree with him in everything. Whatever he says, you say." And when the old man says, "That is a hedgehog, my friend," the nephew says, "Yes, it is a hedgehog." That is like the unity which is produced by Councils.

When, later, it was determined that, not the church, and not any council of the church, but the pope himself, in his own proper person, was infallible, do you suppose that Antonelli believed it? Of course he accepted it; but do you suppose he *believed* it? Do you suppose that Newman, who was one of the acutest men in England, and who contested it with a tongue like fire—do you suppose that he believed it, because he gathered up his feet in bed, saying, "I won't fight it"? Do you believe in miracles of such a sort? I do not. The idea of unitizing beliefs by any authority or power has no foundation in reason or fact. You cannot make men one in belief until you make them one in psychological formation. The trouble is in human nature itself. Men are so different in their make-up with regard to faculties and their functions that the same truth coming through one man shines more

blue than yellow, coming through another man shines more red than blue, and so on.

It is the glory of truth that it is voluminous; that it is too large to be compassed by one human mind; that its variations, as between man and man, are so many; and that differences of belief as they exist, if accepted by the church in a spirit of love, come nearer to expressing universality of truth than anything else. Blessed be the variations that bring us nearer to union than those authorities which wipe out variations under the stupid pretence of wooden-headed unity. It is a mistake to suppose that if the Saviour had remained in Jerusalem his presence would have unitized men in belief. It would have performed no service of that kind.

It was expedient that Jesus should return to the heavenly estate, to the spiritual realm, in order that the imagination of the whole human family, now instructed by some historical metes and bounds, might be put in possession of definite facts, of the materials that were authoritative, and of the generic ideal or conception called *Christ*. Having ascended to heaven, he could really be nearer, through the imagination, to the race, than he could have been if he had remained in Jerusalem. That is a far-off land, and if Christ were alive there to-day, I should think of him by my lower faculties; and connected with my thoughts of him would be thoughts of leagues, of days, and of traveling by land and by sea. He is nearer to me now than he would be if he were in Jerusalem.

The child is in Africa among the savage tribes. She is far, far away, as the wet-eyed mother knows every night when she prays for her. But by-and-by tidings come, "God has taken her"; and behold, from that day the child is right overhead, and the mother almost whispers to her. Ten thousand persons know that friends who have gone to heaven now seem nearer to them, really, than when they lived almost in their very presence on earth, or when they were separated by time and distance. And Jesus is nearer to his people to-day than he would be if he were in Jerusalem. The imagination is a better interpreter of the Lord Jesus Christ to you than your senses could possibly have been.

It is expedient for the race that the imagination should be put upon exercise practically. Men seem to think that the imagination is one of the lighter faculties; that it may be used sportively in alliance with sensuous beauty: but the imagination is to be used in connection with the reason as well as the senses; and these elements combined give higher ideals than can be attained by the senses alone. The whole race goes from the lower to the higher planes of life through the imagination.

Through the aid of imagination men gain much more comprehensive and satisfying views of the invisible God than they could get of him through the senses if he were visible before them. Idolatry, the worship of a visible God, has always been bad, whether the idol was in the shape of grotesque stone, or whether it was in the shape of a rare Apollo, or whether it was in the shape of a church, or whether it was in the shape of a creed. Any god that men can fix their lower senses upon, and rest, is bad for the race. The necessity of men to lift themselves above their lower range of faculties, and make their life in the realm of the invisible, out of the reach of the senses, and develope their nature up and away from the physical and material—that is the grand civilizing and Christianizing necessity of the race. And to have our Saviour present with us would be to smother those instincts on which our elevation and spiritualization depend; while to have him absent from us in Heaven is to have above us a bright flame like a blaze of fire, circuiting higher and higher to where Christ sits at the right hand of God.

Christ said that it was expedient that he should go away, and that if he did not go the Comforter would not come. Blessed word! And yet it is but a classification of the higher words, *Holy Spirit*. It is a blessed word because if there is anything that we need in this world, it is comforting. There are gods of love, there are gods of wine, there are gods of war, there are gods of lust, there are gods of cruelty, there are gods of government and law, there are gods of equity and justice, there are gods of abundance; but that which we need more than anything else is a God of motherhood, a God of patience, a God of gentleness, a God of forbearance, a God of

forgiveness, a God of love in its fullest potency, a God that can brood, and wait, and help, and comfort while helping. And that word to me sounds like one sweet bell in a whole jangle of discordant bells.

Sometimes, in the summer, when the chimes of old Trinity are ringing over in New York, one bell sounds across the water to my window clearer and sweeter than all the rest; and in the Bible there is no other expression that to me is so sweet as "The God of all comfort;" and there is no word that is sweeter to me than that word "Comforter" which Jesus employed.

He said, "The Comforter cannot come if I do not depart." God comforting the world—the erring, the sinning, the wasted and the wasting world! What a consoling thought! The world needs a God to comfort it. And as, when the little child falls in its play, and cries, the nurse runs out from the household, and picks it up, and comes back with her homely face irradiated, wiping the tears from its eyes; so God shall lift us from the ground when we fall, and wipe the tears from our eyes. It is just such a God that we want.

The Spirit; the Holy Spirit; the One who stands over against those subtle elements in the human soul which we call the spiritual instinct or sentiment—not a God of the body, of the basilar reason, or of the social affections, but a God higher than that, who is interpreted to us by the higher forms of moral sense—this Holy Spirit comes to take the place of Christ, and open the doors of the understanding through these highest intuitions, and give light and direction to our interior nature, and enable us to triumph over death, and crown us sons in the kingdom of God. And this is infinitely better than that Christ should have continued on the earth in his physical form.

Now, men and brethren, how blessed it is to feel that the heaven is filled by One who is interpreted to our spirit by historical sympathies as he never could have been interpreted to us in Jerusalem, where he would have had to walk the streets as men do, where he would have had to eat and drink as men do, and where he would have had to sleep as men do. In the

spirit-land, whither we are going, and from whence we are looking for the coming of our Saviour—there, immortal, in the blessedness of unchanging youth and power, Jesus waits for us; and there is not a long day's journey between us and him. The distance is not even so great as that which must be gone over to send a letter from the Post-Office in New York to the Post-Office in Brooklyn. No thought emerges from your soul that does not go instantly to him. You are near to him because he is near to you. There are no distances in spirituality. You are with the Lord, and he is forever with you. You are in him, and he is in you. By your feeling, by your inspirations, by the very intents of your heart, you are in his presence; and it is an exceeding great consolation to believe that as one and another of your household go out from you, they go into the arms of Christ.

Is there anything sweeter to grief and sorrow than that passage where the New Testament, sweet book of the soul, speaks of dying? Let Tuscanized Romans talk of death; let heathen mythologies come to us with skulls, and cross-bones, and hideous images of dying, of the monster Death, of the tyrant Death, of the scythe-armed Death, of a grim and terrible fate; but what terror can any of these representations have for us when we have for our encouragement and hope the promises of the New Testament!

On a summer's day, the gentle western wind brings in all the sweets of the field and the garden; and the child, overtasked by joy, comes back weary, and climbs for sport into the mother's lap; and before he can sport he feels the balm of rest stealing over him, and lays his curly head back upon her arm; and look! he goes to sleep; hush! he has gone to sleep; and all the children stand smiling. How beautiful it is to see a child drop asleep on its mother's arm! And it is said, "He fell asleep in Jesus." Is there anything so high, so noble, or divine, as the way in which the New Testament speaks of dying? How near death is, and how beautiful!

If you have lost companions, children, friends, you have not lost them. They followed the Pilot. They went through airy channels, unknown and unsearchable, and they are with the Lord; and you are going to be with him, too. I die to

go, not to Jerusalem, but to the New Jerusalem. I die, not to wait in the rock-ribbed sepulcher, which shall hold me sure; I die, that when this body is dropped I shall have a place, in the inward fullness of my spiritual power, with the Lord.

Then welcome gray hairs! they come as white banners that wave from the other and higher life. Welcome infirmities! they are but the loosening of the cords preparatory to taking down the tabernacle. Welcome troubles! they are but the signs that we are crossing the sea, and that not far away is our home—that house of our Father in which are many mansions, where dwells Jesus, the loved and all-loving. And let us rejoice that he has gone from the body, that he may be ever present in the Spirit, and that ere long we may be with him.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We bless thee, thou All-comprehending God, that we need not explain or make known our mistakes to thee, as if thou wert ignorant of them. We do not draw near to thy door as paupers come begging; nor do we confess our sins as men who show their ills and ails.

Thou dost not desire to humiliate us. We hear thee saying, Henceforth I call you not slaves, but friends. It is with this call in our ear that we draw near to thee this morning. Thou nearest, thou best of friends, before whom we are perfectly known, and to whom we need not rehearse anything—thou art in sympathy with us, understanding us better than we understand ourselves, knowing our frame, our weakness, our infirmities, our sinfulness, or struggles, our aspirations, all the things in which we fail, or achieve but partial success. All our life is known to thee; and we rejoice that thou art so large in thyself that thou canst take us as we are, and not compel us to be transformed before thou canst accept us at all. We are before thee as plants in a garden, upon which the gardener bestows all pains, that they may come up; freeing them from every assault and evil, that he may bring forth from them the blossom and the fruit.

Thou art the Husbandman; thou art the Gardener, and thou art taking us in the seed and planting us; thou art rearing us with infinite care and kindness; and we mourn that the requital is so poor. Yet, we rejoice to believe that our imperfections, our poor growth, our dullness, the unfragrance of our blossoms, are acceptable to

thee. There is a better life, there is a warmer clime, there are nobler conditions; and to those thou wilt yet one day transplant us.

How many there are that see only the leaves now, but shall see the blossoms by and by! How many there are that see no fruitage here, but shall see glorious fruitage in presence of our God! It is to the heavenly land that we look, taking refuge in our hope from all the disappointments and poor accomplishments of this life—for who among all the men that live can speak of his perfectness? and who can God take because he is perfectly good? All men lie upon thy bosom as children upon the arms of a nurse. All are enfolded in thy bosom, and grow by thy mercy. By the grace of God we are what we are in everything that is excellent. By thy grace comes patience with our infirmities and our imperfections. By thy grace comes the forgiveness of our sins, and our adoption into the family of Christ, and all the joy of the Spirit. We praise thy name for the revelation of thy nature. We bless thee for all the light and hope and gladness that there is in the Holy Ghost. And if there are any in thy presence this morning who have entered upon the divine life recognizing thy presence, help them to give forth silently, from their innermost souls, those thanks and those sympathies which are sweet to thee, no matter how imperfect they are.

We beseech of thee, O God, to accept every good thing, everything which we desire to have good, everything which in any manner is good; and wait not for our perfectness, but take us in our poorness. Take every heart that would be pure, and that strives for purity; everyone that would find rest, and that seeks it earnestly; everyone that desires to be set free from that evil which is in himself, and is struggling against it. We beseech of thee that by thy Spirit thou wilt inflame our ambition for things spiritual, and our desire for nearness to thee.

Draw near to any who have not recognized thee, who have no secret strife, who are too much at rest, too content with the sensuous life of the body, and the outward things of the world. Take not from them these things which are good, but teach them how inferior they are to that higher joy which is prepared for those who see God, and dwell in him.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt bring more and more out into light, from twilight and from darkness, any who are wandering, or have wandered from the Shepherd and Bishop of their souls. Bring back to truth, to duty, and to eager ambition for things right and high, any who have stumbled and fallen.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt have compassion not only upon those whom we compassionate, but upon all—upon those whom men neglect, and upon those whom men despise. Blessed be thy name that the humanities of the universe are not such as prevail among men, who devour one another, and selfishly grind each other, and forgive little, but exact much. We rejoice that the Heart that is sovereign, and knows all things in heaven above and in the earth beneath, loves even unto suffering and unto death, and carries our burdens rather than imposes burdens upon us, and for our sake yields his own self.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt have compassion upon the vicious, upon criminals, upon those who are cast out from the sympathy of life. O Lord God, is there no restoring grace? Is the work done? Are there no doors by which the fallen may return to virtue? We commend to thee all who are degraded. We desire to have such a sense of thy wisdom and of thy cleansing power, that we may commend to thee in all faith every wanderer and every wrong doer in the hope that thou canst find what man cannot—the way of reaching and purifying the heart.

We pray that thy Spirit may be shed abroad with more and more efficacy; and since thou hast made thy children to be the lights of the world, grant that our light may so shine that men, seeing our good works, shall glorify our Father which is in heaven. And from the experience of thy people may men draw hope and courage, and venture upon that Saviour who is so precious to us.

We pray that thou wilt comfort any who are in affliction, and lift upon them the light of thy countenance. Relieve all burdens, or give strength to bear them, to those who are oppressed thereby. Guide all those who wander. Give certitude to all those who are perplexed. Show the way of duty to all those who seek it and do not find it! And may thy kingdom come and thy will be done in the hearts of all.

We pray for the churches of this city, for the churches of the great city near us, and for all the churches of this whole land and of the world. We pray that the power of truth as it is in Jesus Christ may be augmented a thousand fold, and that that day may speedily come when all the earth shall see thy salvation; when nations shall be brought from barbarism to civilization; when men of no faith shall have faith in the veritable God; when truth shall prevail; when love shall be in the ascendant; when the earth shall be redeemed from animalism; when every man shall sit under his own vine and fig-tree; and when peace shall smile upon all the race. Lord, thou hast promised it, and in thine own time thou wilt perform it; but make haste, we beseech of thee, and cause the revolving days to speed until that day of prediction shall come, and joy shall reign upon the earth even as it reigns in heaven.

And to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, shall be praises evermore. *Amen.*

THE NATURALNESS OF FAITH.

"For we walk by faith, and not by sight."—2 Cor. v., 7.

To *walk* is to *live;* and the declaration is that *we live by faith, and not by sight.* That brings us, at once, on to the vexed question, What is faith? and there is, perhaps, no other one term in use in Christendom that is more perplexing and more widely used with less definite conception. To a very large extent it is supposed to be the antithesis of reason; or, it is supposed that it is a state of mind which springs from deference to authority; that when, for example, an adequate authority states that which the reason cannot compass, faith is the act of receiving it—receiving without *per*ceiving—receiving without understanding. And since it is not easy to imagine a man receiving anything without the exercise of his intelligence, faith is supposed to be a divine quality, and it is supposed that that quality, therefore, helps a man to do what he cannot do himself—what his mind is not calculated to do. So, it is supposed that faith is the act of receiving things which men cannot understand—things which are above their reason, or, as in some instances men teach, things which are contrary to their reason. We employ this term according to the different schools of theology, or according to the different churches which exist. It has a variable meaning; but there is this that is common to all meanings which are given to it—namely, that they are obscure, and that they beget in men a

SUNDAY MORNING, February 8, 1874. LESSON: 2 Cor. iv. 14-18; v. 1-11. HYMNS (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 217, 868, 660.

vague and misty wish that they knew what faith was, or that they had it.

Now, it seems to me that there never will be any better definition of *faith* given than that which is found in Hebrews, where it is declared to be "*the evidence of things not seen.*"

Well, let us put it in a little different shape. Employ the term *not visible*, or its equivalent *invisible*. Faith is the evidence of invisible things. Let us change it a little more. Visible things are things which are recognized by the senses —by the eye, the nose, the tongue, the ear, and the hand. We call these material qualities, and they are, therefore, said to be sensuous, or of the senses. So that *Faith*, in its most general definition, is *the evidence of things not to be recognized by the senses.*

The evidence of any truth that is visible, or that is realizable by our senses, is of various kinds—one sort for hearing, another sort for smelling, another sort for tasting, another sort for handling, and another sort for seeing; but they are all generalized, and we understand what it is to be familiar with the truths of the senses—truths which the body, as distinguished from the mind, has the power of apprehending or reasoning upon. We are all familiar with the fact that when we come to look into life—life that is developed above the savage or barbarian—that which is its glory and beauty is not rendered to the senses, and never makes its appearance. We know that all those elements which we term "refinement" are in their inward nature and origin invisible qualities; that they are mental qualities; that taste, the sense of beauty, the feeling of honor, truth in its beautifulness, all those elements which go to make beauty, which we call character, and which become more and more beautiful as manhood rises higher and higher—that all these elements are invisible to the senses. Their effects are recognized by the senses, but the things themselves are not.

For instance, you can say, "A man owns a thousand acres of land, and he is rich;" or, "A man owns five millions of dollars' worth of property, and he is rich;" but when it is said, "A man is rich in goodness," you cannot count that; you cannot measure it; there is no way in which you can es-

timate it; there is no material standard by which to judge of it. Goodness is a thing whose effect you see, but the thing itself you do not see. That is an invisible quality. A man has strength by which he can lift five hundred pounds. You can see the sources of that strength. You know where it is. You know that it is in his loins, in his arms, in his shoulders, in his bones, in his muscle. You can trace it right home. But there is a strength which enables men to stand as Washington did at Valley Forge—strength of character. You cannot see that, because it is invisible; and yet, as a quality, it attracts the world's admiration. A man may be as rich as Crœsus, and his riches are on a level with the lowest understanding, and men's material senses comprehend that; but a man is rich in virtue; a man is rich as Raphael was, in ideal beauty; a man is rich as Plato was, in intellectual conceptions; and when you speak of riches of these kinds, you are conscious that they are not realizable by the eye, by the ear, by the hand, by the tongue, or by the nose. They are things which you have to conceive of.

So everybody comes gradually to the habit of speaking about things which he thinks of, or sees in his imagination. A man makes a statement, and you say at once to him, "Did you see it?" And he says, "No, but I thought of it." Little by little, men have come to distinguish between things that are real but that go on inside, and things that really exist, and go on outside. So that, perhaps without analyzing and coming to that definite conclusion, everybody knows there are two worlds—the external and the internal; and that the internal is just as real as the external. Many of you sit down for days, and weeks, and months, and spend your time thinking; and if a person were to ask you what you were thinking about; if he were to say to you, "Show me that about which you are thinking," you would be obliged to say, "I cannot show it to you;" and if he were a person of a practical, material turn of mind, he would very likely say, "If it were anything, you could." But what are you thinking about? Sentiment; love; beauty; sensibility; fidelity; virtue. What does a mother think about? What does an absent lover think about?

What does an exiled patriot think about? There is a great work going on all the time in men with large brains; and if you were to say to them, "Show me what you are thinking about," they would say, "I cannot." If you were to say to them, "But cannot I see it, hear it, smell it, taste it, handle it?" "No." There are hours, and days, and weeks, and months, and years that are blessedly occupied with things which you may bring to the door of every one of the senses and the sense will say, "It does not belong to me; I do not know anything about it."

Is it strange, then, that it occurred to the old philosophers, and to Paul among them, that there were two men in one—that there was an outside man, and an inside man; that the outside man took care of everything which belonged to the material, and the inside man everything which belonged to the immaterial? Paul speaks of the inward man and of the outward man, saying, "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." Paul speaks of the upper man and the under man. You will see in the seventh chapter of Romans the play between the spirit-man and the flesh-man. The flesh-man is all the time doing what it has no business to do, and no business to want to do, and the spirit-man is all the time crying out at it, and fighting it; and he even goes so far as to say, "My personal identity lies in the spirit-man, and not in the body-man." So, then, he says, 'It is not I that sin, but the flesh, the body, the outer man, the lower nature. I do not want to do this, and I protest against it; but this outside man does it in spite of me.'

Paul with his spirit-man loves honor, truth, nobleness, divinity, everything that is high and good; but the upper part of his nature is imprisoned, and is under subjection to his body-man; and this body-man cuts up all manner of antics; and he does not like these things, and he protests against them. I do not undertake to say that this is more than a figure, or that it will stand the test of modern psychology; but it is the standpoint of the apostle; and he says, therefore, in the passage which I read to you this morning, "For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." "We look not at the

things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." He goes on to say that super-sensuous things which are seen are temporal, and belong to time and the world; while things which are not seen, invisible qualities, belong to the eternal sphere—the spirit realm. And then, after some other passages, comes this, in substance: We live by the seeing of things that are impalpable and invisible; things which are the power of our life.

Now, when you apply to such thoughts as these, to such an explanation, the passage in Hebrews, "Faith is the evidence of things not seen"—faith is that state of mind which rises above the visible and the material, and recognizes, and acts in view of, immaterial or invisible truths—then you have the generic definition of faith.

Well, take that conception of it, and see, now, another thing—that while faith, generic, or in its largest definition, is that state of mind which recognizes truths that have no presentation to the physical senses, yet there are a great many specific differences in faith. In other words, men who realize invisible truths will find that the realization of those truths will vary according to their nature. So, then, we have in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews ever so many kinds of faith described.

"Now, faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Faith, in other words, is the dealing of the mind with invisible, intellectual and moral qualities. Then the apostle goes on to say:

"Through faith we understand that the worlds were framed by the Word of God."

Now, nobody stood by and saw the world made—though some men talk as though they did. Here is the statement handed down to mankind, and they accept it as a fact that occurred far back in the past. They take it in through the imagination. No man could realize it in any way except by imagining it. We cannot comprehend it by the senses. No material evidence can bring it to our consciousness. If we recognize it at all, we must do it by the imagination; and this imagination is called *faith*.

"By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain."

That is to say, Abel had a conception of God, and of moral qualities in him, which led him to act from higher motives than Cain did.

"By faith, Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark for the saving of his house."

That is to say, Noah was told by God that certain events would take place; and he believed God; he expected that they would take place; and then, under the impulse of fear, he prepared an ark in which to save his household.

So the chapter goes on, showing how different events took place in the old Hebrew history, all the way down; and each of these men acted, not from a knowledge of things in the present which they could see, and hear, and smell, and taste, and handle, but from a large consideration of the future, from a consideration of things that lay above the ordinary sensuous perceptions of men.

Now, faith may be a sense of invisible things with fear; a sense of invisible things with hope; a sense of invisible things with love; a sense of invisible things with ambition; a sense of invisible things with avarice, and so on. In other words, all the different impulses that accompany and stimulate this realization of the unseen world constitutes specific differences in the kinds of faith that exist.

Faith, therefore, is not any one experience relating to religion alone, or to moral themes alone: it is a generic term that designates the action of mind in certain relations toward invisible truths; and it is as large as the capacity of man; as large as the assignable universe; as large as the great outlying world around about us.

See, then, how this word came to the Corinthians. Corinth, you know, was the most corrupt, busy, elegant, pleasure-loving city of Greece. Its streets were the thoroughfares of commerce. They were also adorned by art. In this respect, it was second only to Athens, and in glitter it was superior to Athens; for the taste of Athens was subdued, while the taste of Corinth blazed and glared. The city was rich. Its temples were voluptuous. The pleasures of sense were wrought into

the Liturgy, and were made to be part and parcel of worship. Men called to education in Corinth heard in the streets the sounds of music perpetually. There were processions after processions. There were all manner of exhibitions. Strangers wandered there from every part of the globe. There was everything for the ear to hear; for the eye to admire; for the hand to handle; there was everything for exciting every nerve that had in it the vibration of pleasure. Corinth was a metropolis of sensuous life and sensuous enjoyment. And when the Apostle went there and preached, and afterwards when he wrote there, he preached and wrote to men who were constantly assailed on every side by physical life and material comforts, and whose very religion had come down, and staid down, and presented itself to them only in the form of altars, and priests, and sacrifices, and priestesses that were no better than they should be; men worshiped their very gods through their basest appetites; and there never was a body of men that needed so much to be lifted above the sensuous and the material as the Corinthians.

It was to these men that the Apostle said, "We live by faith; we walk by faith; it is not what you see, or hear, or handle, or eat, or wear, that is the most essential. Neither your streets, nor your houses, nor your laws, nor your institutions, nor your earthly governments, nor your armies, nor your fleets, nor your manufactories, nor your wealth, is the most important. All this vast equipage, all this massive accumulation, is, after all, in the realm and under the dominion of the senses." But in the thunder of its busiest days there overhung that glittering and voluptuous city truths which were ten thousand times more important, though they were silent, than all the clamorous truths that lived below—life constantly coming, death constantly going; manhood; immortality; God; providence; all truths that spring up under the arch of honor, of virtue, of submission, of faith, of hope, of love. As over that great Babylon yonder* on summer evenings there come radiant clouds, all struck through with rose and crimson from the setting sun, and men heed them not, though above their heads are more magnificent pictures, more beautiful sights than were

* New York city.

ever seen in any gallery of the world; so, perpetually, night and day, there overhung the great metropolis of Corinth truths which were a thousand-fold more weighty, important, soul-searching and heart-stirring than anything that appealed to the senses and occupied the time of the people. And Paul says to them, "You live to the sound of the lute; you dwell within sight of these on-going blandishments of life; you think of what you shall eat and drink and wear; you are wrapped up in your pleasures; but these things are to be taken from you. You walk with your head prone, because you look down to matter. But we, followers of Christ, live by faith. We see these outward things without seeing them. There are things above that are of more importance than these are. They are invisible, intangible, and even inexplicable by us, because we are so imperfect. They are things which are eternal, which belong to God and to that which is god-like in man, and which are of transcendent importance." So it was that he realized what to them was not very clear.

The realm of faith, then, is that perceptive realm in which men think and feel by their higher nature—the reason, the affections, and the moral sentiments, as distinguished from the domain of sense or materiality; and living in that realm is, generically, living by faith.

Now, my first remark, in view of this explanation, is that the principle of faith, while it is quickened, as all principles are, by Divine power, has roots which are natural. In other words, if you take men when they are born as savages you will find that their whole life lies connected with things which are present to them. Every savage thinks of that which he can see, or feel, or smell, or taste, or handle. He lives for to-day. If he has enough to eat and to drink, if he has a place to sleep, and if he has all that is necessary to keep him warm, he is satisfied. His life is in the present. It constitutes that which goes to make up the lowest form in which a human being can exist. It is but little above the life of the brute creation.

The first step upward that the savage takes is impelled by suffering. He is afraid of to-morrow. What is to-morrow? It is nothing. There is no such thing as to-morrow; that is,

you cannot weigh it, you cannot measure it, you cannot taste it, you cannot smell it, you cannot see it, you cannot handle it. It is an abstract idea of time. Probably the first idea that develops itself in the savage mind is that there is to be a period of time after a certain lapse of hours that is like that of to-day. He has been taught by suffering that he must prepare for to-morrow; and there dawns on his animal nature the conception of something which the senses do not take hold of,—namely, another period of time. And by-and-by there is added to this the idea of weeks; and to this the idea of months, and he works during the summer for the winter. To this is added the idea of years, and his plan includes not the present only, but the future. He organizes his work, not by what he can see, merely, but also by what he is going to see. And when from being a savage he rises to the condition of a barbarian, there are courage and ambition and a desire for reputation developed in him. And gradually he rises out of the realm of his lower, sensuous nature, up into the realm of things which he does not see, nor hear, nor taste, nor smell, nor feel. At length he comes to the region where he relies on invisible things. In other words, when a man is developed, his development is away from the body toward the spirit; and as he goes from the body toward the spirit, his conceptions become less and less subject to the senses, and more and more allied to those things which belong to that realm which is beyond the senses.

If you take, for instance, any single line of life, what do you mean by *perfectness?* If you analyze it, and take a general idea of refinement, what is it but something that is carried from the coarse and obvious to something that is more subtle and fine? What do you mean by *fineness?* You take a plain stick, and commence whittling it, and you bring it down to a point, and it is that part which almost vanishes, it is that part which well nigh melts into nothing, that is fine. And when you *re*fine a thing, you take matter away from it; you rasp it; you sand-paper it; you rub it down; you take off its more obvious parts—the knots, the warts, the bark; you divest it of its materiality. And when you speak of refinement in life, what do you mean but the subsidence

of the animal in man, and the predominance in him of the higher qualities of the mind? In other words, if you analyze what we mean by *civilization*, it is not simply multiplication of power. It is that, but it is many other things besides. Refinement goes with civilization; and by *refinement* men are working from animalism toward immortality; from the visible toward the invisible; from the coarse toward the fine; from the ponderable toward the impalpable. And so, when we say of any man, "He is growing refined," what we mean by *refinement* is something that stands as the antithesis of corporeity, with its bone nature, its muscle nature, its animal nature. It is something that is in character, and that, in character, is growing higher and higher in scope and variety and invisibility. A great man cannot be understood by an ordinary man. Why? Simply because he has in his mind faculties developed so high that their action is beyond any corresponding experience of those who are lower than he is.

This, then, is the point which I was illustrating—namely, that faith newly developed in an individual is not an absolute new divine creation. The preparation for it, the roots of it, its elements, are natural. It lies in human nature. It works from the basilar toward the superior—from the base toward the apex of the brain; and he who lives by the higher faculties, he who is controlled by the upper man, dwells in the realm of faith; while he who is governed by the under man, the outer man, the lower man, lives by sight.

This is the apostle's philosophy, not mine. That is to say I do not originate it. I plagiarize. I get it from Paul. If it takes on modern phrase; if it happens to fall in with the very much dreaded theory of evolution; if it accords very nearly with the philosophies which are reigning now in the new schools that men so much fear, it is not my fault. There it is as Paul gave it. My own impression is that, if Paul had seen Darwin, he would have said to him, "All you want is to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to be a good Christian;" and my impression is that, if Darwin had seen Paul, and heard him talk, he would have said to him, "All you want is to ground yourself a little more thoroughly in things as they are to be a splendid philosopher." I think my-

self that there is more Darwinism in Saint Paul to-day than there is in Darwin, after all. I do not mean the school of Mr. Darwin—I mean himself; for the disciples always turn to ridicule the master, by their extravagances.

The line of evolution, then, as it has been set forth in modern philosophy, is from the animal upward; and when the animal-man begins in this world, he is the meanest specimen of an animal that ever was. There is nothing so low on earth as an animal man. I do not mean after he is developed, but when he is first born. I mean you, every one of you, in your first estate. You were not born within a stone's throw of manhood. The beginnings of life in the human race are most insignificant. The idea of being ashamed to descend from a monkey! Why, a monkey is nearer a man than you were when you started to be a man. A babe just born is next to nothing for a long time after it comes into the world, except for its possibilities, and as an object of parental love on account of its very helplessness and nothingness. When a fly is born it bursts into a perfect thing, and is as good a fly at the first as at the last; but the law says that a man is not born till he is twenty-one years of age. The creature that is slowest being born in the universe is man. He works up through stage after stage, developing slowly, and still more slowly unfolding; and upon the animal comes the social; and, by gradual evolution, upon the social qualties comes reason; and, by continuous growth, upon reason come the moral faculties; and upon the moral faculties come the spiritual instincts and powers. And as they are the highest, so they are the slowest, and they are the last.

Now, that being the existing modern view of the evolution of man, as he is born and goes on through these stages in life, what is the difference between it and the Apostle's view? We believe that men are born of the flesh, and that they are to be developed out of the flesh, step by step, into the higher realm, and that at last they are to come by development into the spiritual condition; and what is this spiritual condition but that which Paul means by the state of faith, or that state which we appreciate through the operation of the higher faculties? Why does it not agree with the more recent

development theories of human life? It is corroborated by fact. I do not mean Darwinism, but this theory: that man develops first as an animal, and works toward something higher and higher, until he gets into a state where the life-forces are from the higher realm; and then he has become a child of God, a spiritual creature; and he lives by faith, or spirit-seeing; by internal cognition; by moral intuitions and sentiments; and by reason, acting in its higher sphere, and on its loftier plane.

If these views be correct, I remark, a religious faith is only an extension, a consummation, of that which wholesome education develops. When, therefore, we are commanded to have faith, it is not to be interpreted, as too often men have thought they must interpret it, as calling upon a man to believe unproved things. Faith, as the old medieval church interprets it, is this: Open your mouth wide and swallow. That is faith, without deglutition or tasting. The priest says, "Here are the things which the church has found out; God has told the church these things, and he cannot make any mistakes; and no matter how strange they look to you, open your mouth and swallow them, and that will be faith." Believing that things are true which every part of you instinctively feels are not true—that has been taught to be faith. Men are told that in eating bread, they eat the real flesh of Christ, and that in drinking wine, they drink the actual blood of Christ. They are taught that for eighteen hundred years the world has been eating up and drinking the flesh and blood of Christ; and that he is being eaten at the same time all around the world; and that there is a perpetual increase and distribution of flesh and blood going on everywhere. They are not taught that bread and wine are elements which resemble and are to be regarded as symbolizing flesh and blood, but that they are the flesh and blood of the actual living God. And although every one of men's senses go against this idea and reject it, yet they are told to take it, because the church says it is true. So faith is made to mean, *Accept what the church teaches.*

That may be one form of faith; but as a definition of faith, how inadequate it is! Faith is the use of the reason, and

not the abuse of it. Faith is the employment of reason along the line of analogy, not the suppression of it. It is the use of reason, not as the brute uses it, not as the savage uses it, not as the semi-civilized man uses it, nor as the civilized man uses it on the lower plane: it is the use of reason instructed and refined along the higher developments of humanity to which noble men aspire. All that constitutes heroic manhood in mankind, working in the direction of the most subtle and glorious reality—that is faith; and there is no antithesis between faith and reason. In material facts the senses and the reason act together, the priest or the church to the contrary, notwithstanding. If they tell you that one is three, or that three are one, it is a lie in a mathematical sense; but there may be a sense in which it is not a lie.

For example, take the very illustration that will be suggested to your minds—the trinity. People say it is absurd to talk about there being three in one, and one in three. In the material sense it is. But when an animal in the lowest polyp state is born, it is just simple. If you take one of these sunfish, what is it? It has no head and no nervous system. It is a mass with just an opening for food to go in at, and a vent for it to pass out at. That is the whole of it. Little by little you trace up the development of that creature, and by-and-by there is a film that runs through it—a nerve; and that nerve, when it gets a little higher, begins to branch; and by-and-by the creatures have a nervous system that is more or less complex; and at last appears a head; and the moment the animal has a head it has passed out of a lower state into a higher, toward the vertebrate state; and finally it is developed into the animal kingdom; and going through that the line of development appears in the human kingdom, growing more and more complicated. Although, in the primary creature, there is but one single organ, and, as it were, the whole of it is that organ, and it is so simple that if you cut it in two it is two complete creatures; yet, when you come to man there is in him variety upon variety, and differentiation after differentiation; and he represents all the gradations of animal life that are below

him. He has all the animal instincts in one line, all the social qualities in another line; and all the intellectual forces in another line. They are scattered through him. They are grouped together in him. He has over and above this, the breath of God, the spiritual life, that is in him. And all these are one. There are manifold elements in one man. There are various functions which he carries on. So that in this higher state we see groups of faculties, multiform and various, are brought together to constitute unity. And thus, rising to still superior realms, we may find that instead of mere *faculties*, it is *personalities* which constitute unity. Hence, even according to our own observation of analogies, it is not absurd to say that in the spiritual kingdom three may constitute one, and One may have three separate Personalities. It is right in the line of the analogy of development according to the best schools.

When, therefore, a man believes in the realm of sense things that are contradicted by nature and by experience, it is not faith but credulity. To believe a thing contrary to the evidence which is appropriate to it is to be piteously superstitious—it is to sell one's self. And as to my saying that you must ignore your beliefs to be religious, and accept things which are apparently not so, I do no such thing. I lay on every man the obligation of believing toward evidence. I say in matters of belief, "Faith is the evidence of things not seen."

It is not, then, a kind of recumbency of virtue; it is not a rude submission to authority; it is not assuming to be true what everything in you says is not true; it is a normal action of man's reason in reference to things which lie above the senses, where imagination dwells, where sentiment dwells, where the affections dwell, and where the spiritual elements dwell. Faith and reason never come into collision.

But it may be said, "Do not the truths of sense often contradict the alleged truths of the spirit?" They may be made to do so; but in the end there never will be any contradiction between truths derived from the lower forms of nature and truths derived from its higher forms. Difference is not contradiction. Variation is not oppugnancy.

In the early stages of knowledge we see as through a glass darkly, even in respect to physical things. The great schools that are at work tickling the ribs of nature; the schools that are digging deep or searching far for hidden truths, or that bring truths to light by the almost creative power of the microscope—all these schools are as yet in their infancy. Vast as has been their advance, it is premature to say that the lower forms of nature are contradictory to its higher forms. We see all things as through a glass, darkly—the things of the lower as well as those of the upper realm.

How few there are who reason at all upon religious experiences! How few are competent to analyze these experiences! How few, in teaching, are able to give correct solutions to psychological questions! In this state of the world men are not in a condition to set in battle array the senses against the spirit. There may be successive developments yet to be gone through, but they are in harmony with each other. There may be steps to be taken, but they are not steps which should lead one away from the other. There may be stages to be passed through, but they are stages of successive growth and development.

Faith, then, is not mysterious. It is not antagonistic to reason, nor is it antithetical to it. It is normal and natural in the best sense of the term *nature*. It is designed that men should be developed and should come to faith by a far higher use of reason than any that belongs to their earlier estate.

When, then, we are called upon, in the Word of God, to "live by faith, and not by sight," we are not called to transform ourselves in any sense of losing our old nature and taking on a new one: we are called to pass to a higher use of that which has become familiar. Men's business, their pleasure, their reasoning, are all tending in the same direction; and religious faith is only the final or fuller development of that which has its beginnings in the lower walks of life. It is the blossom and the fruit of that of which other things are the stalk. And to live a life of faith is not anything that demands such an addition to our faculties, or such a taking of our faculties out of the natural line of cause and effect, as to lead us to say, "We have something given to us or some-

thing taken from us;" it is to use aright that which God has given to all the race.

I put my watch in the hand of an ignorant boy, and he opens it to the regulator, and unscrews the balance-wheel, and it runs wild. Then he screws it up again, ignorantly, and it runs wild in another direction: He tinkers with this wheel, and with that wheel, and finally it will not run at all. Then it starts again, and runs with a pulsating, irregular movement. So it keeps stopping and running; and he cannot tell why. At last he says, "That watch is totally depraved. There is not a wheel in it that is good for anything. The main-spring and everything about it is bad. Look at it: it fools me every hour of the day." Then I carry it to a horologer. He takes out every one of the wheels, cleans the rust off from them, and puts them all back in their places again. The main-spring, now free from its rust and hindrances of dust and dirt he puts back in its place. Then he turns the regulator; and by a series of trials he gets the watch exactly adjusted. In his hands it begins to keep very good time. Still he watches it, screwing up the balance-wheel, or relaxing it, according as the watch runs too fast or too slow; and at last he gets it so regulated that it runs for years with only a variation of seconds. It is the same watch after the horologer has done with it that it was when the ignorant boy got through with it; the dial-plate is the same, the pointers are the same, and all the wheels are the same; but it is proper to say that it is a different watch. Function makes difference as well as structure.

Now, when men are irregular; when all their faculties are out of proportion; when they are not properly wound up; when they are not regulated right, we say that they are depraved, that they are out of order, and if you can bring anything to bear upon them which shall keep all things in their places—the social instincts, the moral sentiments and the spiritual elements—under the divine influence and pressure, they are new men. I do not mean that there is a new reason, that there is a new conscience, and that there are new affections, actually: I simply mean that the reason, the conscience and the affections are brought into

such harmonious arrangement and play in life, that the result is absolutely different from what it was, and grander than it was, before, and that they are new men in Christ Jesus.

Well, I can give you an illustration of it. Thomas is a farmer. He was born of very poor parents—charcoal-burners—up in the mountains. He never went away from home. He is a great strong boy, with a rugged appetite. When he is eighteen or nineteen years of age, he goes down in the lower country. There people laugh at him, and take him for a gawky. He is uncouth in his appearance. He never thought of combing his hair, and he is indifferent about his clothes. He hires out on a farm. The man who employs him doubts whether it is safe to trust a pig under his care. But he has a rough stability; he proves to be faithful though he is slow; and little by little he comes up in life. With more intelligent people, there begins to be a brightening look in his face. After two or three years, during which he is a servant and scullion, he comes to be a "hired man." And there is a good deal in him. It has been dormant; it has never had any stimulus or education; he is yet rough and coarse; and his pleasures are somewhat low. But it comes to pass that in the third year his master's daughter, most comely and most gentle, returns home, and dawns on him. He never worshiped before, and never felt so helpless. Never before did he feel so awkward, or, indeed, know what it was to be awkward. He would give all the world if he knew how to go into a room, and what to do with his hands. He would give anything if he could only sit down right, and get up right. His very shoes begin to look clumsy to him. Everything in his life is changed. When he goes out in the morning he goes with a kind of heaviness. There is something in the house that all the time bothers him. He does not know what is the matter with him; but he knows one thing, and everybody else knows it—that his hair is combed every day; that his coat is brushed; that when he comes from work he does not like his old clothes; that he gets on some better ones; and that on Sunday there are many things which indicate that some taste is being developed in him. He goes on growing inside and improving outside all through the year. And at last,

in the fourth year, in one of those tremendous hours of accident, it all comes out, and he says the fatal words—and is not repelled. He stands trembling in every limb and nerve of his being. Not the resurrection trump will so stir a man, methinks, as when all his life is stirred in him by love. And now, the silence under the kindly look; the very running away for fear of hearing more; the not unkind meeting; all those things that do so stir up the life—how they have aroused everything in him! He has five men's strength. Go with him and see him lift the end of that log—a thing which seemed impossible before. How he will swing it round! Go with him to the wrestling match or the leaping match, and see what power and vim there is in him, body and soul. Before he did not care to go to church, but now you cannot keep him away from church. Before he did not care for reading; he went to sleep over books; but now he has no trouble in keeping wide awake, and he wants to read. He takes pains to put himself where he can see something of life. He goes to town, not for the sake of riding in a wagon, but to see how people act and live. There is far more in him than anybody ever thought of there being. There are things going on in his soul-chamber of which those who have known him never had a suspicion.

So out of that one affection comes education and development. And when he comes to be an old man, and his hair is almost gone, and the thin white locks hang down his neck, he turns to his grandchildren, and weeps as he talks, and says, "Oh, my children, you never will know what a woman she was; God has taken her to heaven; but if I ever have been anything in this world, I owe it to her. From her has come everything."

Does he mean by this that he got his bones from her? Does he mean that she gave him his muscles? Does he mean that anything came from her to him but inspiration, power, influence? And did she not make him a new man—yea, twice as much a man as he would have been without her ministration?

Why should we go about after a rude and clumsy philosophy, when upon the soul is thrown a flood of light from the

realm of immortality, and when there rises out of the superstitious fears and images which cloud men's minds the true conception of God in Christ Jesus, the merciful and loving One who is Chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely? When there dawns upon the human soul a conception of supernal grandeur in power and illumination in wisdom—a conception of that Nature whose love is most exquisite, passing the love of woman, passing a lover's love, passing the love of a mother, in length and breadth and intensity; when from the heavens above and around there comes to a human soul the conception that there is a Being with soul attributes, and the soul knows it, and is waked by it, as the clod knows how to wake when the sun comes; when the human soul, having gained such a conception of God, begins to move, and to be filled and intensified by hope and faith and love, and to be wound up and kept in order thereby; when in this way God's love through Jesus Christ comes into the soul—then that soul is born again, recreated, without anything being added to it, simply by having that which belongs to it regulated, trained, stimulated, washed, and made in spiritual things effluent and beautiful as angels are.

When we come to have this conception we shall be living by sentiment, by faith, by love. We shall no longer be living by the mouth; by the ear; by the eye; by the hand, or by the sense of smell. We shall be living by the higher faculties. And so we shall "walk by faith, and not by sight."

You will go through the City of New York to-morrow, and bear burdens, and hear sounds, and your mind will be absorbed with these things, and your life will be in them; but you will leave behind you a home that is dearer to you than the shop. Nay, for that alone has the shop or the store or the office any value. It is for wife and children and friends that you labor. And the occupations and distractions and excitements of the day do not take away from you the influence of home—that supremest earthly influence of your life which is working upon you.

A faint emblem this is of that higher home where my father is, where my mother is, where my brother is, where my children are, and where I shall be also. It is not far off.

I hear its sounds sometimes. I feel its influence often. I am touched with its warmth. I am filled and thrilled with its joy. I believe in it. I know that "there remaineth a rest for the people of God." Storms drive us toward it. The thunder and the crash of earthly discordances are, after all, but the background on which there shall be the sweet melodies of the heavenly life. I live by hope, by faith. It lifts one up. It carries one over obstacles. With it we pass streams unbridged, and ford streams without bottom. We are borne as on angel wings. We live "as seeing Him who is invisible." How blessed is this upper life! How blessed is the life which men live by their higher nature, which touches the divine, which interprets the divine, and which leads unto the divine, so that at last we shall stand in Zion and see God!

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

THOU that dwellest in light, and hast all knowledge and all joy; thou to whom all things come in their ripeness and in their beauty; thou that art the center of the wide-lying universe, beholding the steps of unfolding afar off, rude and imperfect, and yet drawing all things steadfastly upward in more and more perfect circles toward blessedness and immortality—to thee we come; and we thank thee that upon us has dawned the knowledge of God; that for us there is a realm invisible; and that for us there is a circuit where our thoughts may fly and quite leave behind us material things, things of time and of sense; and that we may behold without seeing; that we may by faith discern the invisible, and dwell therein, and find in thee recovery from the disasters of outward life, joy when troubles scowl without on every side, rest in the midst of tumult, acceptance in the midst of rejection, purity, and truth, and rest for the innermost spirit.

We rejoice that thou art discerned by so many who, struggling in twilight, look for thee, but do not see thee as thou art. We are, as best we may, helping ourselves with all images, and all imaginations, and all experiences, to reach in our minds to some conception of thy goodness, and of thy majesty; but there shall come a time when we shall see thee as thou art, with no clouds, no misconceptions, nothing wrong in our teaching. We shall stand in thy presence, and we shall know as we are known. As they that love, when at last there comes the hour of full disclosure, interchange their lives, and are known to each other, so there shall come a day when we shall be in thy presence perfectly known of thee, and know as we are known. We rejoice in the thought of that day. We rejoice in it though we do not yet attain to any conception of it. We rejoice that there are so many who are rising to it.

Indeed, for thy children death has lost its terror. How art thou dismissing out of pain and anguish those who would fain be at rest! Though there be many who walk in life as in a prison-house, and long for the day of their departure, yet we rejoice that the bands are loosening on every side, and that one goes, and another, and another. How many fly from the storm before it strikes them, and hide themselves in celestial fields as birds out of the meadows fly into the woods before the storm comes! How many little ones are with thee upon whom the blast of life does not come, that flew away and are at rest! How many are there who go forth before ever they have been whelmed in trouble, or snared in guilt, or obliged to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling! How many go forth from under the burdens of life as slaves, who, being called from out of the field, lay down their tasks, and go forth into liberty!

How many are there upon whom the yoke was hard for the time being, and the burden was heavy to be borne, but whom thou didst call to let go, and who are at rest with thee! How full is the heavenly land! and how rich it is becoming to our thought! How many

our hearts follow there! How many that are there are as a part of us, they having woven their life into ours! How many are there that in early life led us by the hand and instructed us, and warmed us into life, and taught us how to discern good from evil, and are with thee, and yet are not separated from us. By all the power of love, by all the force of habit, by all the yearnings of the soul, and by all the kindlings of imagination, we search them out, and will not let them go. They are ours—for those whom we love are ours. With thee they are blessed—and we fain would know what their blessedness is; if they forget their low estate; if they cast off the memory of earth, as plants that once have sprouted. We wonder whether we shall know them, and be known by them. We wonder what all the estate of blessedness shall be in the heavenly land. But no voice comes to tell us.

All we know is, that there is blessedness beyond comparison of any earthly experience of flesh and blood; that all temptations which have come to us through flesh and blood, shall cease; that we shall be as the angels of God, spirits; and that only those things which take hold of the spirit shall have power with us. We shall be in thy presence; and the whole atmosphere will be full of inspiration and inspiriting influence. When we have passed from thee to the spirit, and become sons of God, we shall dwell with God, and behold his face, and be forever filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory. And so, though we cannot see thee, we stand and look. As men look toward the rising sun, before it has come up, and know where its coming is, and rejoice in the twilight that is dawning upon the mountains; so we look away to the heavenly land. We cannot discern it, nor take the measure of it, nor estimate its employments, nor know the condition of those who are translated into the spirit life; but we rejoice to discern the great brightness that is there. All our thoughts kindle; and we strive, and yearn; and it seems as if our wings would spread themselves, and we might fly away and be at rest.

Not that we are discontented with our allotments in life, nor that we would be unclothed. We are content to bear as long as thou dost wish it. Burdens and trials, if sent by thee, are our pleasures. We stand in our place to do our work, and wait for the coming of our Lord. Not that we would leave thy work. Not that poverty is not tolerable, nor that cares and troubles are not bearable. But there is something better; and aspiration, yearning, all that which thou hast planted in us by thy love, blessed Saviour, by thy spiritual light and ministration and holiness, reaches out for disclosure and power. It is not that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon. It is not that we would be less here, but more there, that we may partake of the fullness of manhood in Christ Jesus.

We pray, O Lord, that thou wilt grant thy blessing, this morning, to thy servants that are gathered together here. We pray that they may have that ministration of spirit which is in thy view best for them. Comfort them in body; and heal them if they be sick or weak. Lift upon them the light of thy countenance. Give them the joy of thy salvation inwardly.

We pray that thou wilt bless all the families that are represented here. Bring into every household light and gladness. Help all those

who love each other, by love to strive for purity and wisdom, and for strength therein.

We pray that thou wilt grant the Spirit of Christ unto all those who labor, and are seeking to enlighten their fellow men, the outcast, the poor and the neglected; and may they go forth not alone carrying the word of his history, but breathing his gentleness, his lovingness, his self-sacrifice, his meekness, his humility; so that they may make Christ known, not by their lip, but by their spirit.

And may thy blessing rest upon this whole land; upon all its churches; upon all the ministers that preach the tidings of salvation; upon all its institutions of learning; and upon its governments.

Bless, we pray thee, the President of these United States, and those who are joined with him in authority; and give them wisdom and divine direction. Bless the Congress assembled; the Governors and Legislatures of the different States; all magistrates and judges and officers. We pray that they may be clothed with the spirit of Jesus, and with truth. And may this people be obedient, God-fearing and law-abiding.

We pray that those evils of passion, and appetite, and avarice, and wantonness, and unruly desire, may be suppressed or restrained; and that more and more there may be justice, and truth, and purity, and fidelity, and piety. Unite thy people in this blessed work. May they not vex each other. May they not look with suspicion upon things that are not of themselves. May we rejoice in all the workmen whom thou dost send forth in thy providence, whether they be within or without the church, and in all influences which ameliorate the condition of men. May we have the largeness of Christ himself, and see that the field is the world, and that all things whatsoever that are doing good are God's ministers, and are working together for good.

We pray that thou wilt bless all nations, with us. And grant that the day may speedily come when the whole world shall see thy salvation.

And to the Father, the Son and the Spirit, shall be praises evermore. *Amen.*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we pray that thou wilt give us more of thyself—more of thy power. Why dost thou hide thy face? Thou dost not. For as the ground calls out to the sun, saying, Why am I dark? when shadows rise on it, and the sun replies by pouring abroad unstinted universal light; so dost thou give forth thyself; and if there be darkness, it is in us, and not in thee. Be pleased to help us dissipate darkness. Thou that art Light, come to us; for we need light. Thou that art Life, fill up in us that which is dead, and give power and sensibility to that which is dull, that we may have fullness of life; that that part of our nature which is so little inspired may beat with full pulsation.

O grant that we may have some such sense of purity, of fidelity, of piety, of mercy, of self-sacrifice, of helpfulness, of gentleness, of

meekness and of long-suffering patience, that we may interpret the nature of God.

We ask for these things, not because they will make us apparel for goodly presentation: we ask them that by them we may come to some interpretation of thee; that we may see God; and that we may realize what thou dost mean by saying, Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall God.

Grant, while we are burdened with toil, and while we are in bondage in many things, and while we are striving still in a lower way of life, that there may be a crystal dome opened in us through which we may see the stars; through which we may behold the heavens. Let us not be endungeoned evermore in imperfection and in sins. Give us the power of realizing more, of feeling more, of that which belongs to the spiritual nature. We are thine. We are on the way to glorification. Behold us, God! We are thy children. We have the audacity of love. We say to thee, Cast us not away; forget us not; tread us not down in the greatness of thy strength. This it is to be great—to take care of the weak; and take care of us, poor, lean, self-indulgent, complaining, uncourageous, wavering creatures. All that is poor we are; yet thrust us not away. What would become of babes if their mothers were to throw them away? and what would become of us, if thou wert not Father to us? Take us in the arms of thy grace; and as we are borne from day to day, interpret to us thy nature, even if it be but dimly and faintly. As the sound of music afar off, may we hear thy voice speaking to us, and saying to us, at last, What I do now, ye know not; but ye shall know hereafter. May we lay aside doubt and fear and hesitation, and follow on to know the Lord. And when we shall know thee as thou art, in the glory of thy habitation, and shall feel that we are recognized as the children of God, we will cast our crowns before thee, and say, Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name, be the praise, forever and ever. *Amen.*

SPIRITUAL MANHOOD.

"Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong."—2 Cor. xii., 10.

Well, if Paul took pleasure in these things, he must have had a great deal of happiness while he lived; and if these are sources of pleasure in this world, it must be a very merry world! There have been infirmities and reproaches and necessities and persecutions and distresses enough to make all creation happy if they are the sources of happiness.

No person that has critical sensibility fails to discern the difference between the teaching of our Master when he was in the Province of Galilee, and his teaching after he came to Jerusalem, in the last weeks of his life. Among the peasantry and the plain people of Galilee, he employed one line of discourse; and in the temple, before educated men, he employed another and a very much higher line, showing that he adapted himself to the conditions which he severally met. No man can read the Apostle's writings, and not discern the same thing. When he was among the Greeks, although he could not shake off the Hebrew genius, yet, after all, he adapted himself to their morals, to their tastes, to their intellectual condition, and to their habit of thought. In both of his letters to the Corinthians it is evident that he felt the Greek atmosphere.

Sunday Morning, February 15, 1874. Lesson: 1 Cor. i. 17-31; 2. 1-15. Hymns (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 346, 1235, "Shining Shore."

He resisted it, and he adopted it. In these letters, more than in any other of his writings, he yielded so as to give a philosophical cast to his thoughts. I mean by *a philosophical cast* that which comes from taking a purely intellectual standpoint. In these two letters to the Corinthians, more than anywhere else, you find what may be called Paul's philosophy of the human mind. Only here does he develop what may be called *Pauline psychology*. It was by this development that he resisted the Greek influence. He resisted reasoning by reasoning.

Now, the Greek mind lived by the senses first, and almost universally. Higher than that, secondly, the Greek mind lived by reason in its relations to imaginative matter, or matter touched by the sense of the beautiful. Thirdly, the Greek mind lived by the power of pure intellectual reason. There were these gradations. All of them are essentially earthy. Therefore, the whole Greek mind was of this world, worldly, in the estimation of the apostle.

The Greek mind did not develop spirituality. As between genius that consists in rare and large intellectual intuitions and powers, and genius which consists in great, noble or uncommon dispositions, the Greeks believed in the intellectual manhood of men. Their intellect, although working very high, never went higher than things seen and visible; that is, as I might say, they never cut the connection between the root and the topmost leaf. Their thought, high as it went, smelt of the earth still.

In its highest reach, then, it was worldly. It carried with it, through and through, the earth element—not the divine element; not the influence of the world to come; not the quality of moral power. The Greeks put manhood either in that power which resided in a cultivated, killful, beautified, physical development—in other words, in the athlete; or, in a developed, educated, inward power which was intellectual, fine, comprehensive, exquisitely subtle. They never put the thought of manhood in disposition—in the number, depth, and combination of feelings in distinction from thought-power. And it was precisely here that the Apostle Paul met them. He was the advocate of the heart, as contradistinguished from the

head. Paul's key-note was this—that manhood resided in the moral dispositions of men. When everything else had failed, when all knowledge had passed away, when the speaking of languages, the prophesying, the teaching, the arguing was done; when even the dim vision ceased; when we saw face to face, and knew as we were known, all the transient being swept aside—then three things would still abide, and would be positive, certain and universal; and these three things were —what? Reason, genius, imagination? No; faith, hope, love. Those were the three things that death had no power over, and that would emerge in the radiance of the upper sphere, and there exist through all eternity. Manhood, with the apostle, consisted in glorious emotive dispositions. Everything else that was given to man was, in his estimation, an instrument. That is, these were the man, and the other things were his hands. Paul never despised reasoning. It sometimes seems as though he despised it; but it is only as a man despises a servant who is in his master's chair. He likes the servant well enough, but wants him in his own place. Paul did not despise reasoning; and there was no more masterly reasoning than his, considering the time in which he lived, considering the purposes which he had in view, and considering the instruments which he employed. His argumentation is correct if you do not press it too narrowly or too closely. It is the vice of almost all interpreters of the Bible to attempt to reduce to scientific systems ideas that belong to the higher range of thought.

Paul held to two things. You will recollect how, in the seventh chapter of Romans, he develops his two-nature idea:

> "We know that the law is spiritual, but I am carnal, sold under sin. For that which I do I allow not; for what I would, that I do not; but what I hate, that I do. If, then, I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. Now, then, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me."

In other words, he said: "I have two natures. I have a flesh nature, an outside nature, and that keeps sinning; and then I have another nature—an inside, a spirit nature—and that does not like sinning; and with my heart-power, my conscience-power, my love-power, with the power of the di-

vine element that is in me, I look and see what this body outside, which clothes me, is trying to do. And here are two Is that are fighting. The inside I is arrayed against the outside I; and the outside has the advantage."

Paul was like a child on a very vicious horse, that ran away with him, though he did not want to be run away with. He held him in with all his might, but he could not stop him.

Paul goes on to say:

"I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good, I find not. For the good that I would, I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it."

That is to say, "My real manhood, the essential I, which I regard as Paul—that I which shall not die, and which shall appear unto the resurrection, and triumph through the eternal—that I does not do the evil. It is the base I, it is the animal I, that does it."

This two-root notion of Paul's is the key-note to his philosophy. The one nature is visible and the other is invisible; the one is developed by the material globe and its circumstances, and the other is developed by the schooling of divine grace.

Now, if this be manhood; if this be the point of value; if this be the end to be sought in man's development; if this spiritual, dispositional, interior manhood is the center of his being, then you will begin to understand why it is that he is strong when he is weak. It is when the under-Paul is weak that the upper-Paul gets strong. It is when the outside-Paul is under reproaches and suffering that the inside-Paul gets a chance to assert itself. It is when the flesh-life, the dropping, the dying part is powerless, that the undying part, that part which is of God, that part which is in affiliation, in sympathy, and in communion with the Divine, and that shall mingle therewith without losing its identity, shall triumph.

As when the keeper is away, and the door is open, the prisoner can go out and take the sun and air, but when the keeper comes back, the prisoner is sent to his dungeon again; so,

when the imprisoning body goes out, the enclosed Paul comes forth and rejoices itself in light and freedom, but when that body comes back, the temporarily released Paul is imprisoned once more.

We are prepared, then, to interpret the opening of the First Epistle to the Corinthians which I read to you, where Paul seems to rail at the intellect and at Greek philosophy, and to laud as wonderful and glorious that inward disposition in which inheres true manhood. His language is not absolute, but relative. It does not undervalue the Greek mind in its own sphere, and for its own purposes. It assumes, without saying so, that the Greek mind had taken that to be a true manhood which was only secondary, auxiliary, and, as it were, incidental—in other words, that it had taken the leaves for the blossoms.

You will observe why it is, therefore, that he so insists, in that opening passage, on what seems strange to many, where he says, "I determined not to know anything among you save Christ." It is as if he had said, "I determined not to employ any power among you, not to rely upon any strength in your midst, except that of Christ." He used the word *know* in the sense in which a man knows his artillery, his cavalry, or his army. "I determined not to exert any power among you except that which is derived from Christ." And what is the most astonishing part of his declaration is this: "I did not mean, even, to know him as a magazine of power, because he was a Jew, or because he could work miracles, or because he raised men from the dead; I determined to know him in his ignominy; in that attitude and under that experience which made him the scoff of the Jews and the derision of the Greeks. I determined to know him, and him *crucified*." Why? That their faith should not stand in the visible in men; that there should be a power exerted from Christ's overthrow, his suffering, and his death, that should increase the moral stock that lies back of the external intellection of men.

We may now see what it is that Paul considered to be strength, and what he considered to be weakness. Whatever shuts up, diminishes, or destroys the moral qualities which

center around the great divine element of love, no matter how valuable it may be for worldly purposes or secondary ends, is, in the light of true manhood, an element of weakness. So that it often happens that that which is strength in one relation becomes weakness in another relation.

If a man be but a skeleton, and begin to take on flesh, men congratulate him; but when a man has flesh in superabundance, and begins to grow so corpulent that his eyes are closed and his senses are more or less obscured and enveloped, men do not then regard him as particularly fortunate. Up to a certain point flesh helps, but beyond that point it hinders. There are thousands of things in this world which in a lower auxilliary place are advantageous, but which if they exist to such an extent that they shut up the higher qualities, or leave them undeveloped, are weaknesses and are injurious.

When you come down in the morning you find that the door of your canary-bird cage has been left open; of course nobody did it, but it is open, and the bird is gone: and it being summer, and the windows being raised, it is effectually gone. Now, your idea of that open cage and the bird's idea of it are very different indeed. And so it is with moral qualities. Of the thing which opens and lets out of a man courage and hope, and gives them a chance to expand, by inspiration and necessity, the inward man says, "Ah! that was my strength; that was my glory," and the outward man says of it, "Oh! that was your misfortune; that was your weakness." The thing which makes men look on you and say, "He has got to go down from his high place; he has lost his standing; people will not talk about him as they have done; he will have to walk humbly now"—that, instead of being your misfortune, is a blessing to you. Yes, you will have to walk humbly; and that is the beauty of it. Walking humbly you are more a man than you were when you walked proudly. To one sort of mind the loss of worldly position is diminution; but to a higher and nobler spirit it is coronation for the inward man. The outward man diminishes, but the inward man increases. Paul says:

"Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed

day by day. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Real manhood, according to Paul's idea, is developed by the battering of the outward or flesh man. He considered that whatever diminished the outward man built up the inward man. He regarded as strength to his disciples whatever thing put them upon the necessity of living by their interior; by their moral intuitions; by their imagination working in connection with religious things. Whatever losses of goods, or friends, or affections, or successes, or occupations, drove men to the higher realm which was in themselves, the world would say were reproaches, misfortunes, infirmities, deprivations; but God would say of them, since he sees what comes of them, that they are opportunities; that they are transfigurations; that they are augmentations. Interior manhood grows while the outward man diminishes.

And so Paul's infirmities were such as would generally be regarded as misfortunes. It is not pleasant for a man to be, as Paul was, of contemptible appearance, and to know it. It does not matter whether a man is handsome or homely if he thinks he is handsome; but it makes a great deal of difference when a man has intense sensibility, to know that he is uncomely. Paul's nature was as sensitive as an æolian harp. Not a breeze that would stir an aspen leaf but made him quiver. All through his letters we see that everything he thought of in Heaven, on earth, or in hell, he thought of from the standpoint of his own personal feeling and experience. His writings are one continuous string of *I, I, I; me, me, me; my, my, my.* There never was raised upon the globe another such dome of exquisite sensibility as we find in Paul. And yet, his whole being was so absolutely given up to others that reading his letters through you would not think of his egotism at all. He was so perfectly absorbed in his work in behalf of his fellows that his thought of himself was but the thought of the great central Jesus.

Now, he was a Jew; and Jews were built up through generations of good stuff. There never was any other such

stock as the Jewish stock. And, as he said, he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews. He was thoroughbred. He had received that peculiar education which belonged to the Pharisee, putting the greatest value upon rituals, ordinances, days, seasons, methods and instruments. A Pharisee of the old form is a man who worships the instrument more than the end. And that was Paul eminently. Then, he was an intense lover of his country, as well as of his kind, and he was vomited out, having fallen from the confidence of his people, and been driven into the desert of Arabia, a wanderer; and he felt as if he was the offscouring of the earth. John never seems to have felt that he was despised; Peter never spoke of himself as suffering from any such extremity; but Paul was subjected to trials and hardships on every hand, odium was everywhere heaped upon him by his fellow-men; and such was his sensibility of suffering from these causes that he declared, all the way through his life, that he died deaths daily. And yet, in spite of all that he endured of pain and ignominy, he rose up, and said, "I rejoice." Why did he rejoice? Let him answer. "Because when I am weak I am strong." But if Christ had not found out that inner Paul, by divesting it of the outward and lower Paul, and letting it out, I never should have had such a glorious ideal as I have now, lifted far above any ordinary thought of manhood. This Paul it was who said, "I rejoice in those infirmities which made a man of me in Christ Jesus."

What do you suppose a crystal thinks when it is discovered in a rock by some prowling geologist or mineralogist? He knows that there is a wonderful crystal there; and so, with hammer and chisel, he smites off great chips from the rock, carefully watching, on this side and on that, to discover the point where the crystal is to appear. And if the crystal is as ignorant as it ought to be, it murmurs because such violence is done to its surroundings; because its covering is being taken off; because its hiding-place is disclosed to the elements. But the rock is smitten right and left until the crystal comes out, when it shines in the rays of the sun, and is put to noble uses.

The manhood of man is shut up in that which is worse

than a rock—in mud, composed of all manner of animalism; in filth of the appetites and passions; and it is this manhood that is being sought by providences that strike it here and there, cutting off this desire, and that pleasure; extinguishing this pride, and that vanity; and more and more bringing the man away from the lower and animal realm, to a higher region, where he sees the lustre of those virtues which bring him into affinity, and which will finally bring him into contact, with God. And in view of this, being enlightened, Paul says:

"I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong."

Now, there is no longer any mystery, there is no mysticism, in that. It is very plain.

Taking away, then, from a man that which is worldly and visible should bring his soul up towards the grand invisible, and back towards communion with God; and if it does that, then it breeds strength in the higher nature, although it may entail weakness in the lower nature. When personal limitations and hindrances develop in a person patience, courage, hope, and disinterestedness, then they enrich him.

A man is at the top; he is a Bourbon king, who has all money, all service of the sword, and all external glory; and yet he is effete, imbecile, strong in all his appetites which tend toward the degraded forms of sensuous enjoyment. He stands the highest in the nation, and yet he is the lowest.

Here is a man who has in himself intrinsic excellences which have been adumbrated by habit, education and circumstances. He goes to the top of power. There he stands in his appetites and passions, in his selfishness and pride, in all rancorous elements. At length his fortunes change, he is cast down from the throne, he is imprisoned, he escapes, and wanders in the wilderness. After twenty years of experience in the world, tempered, gentle, wise and self-restrained, he is more a king in exile than he was on the throne. There is more of the man in him when he is divested of every extrinsic circumstance of elevation than there was when he was surrounded by all that goes to make worldly glory.

It is of Christ that the apostle says, "Though he was cru-

cified through weakness, yet he liveth by the power of God;" and as he never was long in bringing the example of Christ to bear, so we may well turn for illustration to that example.

Was there ever one in all the land that was more powerful than Christ up to the time when he gave to the multitude the five loaves and the few fishes on the shore north-east of the Sea of Galilee? The wave had come to its very highest roll; and up to that time, nothing availed against him. The people, as one man, were enthusiastic for him; and when he refused, at that point, to disclose himself, and become their king, they all fled away from him. From that moment the wave and the tide ran out, and left him stranded, so that he abandoned Galilee henceforth, and went north to rest and recruit his spirit. And then, upon the mountain, alone, exiled, after the enthusiasm of the common people had died away, and despised of the rulers and the Pharisees—then he was transfigured; and in all the plenitude of his personal honors he had not been so much as now he was in the solitude of the mountain top, when he glowed white as the light itself. Then, at the time of the humiliation, he was lifted up more than at any other time.

Christ went in through the gate of Jerusalem. He came in with sovereignty. A great crowd thronged him. The terror and the admiration of the raising of Lazarus from the grave were in the air; and the people poured around him. They cast their garments upon an ass, and took him and sat him thereon; and they uttered those shouts of the Old Testament which announced the Messiah; and the whole air was filled with hosannas, until all Jerusalem and the Valley of Jehoshaphat were not large enough to hold the jubilant cries that arose in the distance.

Three days afterward, that same crowd, or portions of it, waited on Christ again. Now, he was no longer riding, but was borne down by the cross that had been laid upon his shoulders. No longer was the air filled with shouts of "Hosanna! Hosanna! Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord"; but it was filled with cries, fierce and savage, of "Crucify him! Crucify him!" At length, worn, and so

weak that he could no longer bear the cross, it was put upon another to be borne; and finally he was carried, and, in ignominy, was lifted up into the air, helpless, and nailed to the cross on which he died; and after he was dead he was brought down again, and laid in a rock sepulcher; and a stone was rolled against the door; and the door was sealed. When all was over, the chief priests and Pharisees nodded to each other, as much as to say, "That man is done with, and we are triumphant." Yet, in the silence and death and disaster which reigned were the roots of that which has changed the face of the earth; and the glory of Christ began to dawn out of the darkness of that event. The hand of sovereignty was not paralyzed when he lay in the grave. He was more sovereign then than he was before. Not when he went into Jerusalem with outward insignia of honor was he king; but when he had been beaten down and destroyed, then his might came forth. It was in the hour of loss and shame that the sovereignty of God was manifest in Love suffering for the world.

In view, then, of this exposition of Paul's thought, let me say, first, that while outward blessings are an advantage; while it is good for a man to be born of noble parents, to be born in a virtuous household, to be born with opportunities for the appropriate application of all his powers to the work of life—while all these things are, or may be made of great advantage, the loss of all these things, also, may be a higher one. There are thousands of men who are destroyed because they have so much. We do not need to go far to find evidence of this. On every side of us we see what mistakes men make when they ruin their children by the helps with which they surround them. Many children are born into comfort; they never know what it is to want; they never have a pressure made upon them; they are rocked in a cradle of ease; they are carried in the arms of love; they are hardly suffered to put their feet upon the soil. They have wealth in abundance; their position in society is secured to them; the hereditary name itself is their crown of glory; everything that heart could wish is theirs; and they are growing up, under such

circumstances, without ever having had a motive to develop themselves. Everything exterior is brought to them and put upon them. How many thousand men have been ruined by the abundance of their opportunities—by their advantages! Cursed be these advantages that kill men! How many rich men have destroyed their sons, how many honorable men have destroyed their sons, how many great men have destroyed their sons, by heaping up and heaping up exterior possessions around them!

It is as if an optician who was studying the microscope should be so liked by his neighbors that they should stop up his windows on every side, and leave him in the dark. What if it was gold-bearing quartz that they put on the windows, what if it was magnificent trees that they used for blocking up the avenues of light, his occupation would be ruined, and he would be ruined, by their over-kindness.

If God has given us an honorable parentage, an abundance of means, and conditions and circumstances which take away from us the necessity of self-denial, and the opportunity for the exercise and development in us of power, what chance is there for the development of our manhood? How can he learn patience who is never oppressed by so much as the weight of a dew-drop?

Old trees that stand on mountain sides, and that the wind plays harp with through winter and summer, grow strong, so that the tornado cannot wrest them from their places. Oaks that are anchored among the rocks the earthquake itself cannot dislodge. They grow massive through the centuries. But take the palm-tree that never has been outside of the conservatory. It is brought up with no more agitation than a bee makes when flying in its branches. And how much can it bear? If the gardener but leaves the door open for a single night, and the frost comes to it, it is gone. It has no stamina. It is softened by the things that made it grow so fat. How many men there are who grow on dung-hills, like weeds, succulent, juicy, good for nothing!

On the other hand, how many men mourn to think that they had no chances in life. The child lived far from schools, far from churches, far from good society; but he was born with

a mother-heart in him. He was endowed with some aspiration. His very necessities were his school-masters. Severe schoolmasters are they, with ferule and whip in hand. Many a poor man lies before the forge and by its light learns his letters. Many a slave in the house of bondage, amidst pain and suffering, pores over his books, and lays the foundation for an education; and at last by patience and perseverance they rise up out of their difficulties. And then, what stalwart men they are! What can harm them? They stand fortified by that strength which they have gained from afflictions and hardships that have wrought in them heroic courage and self-reliance. Woe to the man who has everything brought to him; and blessed are they who are born under adverse circumstances, and have no chance in life; and who, instead of whining because they have no chance, develop an inward manhood that gives them a chance—for there is that in man which dominates over chance, time, and nature. A man can make himself sovereign if he has but the purpose.

It is not a good thing to have ill-health; it is not a good thing to have bodily ailments; but it is a great deal better to have bodily ailments that work out manhood than good health that works out imbecility.

How many many there are who roll through life, and perform no higher functions than the swine at the trough! Round and fat they are; sleek and comely they are; good eaters they are; good drinkers they are; good sleepers they are; and good diers they are—for when they are dead they are out of the way. They are born with a cry; then they eat and drink and sleep; and then they die with a wheeze—that is all. And how much are they worth? What are they good for? Oh, what nice men they are! How plump and rosy-cheeked they are! How kind-hearted they are! They know how to do things, oh how pleasantly! How graceful they can be! They can tell you the hour of the day, because they know the time of breakfast and dinner and supper. Men say of them, "Of course they are not geniuses; but then they are harmless." So are flies in summer harmless. They are fine as the world goes. Yet my asparagus-bed brings forth as

good men as they are. I would as lief have fat vegetables as these men of the shambles.

But I know of a great many men, and more women a hundred times, all of whose hours are marked by their sufferings. They have every discouragement. I can imagine a mother who has never known, though royally endowed with a sensibility to love, what it was to receive true disinterested affection. She dreamed of it in her girlhood, and she thought she had it; but as a bubble breaks when the child touches it, so she lost the love which she supposed she had when first she put it to the test; and from that time she lived with a semi-brute, who owed to her example what little he had. He was the father of her twelve children, and she, worn with poverty, with labor, and with anxiety, suffered in every nerve, through every hour of the day, sustained by the love of her children, and the faint and feeble hope of a better existence hereafter. By her life she was the example of the neighbors and of her children. The father died a drunkard, as he had lived, a waster and a worthless fellow. She was both righteousness and sanctification; and she carried the whole household by her suffering, by her patience, by her courage, and by her self-denial; and every one of them became a useful man or woman.

Now, tell me what shall be the state of that woman in the future, when she finds herself, and knows what she has been about here. In this world everything is dark to her. The record of her life is written with black ink. "Suffering, suffering, suffering," is imprinted on her brow. She knows almost no days of bright summer. There are almost no dewdrops, and there is almost no fragrance, to her. She has one long career of want and misery. But see the work she has done. Look at the twelve children that she has brought up. Oh, what royalty there is in her! God's sweetest angels will hover over her when she dies, and by them she will be borne to the very presence of the Redeemer. There is nothing on earth that is like the look of recognition which he will give her, or like the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," which he will address to her—for when you enter heaven you enter the heart of Jesus. And then how

will her past afflictions and infirmities seem to her as she looks back upon them? While here she prays, and says, "O Lord, how long, how long?" But there she will raise a wondrous song of praise whose notes are written in afflictions and troubles and sufferings. Now she mourns—for her eyes are holden so that she cannot see; but there, her eyes being opened, she will rejoice with joy unspeakable.

O ye that are laid on beds of sickness; ye that mourn because you are cut off from the work of life; what is the work of life? Is it building St. Peter's? It may be that. It may also be ploughing the field. Either by ploughing the field or by building the temple we may be ministering to our higher manhood, and to the welfare of others. He that builds a higher manhood is doing the work of God; whether he constructs an edifice or tills the soil.

If you want the sweetest of flowers—the trailing arbutus—you will not find it on the tops of churches; you will not find it on walls of brick; you will not find it in cultivated places where the resources of the farmer's skill and ingenuity have been expended; you will not find it on the lofty hills. It humbly creeps along the edges of the forest where the soil is dry, and not rich. Before the snow is completely gone you may find it nestling down under the leaves. You will find it by scenting its odor, sooner than by seeing it. All winter it has lain under the snow and under the leaves, ready to burst forth in the spring; and when it has come forth, it has a beauty with which nothing else can vie. Blessed be the winter, blessed be the snow, and blessed be the covering leaves, dry and withered, under which lie such exquisite blossoms.

I tell you, God's flower-bed is oftentimes your sick-bed; for patience, a sweet resignation, faith that look beyond the visible, and that development of a true manhood which sickness often brings out in its royalty and fullness—these things are better than any outward achievement.

Then, if God wants you to work, work; but work out your true manhood. If He wants you to stand, stand; but stand in your true manhood. If He wants you to lie down; lie down; but, lying down, let your true manhood shine out.

So men that are cast out and derided in life, if they be cast out for righteousness' sake, and be derided in a good cause, though they lose all honor, and all praise, and all popularity, will gain a great deal more than they lose. It is a very easy thing for a man to be great when his greatness consists in externalities; it is a very easy thing for a man to be great who is satisfied with the production of physical effects; but suppose these are all swept away, and the man still abides in a peace which passes all understanding, and with unclouded eye discerns the world beyond, without the loss of manhood or courage? Suppose a man bears his misfortunes as Kossuth does his exile in Italy, carrying the great cause of humanity in poverty, in contempt, and in persecution? Oh, how royal is such a man! How glorious are men who suffer for principle!—for he who joins himself to a principle joins himself to God. He who joins himself to matter, and lives by the greatness of things visible and physical, is of the dust; but he who joins himself to an invisible truth, or to a holy cause, and stands by it, and thrives by the love of it, is of the divine nature, and shall never perish till God himself perisheth.

And so, to that great number of men who just now, everywhere, are being tossed up and down; to the vast multitude who have had their hopes disappointed; to that immense throng of ruined men with whom our land is filled—broken merchants; bankers upset; men that stood high in churches brought down by the loss of money; to all of those who are wandering up and down the earth not knowing where to go or what to do, let these considerations be an encouragement. Men, looking at one who has been stripped of his property, say, "Well, that man is cleaned out." Ah! I should like to see any commercial or political reverse that could clean out a true man. Hercules could clean out the Augean stables; and you can despoil a man of that which is of the earth, earthy; but a man who lives in communion with his God; a man who knows that he is not of this world; a man who knows that there cannot be a hell for him, and that there is a heaven for him to which he shall attain by aspiration, by faith and by courage—he knows that there is for him no annihilation and

no overthrow. How can misfortune overthrow anything belonging to a man but his outward manhood?

I would, if I could, send my voice all over all this land, to cities, and towns, and hamlets; and I would say to men pinched with distress, Now is the time for you to let your manhood come out. You have been living by the senses, and in your lower manhood; but God has given you your chance for resurrection. Be mightier than ever you were before. Be more firm in your faith in God. And do not give up your trust in Providence. Remember that there is "a house not made by hands, eternal in the heavens" awaiting you. Draw down something of the deposits of that bank which was never broken nor robbed. Look higher, and go higher.

When the Ohio river is at its lowest ebb there are places which a boy could ford, going across with perfect ease and safety; but in the spring, when the snow melts on the Alleghanies, and the water comes pouring down, the channel between the banks is filled so that neither man nor beast can cross it. And when the mightier storms come on, the Ohio swells and rises still higher, and overflows the banks, and covers the low lands, and men drive their cattle up on higher ground, and take refuge there themselves. And when the greatest freshets come the inhabitants go on climbing higher and higher until they reach points where the flood cannot reach them.

So, when the overflowing storms of reverse and disappointment overcome you, do not sit still and be drowned; and do not float like water-logged sticks, too long cut, soaked, and rotten, and good for nothing; but rise so high that no flood and no envenomed shaft can reach you; so high that heaven shall be your home, that you shall be in the presence of God, and that that spiritual manhood shall be yours which can see no corruption.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

O LORD our God, why do we draw near to thee to ask thee for those mercies which already are spread abroad within the reach of all? Why should we beseech thee for the morning's sun when it is its light which has awakened us? Why should we implore thee for fair skies and a benign atmosphere when we live therein and rejoice in it already? Why should we pray for all surrounding comforts which are multiplied to us every day? Why should we any more pray for thy love? Incessant it is. Before we were born it existed, and we were baptized into it by birth. Why should we ask for the graces of thy providence, for all the munitions of strength, for all the things that defend life and fill it up, since we have them, and since they come to us whether we be good or evil?

O Lord our God, we come for more things, and other and higher things, than these. We come for that sense which does not come by nature—the sense spiritual. We draw near to ask that we may have that inspiration of the Holy Ghost by which we shall be lifted above the reason that is derived from matter, or works therein; that we may have in time some of that light that is to dawn upon the ransomed spirit, when we drop the body and walk forth from this dungeon of the earth. We ask that we may have such nearness of spirit to thee that we shall ask without asking, feel without feeling, know without knowledge, and be sure without reasoning.

We ask, this morning, for the communication of thyself. We know, afar off and by its faint dawn through our earthly experience, what it is for being to mingle with being; what it is for those who love, in silence, and even without looking in each others faces, to have the force of love throbbing from life to life. And how great, how glorious, is that inter-communication!

Oh grant that we may be as children are in their mothers' arms, who look into their faces, and read them without words, and know whether they smile or whether they frown. They cannot discern the face of the sky; they know not how to go alone, even; but they know a mother's thought and feeling, and are happy.

Bring us into the presence of God's love. Give to us that sensibility to love which time cannot touch, and which this world cannot smother. Grant us, we pray thee, a sense of God present with us—Immanuel. Grant unto us Christ in us the hope of glory. Grant unto us a life hidden in Christ. This is the greatest, the chiefest, of royal favors, and we are emboldened to ask for it. When thou dost grant it to us, then our souls shall cry Abba, Father. Then we shall have the witness of the Spirit. Then we shall behold, and rejoice, and be strong, in spite of self-defilement, and all diminishing, and all overthrow, and misfortune of every kind.

How little could our children do if we should cast them forth in their infancy, and tell them to go alone, and battle with the world, giving them no care and no wisdom! and what could we do, O loving God, interpreted to us through Jesus, if thou didst leave us to creep through all the defilements of life and meet its oppositions, and thou

wert not our Guardian? Oh then, give us to feel that thy providence is the loving and the acting and the thinking God. May we understand that nature is but thine hand opening and shutting, and that its manifestations are but the expressions of thy will, and that thou dost not need to think every moment, as if thy thoughts sprang from thinking. Grant that we may understand that we are so surrounded by thee that we are evermore in thy sight; that we are evermore provided with guardianship in the thought of God; that he thinks of us; that his love is stronger than any that man can feel, and outruns every letter and word even of conduct, yea, and triumphs, at last, over death itself.

Grant that we may understand that in the perils of this life we are safe, not in our own wisdom, not in our own virtue, not in any power that is in us, but in the greatness of thy guardianship, in the plenitude of thy love and mercy. And so may we stand firm from day to-day in the thought that though we are weak, thou art strong; that though we are imperfect, thou art perfect; that though we are defiled, thou art pure; that though we are unlovely, thou hast a nature that loves unloveliness. So we desire to be strong in the Lord. Thus thou art made unto us righteousness and sanctification. Thus we are clothed with thee, and are fed perpetually upon thee.

We pray that thou wilt help most those who most do need. Help especially all who are despondings; all who are weary; all to whom life seems but an empty show; all who are letting go, discouraged, of their daily tasks; all that suffer from want, from poverty of various kinds; all who have had crucifixion in their hearts; all who have loved, only from love to have the bitterness of sorrow; all who wait for others, and watch over them with tears, with weariness, with hope deferred, that makes the heart sick; all who are in business, and are overtempted, and strive in vain to rescue themselves; all that have done wrong, often, against their best resolutions, and are seeking to regain the shores safely, but are caught by the devouring waves which run faster than they, and sweep them back again into the flood. Lord God, look upon all this mass of suffering and imperfection and sin that mutely cries unto thee, and that does not know its own necessity, nor its own remedy. But thou knowest all; and draw near, we pray thee, to every one, that each heart may feel that God is thinking of it. How does the soil know that the sun hath remembered to come back from its far-off wondering, but by its brightness and by its warmth; and how shall we know that thou art near, but by the hope and faith and comfort that come to us in strange ways and places.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt behold the varied trouble that exists, and the greatest trouble of all, the want which springs from sinning.

Have compassion, we pray thee, upon those who are in thy presence. Now, in this hour of their consciousness of need, in this moment of their nearness to thee, if their soul speaks to thee, oh be gracious to them, that they may come again and again; that they may not forget to come; that they may shelter themselves in thee, and find that that which their weakness cannot do, thy strength can; so

that at last their very weakness shall be their strength, and their very defeat shall be their victory.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to all thy servants who labor in thy cause; to all those who are joined together for the purpose of making known the truth of Christ. Give them the impulse of thy truth in their own personal experiences.

We pray for all those who are taught in our schools; for all who are gathered in from the highways and the byways. We rejoice, O Lord! that thou hast put it into the hearts of thy people to do so much, and to be willing to suffer a little for the sake of those who suffer much. We pray that thou wilt increase this spirit, and that men may not live for themselves and for their own good alone, but that their joy may come from the good which they do to others. We pray that thou wilt spread this spirit through all the churches, and that we may seek, not the exterior, not the sepulcher, but rather the Christ that is risen. We pray that men may not be developed any more by the malign passions with which good men too often are tempted to defend things which they think to be right. May we learn the meekness of Jesus, his humility, and his patience under scoffing and scorn. May we learn that our manhood lies, not in outward honor and glory and power, but in the hidden human soul. So may we grow strong in thy service—strong inwardly; and may the power of God, through us, be augmented on men.

We pray for this nation. We pray that thou wilt bless the President of these United States and all who are joined with him in authority. Bless the Congress assembled. Bless all the Legislatures in our several States. Bless the Governors, Judges and Magistrates. We pray that thou wilt make them God-fearing men. May they administer the sacred trusts which are committed to them severally, not only in the fear of God, but in the love of men. We pray that this great people may be a law-abiding and God-fearing people, seeking the things which are just and true and right.

Nor would we forget those nations which are near to us. We pray that thou wilt bless all the nations of the earth that lie before thee. Are they not ours, as they are thine? We pray for the growth of humanity and of justice; for the cleansing of all the ways of procedure; for the strengthening of that which is true and manly; for the domination of all that is best. May all the nations at last learn peace, friendship, fealty to God, and fidelity to each other. And let those glorious days for which the prophets, the apostles, the martyrs, and good men in every age waited, and for which we have longed and waited, and do still wait, whose dawning is yet but as the tremulous twilight on the mountains in the morning—let those days advance and unroll; so that thy glory shall fill the whole earth, as the waters fill the sea.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen*

PRAYER AFTER THE SERMON.

Our Father, we beseech of thee that thou wilt lend us thyself, that we may lean on thee, and that we may draw nourishment from thee as the child does from the mother's bosom. We are very poor. We are of the earth. We are emerging from darkness. We are seeking ourselves. The way is hard, and the climbing is difficult; but thou art making it easier and easier. We pray thou wilt teach us how to bear hardness and trouble, without complaint, without murmuring, without discontent, and without unbelief. Grant that by sickness, by losses, by persecutions, by infirmities, by a thousand hindrances that come upon us, we may learn how to rise higher and higher, till we come into that crystal dome through which comes the sunlight from above Give us that rest which remaineth for the people of God, to be our tower and our sure defense. Spread abroad thy wings, that under the coverts thereof we may be secure. We ask these things in the name of the Beloved, to whom, with the Father and the Spirit, shall be praises evermore. *Amen.*

THE DEBT OF STRENGTH.

"I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians; both to the wise and to the unwise. So, as much as in me is, I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also."—ROM. i. 14, 15.

The Jews were accustomed to divide the human race into two parts—those that were Jews, and those that were not. The division is very simple, and it entirely suited their pride. The best part of the human race were Jews; and all the rest, those that were not Jews, whatever they happened to be, were Gentiles. That word, *Gentiles*, was their name for all the scraps and leavings, all the odds and ends, all the worthless bits of humanity.

In this the Jews did not differ from their near neighbors, the Greeks, who were accustomed to divide the world in the same way, into those that were Greeks, and those that were not Greeks, only instead of calling those who were not Greeks *Gentiles*, they called them *Barbarians*. So there were the Greeks—a small handful; and the Barbarians—the vast outside multitude.

This in literature, simply, would be conceited and arrogant; but when you consider that such a use of language was a very faint representation of the line of conduct, and of feeling which was underneath it, it becomes a matter of very great moral moment. The outsiders were pensioners. They were in the situation of dogs that eat the crumbs which fall

SUNDAY MORNING, February 22, 1874. LESSON: Luke xiv. 1-22. HYMNS: (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 604, 1020, 1040.

from their master's table. The Jew regarded his duty as lying within the circle of national life. All the rest, what he did beyond that was, in the main, from courtesy and not from obligation. It was, as he looked upon it, so much *extra*, that nobody had a right to expect or demand. And the Greeks felt that toward Greeks they owed national duties, patriotic relations, but that whatever kindness was shown to the Barbarians was unmerited, and was a work of supererogation on the part of the Greeks. Their human duties they thought stopped with those who belonged to their nationality; and if they exercised justice and equity and kindness toward those who were outside of it they regarded that as so much virtue more than anybody had a right to demand of them, or expect from them.

This trait has not stopped with the Jews, nor with the Greeks. The feeling that we owe our countrymen much, and foreigners little, has come down to our time. Some of the most powerful tendencies of Christianity have hardly yet entered into the minds of men, and those derivative habits or influences which spring from the primitive man, in his low and animal condition, yet rule.

We are all acquainted with the record of the time when, if by chance a stranger was shipwrecked, or otherwise lost, and fell upon an island, or on the shore of a different stock or race, his life was supposed to belong to that people, and they could slay him, or make him a slave, or do what they pleased with him. In that age of the world it was a perilous thing to go into another nation.

The origin of that custom, you need not go far to see. Who, that has lived upon a farm, has not noticed among cattle that same thing? If you drive a strange ox into a herd of oxen, they all begin to gore him, and he has to go through a probationary period before he is recognized as one of their number. If a strange fowl is carried into a barn-yard, instantly all the other fowls that are there turn against him. They look upon him as an outsider, and an intruder, and fight him. And the same spirit runs through the animal kingdom. All animals go on the principle of taking care of their own young, and those that are near to them, and fight-

ing all others. And such was the spirit, in its primitive condition, of the human animal. The early records of our race are records of kindness in a very limited circle, of which the man himself was the center, he being surrounded by his household, and those who were nearly connected with him. Whoever added to his treasure, or to his glory, were objects of his favor. In other words, the principle of selfishness lay at the root of kindness, and as far as it was for the interest of a man to be kind in his neighborhood, or in his nation, so far his kindness extended, in its imperfect forms. Beyond that, there was no obligation and no law recognized.

This, in uninstructed natures, is still the universal tendency. Where the gospel has not introduced a new style of ethics, this element of self-interest reigns with great power; and even where it has, that element is not yet eradicated. It still inheres throughout Christian nations, in the church, in government, in policies, in a thousand forms.

With the development of the new life; with the development of the love of God in the soul; with the development of a life of benevolence, was formed a new schedule of duties. From the flesh-life, and the primitive condition of the animal race of men; from the law of selfishness, and the law of force there was developed, higher than that, another ethical principle—that of disinterested kindness. It was a totally different principle, acting in opposite directions from the former one, and upon totally different lines.

In the second scheme of morals, the law is, *Do good to all men, as you have opportunity.* In other words, it is, *Do good to men in the proportion in which they need to have good done to them.* According to this law, you are to do good to those that are around you—to your neighbors. And if you ask, "Is *neighbor* a term which is local? are we to do good to those who live near us?" I reply, that it was interpreted by the parable of our Saviour to mean those who need you.

A man, going down to Jericho, fell among thieves. They stripped him, and wounded him, and left him half dead. In connection with this event, you have personified the class-instincts which existed among men. There came by that way a priest. He saw him, but, perceiving that he was not a

priest, he said, "My duties are to those of my own kind, he is not of that sort, and I cannot stop." There also came by a Levite. He looked on him, and saw that he was not a Levite, and said, "Well, he does not belong to my set." He saw that he had no relations to him, and passed on. There likewise came by a Samaritan. Now a Samaritan was a most unsavory man in the nostrils of the Jews. All people have their chimney, out of which they let their smoke pass; everybody must have something to damn; the malign and hating instincts of men seek some avenue of escape: and nations have their scape-goats, on which to vent their hatred and scorn. And we have it in religion. Every sect has some other sect which they regard as the off-scouring of the earth, and upon which they heap all the terms of contumely, and all the epithets of dislike, which they can command. Those of one sect regard those of another sect as heterodox; as pretenders; as insincere; as worldly; as seeking only varnish, etc. Each sect looks upon those who are outside of themselves as more than suspicious. And the bitterest feelings of the Jews went out toward the Samaritans. They hated them all the more because they were rivals. They pretended to be orthodox; and they had a priest-hood; they were parallel with the Jews; and the Jews hated them to such a degree that you might almost have thought a Jew was a Christian! So, after our Saviour had interpreted the law of the neighbor, and explained what was the sphere and circuit of obligation man to man; after he had taken the priest, and shown that he did not care for humanity, and did not relieve the man who had fallen among thieves because he did not belong to his class; and after he had taken the Levite, and shown the same in regard to him; then he took the Samaritan. A Samaritan was enough to make a Jew swear at any time, even in the middle of public worship. A Jew scorned the very name of a Samaritan. And yet a Samaritan was the very man whose conduct Jesus commended. He went up to the unfortunate victim; he came where he was; he bound up his wounds; he gave him medicine; he put him on an ass, and carried him to an inn; he paid his bills in advance; and not to stint his kindness, he said to the inn-keeper, "If he needs

anything that I have not provided, give it to him, and when I come again I will pay thee."

Such is the parable. Its drift is to interpret the meaning of the term *neighbor*. It teaches that *those who need service* are your neighbors, no matter who they are.

Paul says, "I am a debtor." We begin to draw near to that class of ideas from which we are to interpret his meaning. We may imagine in what respect he was a debtor to the Jews; he had received much from them. But what had he received from the Greeks, that he was bound to pay back? Was he a disciple of their philosophy? He was not. Had he received from their bounty in the matter of art? No. One of the most striking things in history is the fact that Paul abode in Athens, and wrote about it, without having any impression made upon his imaginative mind, apparently, by its statues, its pictures, or its temples. The most gorgeous period of Grecian art poured its light on his path, and he never mentioned it. The New Testament is as dead to art-beauty as though it had been written by a hermit in an Egyptian pyramid, who had never seen the light of the sun. Then, what did he owe to the Greeks? Not philosophy, not art, and certainly not religion, which was feticism. What was there that he owed to the Gentiles—the great outlying barbaric multitude, as the Greeks would call them, or to the great multitude of Gentiles, as the Jews would call them? They had no revelation; they were in darkness; and he was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, brought up in such a way that through him have come the light of God and Divine influences to the human race. He knew his mission. He was not a man who was likely not to know it. And what did he pay? Not a debt of literature, nor of art, nor of civil polity. Not a debt of pecuniary obligation; not any ordinary debt. He had nothing from all these outside sources. On the other hand, he was perpetually laying others under obligation by enlarging their horizon; by giving them nobler conceptions of manhood; by attempting to bring out and unfold higher and better elements of humanity; by changing the prevailing ideas of civility; by giving a new soul to law, and a new heart to national life. He was pouring out the spirit of

civilization, and laying the foundations of after excellence. What debt could he owe? And yet said he, "I am debtor both to the Greeks and to the Barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise." What could that debt be? Not interchange of values, as I have already intimated. It must have lain wholly in a condition of want which, to his moral consciousness, existed outside of himself, and his own conscious fullness of supply. The whole barbaric world was without the true knowledge of God; he had that knowledge; and he owed it to every man who had it not. All the civilized world was, in these respects, without the true inspiration; Paul had that inspiration; and he owed it to them, simply because they did not have it; and his debt to them was founded on this law of benevolence of which I have been speaking, which is to supersede selfishness, and according to which those who have are indebted to those who have not, the world over.

You perceive how wide, if this law were recognized, is the change that it would make everywhere. Let us apply it to some forms of society. It is the law which, when rightly interpreted, means that we are debtors in the ratio of our supply, and in the ratio of others' need. We are not debtors by commercial principle, nor by the law of equivalent. We are not debtors because we have received something for which we must pay a fair exchange, but simply on the ground that morally we have that which other people need. He who has wisdom owes it to the man who has no wisdom. "I am debtor both to the wise and to the unwise"—to the wise to give them more wisdom; to the unwise to give them some wisdom. We are debtors to those who are good, to help their goodness; and to those who are bad, to make them good. We are debtors to those who are high, because no matter how high a man is he still wants. If we have succor that others need, we owe it to them. No man lives unto himself. Living or dying, we are the Lord's—and that not in a narrow sense, but in the sense that we adhere to him as followers adhere to the chieftain, to do his will; the Lord's will was to give his life a ransom for many; and he gave it in a historical fact, by symbols bringing out the great truth of

truths, that it is the Divine nature to love, and that God, instead of being a quiescent, luxurious monarch, in the midst of all manner of enjoyments and dulcet harmonies, is the intensest Worker of the universe—One who sacrifices himself for men.

This is the key-note of creation—that God is giving forth his own life to raise men from the lowest form to the next higher, from this to the next higher, and from this to the next higher. If we are Christ's, it is because we interpret and exemplify, as he did, the true love of God. All those men who have the spirit of Christ are giving themselves forth a ransom for many, not in the same sense that he did, but according to the measure of their power and of their sphere. We are of Christ when we imitate him by giving ourselves for others.

In social development this law is to the last degree important. It is true, that there is such a thing as station, and that there are relative duties. The old gray-haired man and the child of five years of age do not stand on an equality; but in the largest application of the law of benevolence the old man owes the child more than the child owes him. I have seen children in families who were nothing but servants and slaves to their elders. They were the useful little errand children; they were the children to run and fetch; they were the children to stand and quiver at a look. It was said to them, "You are children, and you must know your place; you must be kept down." Surely, children should learn obedience and respect, and do the things which stand at the point where their powers naturally attack and engage in the offices of life; but, after all, children are, in the household, so far as their elders are concerned, to be objects on which the greater can exercise their disinterested benevolence. Father and mother, according to the great law of love, or of disinterested benevolence, owe the children all that there is in them. And in later life, the children, in reciprocal love or benevolence, owe themselves to the parents. While the child is weak, all the father's strength and experience and patience and courage belong to the child; and when the father is weak, the child, his youth having grown to manhood, and courage, and

strength, owes all his power and efficiency to the father. The law is the same in both cases. It acts in one way at the beginning and in the other way at the end. And it acts either way according to the law that that which is largest and strongest owes itself to that which is weakest and needy.

So it is with the relations of knowledge and refinement in society. Hardly yet do we find in literature, and hardly yet do we find anywhere, other than the primitive tendency. The true principle is growing, but it is not yet grown. Men who have knowledge and refinement naturally think themselves to be the first; and thinking themselves to be the first, they tend to separate themselves from their kind, and become objects of admiration and of service—that is, service rendered to them according to the false doctrine that because they have, they have a right to more.

We see in the age before ours—in the time of Pope and Swift—that English literature was disfigured by the most hideous heathenism. The common people were stigmatized in terms of contempt, leaving the vocabulary almost exhausted. Fine letters were considered as belonging to fine people; and those who were not of the educated and intelligent classes were remanded to a kind of literary darkness.

The spirit of that time is not gone yet. We have a great many men who are scholarly, and who have such a sense of the fitness of letters, and of their beauty, that they scorn the idea of being judged by the great unwashed common people. And so we see in notices of orations and discourses, "The audience was small," but "it was select and appreciative." Or, "There was a large audience;" "Who were they?" "Oh, Gog and Magog; odds and ends; everything, all jumbled together." But were they not *men?* Is not a man something without a Mr. before his name? Do you suppose that in the day of judgment men will be judged by their hats or by their queues? Just what they are, and nothing else, will come before God in the last day. And yet how largely prevails this old-time feeling that to the wise the wise should go, that the wise appreciate the wise, and that other people belong by themselves—the low with the low, the vulgar with the vulgar, and common folks with common folks.

We see the same thing in Science ; for, although there be many instances of Christian men in scientific circles—such men as Faraday ; although there be many men who not only have no contempt for the ignorant, but have a most earnest desire for their enlightenment ; yet there is a tendency to arrogance and bigotry on the part of men of science. "The truth is not for its uses, but for its own sake," men say. I say, There is nothing of so much value as men ; and truth for its own sake is no more important than a bubble for its own sake ; and the difference between the truth and a lie is the difference between the effects which they produce on the human conscience, or the human character. All creation is but the mere garment or dress of that which is the only unit of value, universal man, not in his appetites and passions, but in those qualities which make him a son of God, and an immortal creature ; and all truth is valuable according to its relations to him. To say that truth is studied and wrought out for its benevolent uses is Christian ; but to say that truth is to be studied and wrought out for its own sake is heathenish idolatry.

Both Literature and Science, in our day, are compelled to serve, as they should. Because there is in Literature so much of refinement, so much of instruction, so much that is of value to men who are vulgar by reason of ignorance, it ought, in its amplitude, to be a servant of ignorant people ; and because science has in it the power to develop so many truths that are important to the physical condition of men, and to their intellectual and moral condition by and by, it owes itself to those who are beneath it—for it is God's almoner of bounty to men that are dying for lack of it.

The same line of thought is applicable to classes in society. Since the world began, society has been broken up into classes. It must of necessity be so broken up. And there is no harm in it provided the spirit of divine benevolence lives in classes. If a tree be tall, it must have under-leaves as well as top-leaves ; but where a tree does not know how to grow, and the top spreads, the under-leaves all die away, because they do not get the light of the sun ; and in society men tend to grow so that the upper-classes shall

dwarf the under-classes. Those who are superior are apt to exclude those who are inferior from the advantages which they enjoy. Now, men associate by elective affinity; and it is proper that they should. It is proper that men of taste should consort with men of taste for the cultivation of their tastes; it is proper for men of philosophy, by intercourse, to help each other in the development of philosophy; it is proper for men of refinement of letters to aid one another in their particular department by association; it is proper for men possessing large power of wealth to unite themselves for mutual benefit with those possessing a like power; but when they say, even in spirit, that they are the upper class, and that humanity is mainly represented within the circle to which they belong, it is the quintessence of Judaism and Greekism, as set forth by the men who said, "We are the people, and wisdom shall die with us."

I suppose that in what are called the refined circles of this city and of the great city near us, there is an unconscious feeling of sovereignty and superiority—a kind of moral feeling that they vulgarize themselves if they are too free with those who are not of their sort. I suppose that in most of our great cities among what are called "the upper circles" or the "higher classes" there is this same feeling. I have no doubt that they have a sort of feeling of humanity and kindness; I believe that when shaking their table-cloth they like to shake it where the chickens can pick up the crumbs; I have no question that while their lamp gives them the light which they need they are willing that it should shine through the window and light other people outside; I think they have a kind of philanthropy toward those who are in the sphere below them and inferior to them; but you will take notice that when our Master was on earth, knowing that he came from God and was going to God again, and being conscious that he was infinitely superior to all that were around him, he consorted with men, not only, but took especial pains to show kindness to them so that they should understand that there was a real brotherhood existing between him and them. He, as you remember, went and took dinner, on the Sabbath, at the house of one of the rulers, one of the chief Pharisees;

and when he sat down to the feast, publicans and harlots, sinners of every name, crowded in, and he ate with them and did not repel them.

Another instance, showing that he felt no repulsion to men, and to those who were low in station, was that in which the blind man came to him, and he did not chide him, but took him by the hand, and led him out of the town, making himself his companion, and then anointing his eyes, so that he saw. Why was all this unnecessary instrumentality? For here he was walking by the side of the poor blind beggar, like a friend, hand in hand, and restoring his sight in ways that made the man feel the very warmth of his bosom, as it were. It was an example of the recognition of brotherhood.

And so, in regard to those of you who belong to the superior classes in society, there is no harm in your being superior, provided you use your superiority aright. Men may say, "I am afraid that if I go down out of my class I shall stumble into the vulgarity of those with whom I associate;" but they do not believe that they will, when they say it. Men may say, "I belong to this class and I prefer to stay within it because all my sensibilities are gratified here;" but do you live to gratify yourself? Is gratifying one's self the end of life? Is that the Christian law? Has any man a right to hold himself in his class, and have no intercourse with those who are beneath him except that of a patron, and a far-off patron, sending down kindnesses to them? Is there a man that is superior who does not owe himself to those who are inferior? There is no other gift that is so worthy of giving as one's own self. God, when he would show his love to the world, gave himself; and what are you, that you shall not give yourselves? The higher you are, the more you owe yourselves to the very lowest and least; and you owe, not what you take in your hand, but what you have in your heart. You owe your taste, your sensibility, your accomplishments, your knowledge, your inner man. It is by the medicine of a living soul that dead souls are brought to life.

When, in the old time, the Prophet was called to minister to the widow's child, he stretched himself on the child, and put his face to the child's face, and laid his palm on the

child's palm, and brought his heart to the child's heart; and the child lived. There is nothing so life-giving to souls as other souls warming them. And we owe ourselves to our fellow-men. The poorer a man is the more he needs you; and the further he is from those states which belong to elevated humanity, the stronger is your obligation to make him a brother.

Revolutionary doctrines these—revolutionary indeed!

We have no right—no national right, and no political right—to treat the lower and outside elements of society on any other than the high and Christian rule—namely, that those who have are debtors to those who have not; that those who are good are debtors to those who are bad; that those who are refined are debtors to those who are unrefined; that those who are superior are debtors to those who are inferior.

In general, weak nations that stand beside Christian nations are destroyed. It is a painful thought, but it is true, that a colony of half-civilized men are less in danger in the neighborhood of savage men than in the neighborhood of civilized men. So little do men know how to carry the power of civilization that it eats out the life of barbarous nations like a canker. The history of civilization in its influence on nations that are uncivilized has taught this. And the stronger and intenser the nature of those that form the colonies, the more certain the waste.

I would not speak otherwise than well of our Puritan fathers. Once a year I eat dinner at Delmonico's, humbling myself and taking up my cross, together with my brethren of the New England Society, in memory of our forefathers who landed on Plymouth Rock. Far be it from us to undervalue that memory. We that would have pelted them with stones, if we had lived when they did, now build monuments over their graves, and pronounce eulogies on them. I think they meant to do well. They tried to do well by the Indians, but they did not know how; and the Indians have wasted, and wasted, as before a swelling flood. As the ill-compacted bank is worn away by every pulsation of the waves, so the Indian tribes have been worn away.

Here is this nation, so proud of its churches and acade-

mies and schools. You would think, to hear us talk of ourselves, that we had just dropped out of heaven. We are one of the most boastful nations in the world. If the Darwin theory be true, that we ascend from a lower stock, I think many of us came from the hens—for we never lay an egg without cackling immensely. We are proud of our civilization, of our Christianity, of our humanity, of our philanthropy; and we are sending missionaries all over the globe:—and that is right. But a weak nation cannot live by our side; and the Indians that remain are just as certainly going under, before the progress of civilization, as last year's leaves are going under before the plow. It is only a question of time. A few may be preserved by inter-marriage with the whites, but that would only be burying them in a white sepulcher. Inferior nations cannot bear the domination of this strong Anglo-Saxon race. They are either destroyed or absorbed by it.

How much benefit has Mexico derived from us? We have cut and carved, and cut and carved, and now we are waiting to cut and carve once more. We are saying boldly, "Mexico has got to come in." Our thought is, that it is the business of strong nations to eat up the weak ones, and thrive upon them.

Now, there is no nation on the globe that has adopted the Christian principle, and compelled public policy to act upon it—the principle, namely, that the strong must serve and care for the weak. We are acting, as a nation, on the primitive idea, according to the lion's ethics, that to the strong paw belongs the prey; and yet, I believe we are not worse than other nations. The law of selfishness is almost the universal law of civilized nations. Neither the law within nations, nor the law exterior to them, is comformable to Christ.

It is quite in vain for us to say that we are a Christian nation, so long as we are so only in spots, here and there. You might as well say that it is summer on my farm, where the ground has thawed out enough to make it muddy, but not enough for corn to be planted, or for anything to grow, as that this nation, or any nation, is Christian in the true sense of that word. The snow is mainly gone, but it lies in patches

here and there; there is just enough solar power to thaw the surface of the earth, that is all. After nearly two thousand years the power of Christianity has extended itself in intellectual directions, in creeds and dogmas, in the organization of churches, and methods of worship and government, in many ways; but it has been for the most part felt in the family. The family has been the scene of its benign influence, and chiefly it has kept in the family. As a force for molding nations and communities, its time is not yet come. There are no Christian nations. There are no nations that act on the principle that it is the duty of strength to take care of weakness; of goodness to take care of badness; of culture to take care of vulgarity; of purity to take care of impurity; of wealth to take care of poverty; of prosperity to take care of misfortune. That is almost a heresy in the world yet. But it is the law of Christ. It is the law of God's Word.

Apply this same principle to the administration of economy with any nation. We feel in our country that we are to take care of things that are already well cared for: and there is an element of truth in it. For instance, New England has been the chief mental breeding-ground of the nation. From her, more than from any other quarter, came our original civic ideas. There has been more influence derived from the brains of the old New England than from those of any other section of the country. Though very admirable tendencies have come from all along the line of the Atlantic, yet the tendencies which have had their rise in New England have been superior to any of these. Hence there are good reasons why New England should be maintained in her power, and why any decadence of her schools and colleges should be looked upon with alarm.

But, after all, not to the strong, especially, should strength be given, but to the weak. While there is to be conservation, the law of distribution should be such that the patriot and Christian should think, "Where are the ignorant masses? Where are the parts of our own land that have no elevating institutions?"

When the wind begins to move, it goes toward vacuum, and not toward those places where there are other winds to

keep it company; when heat stirs the air, it tends toward places that are exhausted of heat; and in accordance with the same great law which operates in these instances water knows how to run northward from the south, and southward from the north; and the atmosphere knows how to wrap the earth around, and maintain an equilibrium; but nations that call themselves Christian do not know how to obey this law of the greater serving the less, and of the stronger serving the weaker.

"The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

Churches, often, have not learned this law. They are mutual insurance companies. A church is a stock concern for the protection of its members. It is a close corporation established for the benefit of those who belong to it. But ought it not to be a light in a dark place? In proportion to the darkness ought there not to be light thrown out from it? Ought there not to go forth from the churches of our land an influence to those parts of it which are most neglected? Ought not those who are most prosperous to carry succor to those who are most needy? Ought not those who have plenty to consider those who lack?

To-day, throughout the whole South there is feebleness, want of means, distress, complication, by reason of disturbances occasioned by a reconstruction of political economy. Society there is going through a revolutionary period. Property has been destroyed, industry is crippled, there is paralysis in every department of enterprise. And toward that great land (ours, for we would not permit it to be anybody's else; ours, because its inhabitants are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh) should go our sympathy. Thither, very largely, should the stream of our beneficence tend. We should send teachers and preachers, and whatever instrumentalities may be needed, to restore again the waste that war has made.

And westward, to a region untainted by the despotism of slavery, go the emigrant hordes of different nations and languages and customs, but united by the one element of personal liberty; and there, where they were not able to carry their schools and their churches; there where their

whole energy is taxed for supplying the material conditions of life; there, where they have their huts to build, and their fences to make, and the tough, wiry surface of the prairie to rip up; there, where the production of all the indispensable elements of civilization is enough to tax and exhaust their energy, how can they rise to the higher plane of development, and erect school-houses, and meeting-houses, and theological seminaries? How can they surround themselves with the means of education and culture which it has required three centuries for us to unfold?

Now, in giving, you are to give according to the divine injunction, not expecting to receive any return. Here we come to the principle that is contained in the passage which I read you in the opening service this morning:

"When thou makest a dinner or supper, call not thy friends nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors, lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee, but when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee; for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

We are not to seek our own kind. Our hospitality is not to be of that sort which will pay itself back again. Often what is called hospitality is simply trade.

You are invited to a great party. Now, great parties may be very pleasant—they seldom are, yet they may be; but why do you go to them? Look really at the subtle secret motive which leads you to go. There is no sin in dressing gaily, and going to a party, and being courteous, and behaving well; but you will have to give another party, or else you will be written out of that set, and it will be said of you, "They go to parties, but they do not give parties"; as now and then you will hear it said of a man, "He takes drinks that others pay for, but he never pays for drinks that others take," or, "He is very willing to smoke when I offer him a cigar, but he never offered a cigar to me." The feeling of obligation to make return for things received is nowhere stronger than in the matter of entertainments.

Now you are not, according to the Christian doctrine, at liberty to invite persons because you like them, or because they have invited you, simply. If you only invite such, you

are merely traffickers; and the worst kind of traffickers, because you are trafficking in affection, hospitality, and other sacred elements. It is base to make merchandise of such things; and Christ, in his condemnation of it, uses the strongest language, and commands us not to call in those who can pay us again, but to call in the poor who cannot repay us; and he assures us that we shall have our reward in that high moral joy which disinterestedness brings to every man, here and hereafter. This law, if it were universally adopted, would transform the economies of things all over this land.

To-day is our day for taking up a collection in behalf of Home Missions. Of all the collections that we take up, I think I feel most interested in this one. I am a child of Home Missions. It was from the treasury of the Home Missionary Society that I took the money with which I came back to New England to get married—and it was "business" then, to come back! It took me two full weeks to come from Cincinnati, and it cost me two hundred and fifty dollars to come and return. Having returned, I settled in Lawrenceburg, and had two hundred dollars for my yearly salary. During that year, and the next, and only the next, I was a pensioner on this Society. I went into a town that could not have supported me, and into a church that was not half as large as our present lecture-room, with a mere handful of people; and I had to look to the churches in New England—this grand Home Missionary Society—for my daily bread. I never shall forget it. May my loaf grow small and waste, if I forget to contribute to the prosperity and wealth of this Society, which is preaching the Gospel everywhere!

What is this Society doing? It is undertaking to pay a part, say one-half, of the salary of persons in new places and enable them to maintain themselves until, by the natural growth of their parishes, they shall become self-sustaining. One after another, they are coming to a condition in which they can sustain themselves. To-day, there are nearly a thousand ministers in new settlements and States, clear to the Pacific coast, preaching the Gospel, who would not be able to preach if it were not for the support which they

receive from the Home Missionary Society. They are gathering church after church, and they are making the wilderness to bud and blossom as the rose.

Next to the Methodist circuit rider, I think is the American Home missionary. No theological difference, no sectarian pride should prevent us from paying tribute where it is due; and nothing shall prevent me from giving to the Methodists that credit which they deserve. I lived where I saw their work, and as long as I live I shall thank God for the Methodist preacher, in those circuits where, without him, there would have been barbarism unillumined. They have been a light from the beginning. We owe more of the primitive development of Christianity in the West to Methodist circuits than to any other one agency. After them came others who carried the work on higher; and they were largely of Home missionaries, who went out from the East, and lived and died in the West, or are living there now, laying the foundation for many generations to come. We are debtors to them because they need; we are debtors to the West, because it is necessitous; and, we are debtors to this country, not simply because it is our country, but because the South, and the South-West, and the West, to the Pacific Ocean, are in want of those institutions which have done so much for society in the East; and we should contribute to their support according to this law.

Brethren, there are many of you who, when you were young, had serious thoughts about preaching the Gospel; but God overruled your desire, your way was blocked, and you were prevented from carrying out your intention, by the failure of your health or some other Providential circumstance. Yet you never ceased to regret that you could not have preached; and your boyish wish has always been a sort of romance or sacred inward feeling with you. But, although you never did as you wished to, it is in your power to preach by another's voice. You can send in your place one whose tongue is loosed, and who has power of mind and heart to do that which you wanted to do.

There is many a woman who consecrated her son to the Christian ministry; with such a pride as only a mother knows

how to feel, she meant that her boy should go forth and preach. But he died; and henceforth there was a void in the mother's heart; but it is in her power to open that lip in another, and let one who came not from her loins stand in the place of her dead son, and do the work that she meant he should do.

There are many of you that would like to be preachers, but you have not the requisite education, or your circumstances will not admit of your going out to preach; yet you can preach by proxy. You can help men preach in the wilderness, on the mountain-side, among the mines, and along the far-off ocean. You can make yourselves felt all over these United States. And this American Home Missionary Society is the agency through which we contribute means to enable men to go forth and preach where the people cannot have the Gospel unless they receive it wholly or in part from us.

Do not say, now, I pray you, one word about the times. I do not believe there are many of you that would be hurt by contributing. If you are on the eve of bankruptcy then you ought not to contribute; but if you are in comfortable circumstances it seems to me that this law is upon you—the great law of strength and of having. You owe your means, your power, yourselves, to those who are less fortunate than you; and I throw open to you the great field of the South and West.

Here is a society that is putting forth a thousand men to labor in the cause of God, who are dependent for at least one half of their support upon the prosperous churches in the East; and a church as prosperous as this has been and is cannot be exempt from the duty of aiding them. The whole land needs you, and has a right to your power and influence. I therefore beg of you to make a generous contribution in money, or by subscriptions upon the papers which have been distributed through the house;—and I believe you will do it.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.

We draw near to thee, this morning, our Father, not as suppliants, but with grateful testimony for thy goodness. We are supplied, and more than supplied. Our cup runneth over. So great are the kindnesses of thy providence, and so great are the manifestations of thy love in Jesus Christ, that our hearts say, Surely, goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life; and wherever we are we shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever. For where is there, under the sky, a place that is not thy dwelling? We rejoice, O God, in thy goodness, which is a stream flowing from under the Throne. All power and majesty are in the Throne. All bounties come from thy wisdom, and power, and majesty. Thou art, thyself, the light whose beams stream forth forever more. Thou art infinite love, and thou art forever serving and doing good to those in heaven, and those on earth, and those everywhere, that need. By thy power thou art fashioning, and forming, and bringing forth, and exalting. It is thy nature to do these things. Thus thou dost work upon things that are infinitely small, and remote, and imperfect. Thou art an eternal Workman, bringing forth the universe from all that is low. With infinite patience thou art awaiting men's development, educating and exalting them. Thou art carrying forward the work which thou hast begun into infinite realms beyond our present knowledge. And we wonder and adore in contemplating these things. If thou art such a One, how poor are we! If thou art the servant of all, and if thy strength is for weakness, if thy purity is for sin, if thy goodness is for selfishness, and if thy whole being is to be the food of those who need, what manner of men ought we to be, if we call ourselves by thy name! We rebuke ourselves for the narrow range of our kindness; for our want of disinterestedness and bounty; for our self-service; for all the various ways in which we seek to serve ourselves through others, instead of serving others for their own sake. May we know what it is to be disciples of Christ, children of God, in the inner man, and not by saying, Lord, Lord!

Grant, we pray thee, to everyone of us, a more profound conviction of the hatefulness of sin. More and more may we detest selfishness. More and more may we learn rather to serve than to be served.

We pray that we may learn patience of thee, and practice it by following thine example. Thou that didst suffer, and revile not, but wert led as a lamb to the slaughter, grant that we may learn of thy meekness and of thy gentleness, and find rest unto our souls that are disturbed by pride, and by avarice, and by passion. O, grant that the life of Jesus, and the principle of his life, may enter into us, and that there may be spoken to the tumult and storm of our passions that word of peace which shall allay them.

We pray that thou wilt grant thy blessing to rest upon us this morning, as we are gathered here for worship. Accept our thought-worship, and all the unuttered adoration of our deepest feelings. Accept that which we would, and do not.

Grant, we pray thee, that more and more we may rejoice in the

Lord, and not in our outward circumstance or estate. Wilt thou give us thy succor to-day, according as thine eye beholds that there is need. For under how much prosperity there is yet great sorrow! How many that are sealed and closed unto the eyes of men, need thy compassion and thy care! Thou that lookest within, we pray that thou wilt discern their innermost want. Grant that those needs which we ourselves do not discern, which have not disclosed themselves to us, but that yet work pain, may this day be touched by thy Spirit. Cleanse us in thought, and in fountain of thought; in feeling, and in the sources of feeling. Renew the inward man, and purify it, that it may be righteous, and pure, and peaceful, and loving. Dwell in us. Make our hearts such that thou canst dwell in them. Sanctify all sorrow, all disappointment, all thwartings and overthrowings, all mistakes, all sins, all stumblings. Recover thy servants out of every ill. We pray, not so much that thou wilt answer their prayer for outward prosperity, as that thou wilt be gracious unto their cries. Grant that, whatever may befall the outward man, the inward man may be renewed day by day. If our portion in this life is not desirable, if our bread be bitter on earth, grant, we pray thee, that we may be sustained by the abiding consciousness of a better life hereafter, where we shall see thee, and be as thou art. By the discipline of sin and sorrow in the world that now is, may we be prepared for the glory and joy of the life that is to come. May bereavements, fears, sorrows of every name, shames, limitations, wants, cares, all troubles that come to the soul, bring to us this day that divine blessing which shall turn them into messengers of good.

We pray that thou wilt bless not ourselves alone, but all those who worship in all churches everywhere. Grant that thy servants may no longer dispute about instruments, and ordinances, and outward forms, but be united in a genuine desire to succor their fellow-men. In that desire, may they meet together, and work hand in hand, and heart to heart.

We pray for peace in all our land, where brethren are arrayed against each other; where men overreach men; where power exerts itself in ways that are selfish. O let the breath of the Gospel of peace be breathed throughout this nation. May all the outward life of society, and all its inward institutions, be conformed to the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. We pray that the knowledge of Christ may be spread abroad into every part of our land. May all classes of men know of the great salvation, and experience the divine power, and be raised from the carnal life into a truly spiritual life.

Establish thy cause not only in this nation, but in every nation. O, let the time come when this world shall no longer roll eclipsed. Make it shine out, an orb redeemed, ordained, with the inward light that thou shalt grant unto it, by thine own indwelling. May the day come when the voice crying to the nations shall be, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ, and he shall reign forever and ever! Reign, thou that art Lord of lords and King of kings—reign in every heart, in every nation, in all time.

And to thy name shall be the praise, Father, Son and Spirit. *Amen.*

SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

"Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"—MATT. vi. 30.

Different periods develop a necessity of explaining, defending, and urging different truths. In our day there is no other one hitherto generally received truth that is so much assailed and so likely to slip from under our firm trust as the doctrine of God's particular providence. The steady advance of science, in the knowledge of material things and of the laws that govern them, up to a certain point will loosen men's confidence in that great truth. It has done it. It is doing it. It will continue to do it. But beyond a certain point science itself will come back to that truth, and bring new illumination, new faith, and multiply blessings.

It is not worth while, therefore, for Christian people hastily to cast away their confidence in this particular respect. No man, I think, will doubt me when I say that this great truth bears such a relation to the teaching of Christ that, if you take it away, you pull the string out from the necklace, and the pearls all scatter; that you destroy the cohesive element in his teaching, dissolve, disintegrate it; that the process by which you can rid yourself of so explicit and repeated a statement of truth as that of divine providence, even in particulars and minute things,

SUNDAY MORNING, March 1, 1874. LESSON: Matt. vi. 19-34. HYMNS: (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 199, [illegible]

is a process by which you can cast out anything; and that the rejection of it substantially involves your faith in revelation, and in the inspired Scripture itself.

Why should one want to be rid of it? I can conceive reasons why men should undertake to rid themselves of the doctrine of responsibility; I can understand how men should wish to rid themselves of the restraints that are imposed upon their appetites; I can understand how men should attempt to sheathe those fears that are shaking them from the Word of God. They are painful in the time that is, and they threaten pain in the time that is to come. That men should seek in various ways to mask them, to disguise them, or to smother them, is not strange. But why men should seek to disabuse themselves of faith in one of the most benign of doctrines, and why a world that is full of the sunshine of God's thought and love should be changed into a world without a God that cares for it, I cannot understand. Why a process of time which is developing the future under the auspices of watch-care, thought, pity, and tenderness should be thrown overboard, I cannot understand. Why you should remit the world and its population to fate, or to a doctrine of natural law, which, when it is carried to its ultimate form, is as poor as a bone would be without flesh—hard and cold—this I cannot understand. I can understand very well how men might try to kick winter out of Lapland; but how, when summer comes to the Laplander, he should attempt to kick it out, I never could understand. And why men should attempt to destroy the faith in an overruling Mind, in love maintaining providence and so supplementing everything, and substituting for it a belief in fatalism, I cannot understand. It is so needful for a race to find its way up from animalhood to manhood, that there should be something more than its limitations of human faculty acting amidst gigantic influences of material law, and acting, also, under the swell of human society, through long periods. Those limitations, under the circumstances, are such that men would naturally, one would suppose, cry out for a pilot or a guide.

This doctrine of providence is the doctrine of the inspec-

tion of God. Known unto God are his and ours from the beginning. That his eye should mark the path of nations, and that, in their slow march from day to day, he should watch the individual elements in national life, is an infinitely pleasant thought. The destruction of the faith of men in the special providence of God largely withdraws the very means which they have of finding God out. That is, by pronouncing events which we know and conceive of as divine visitations to be simply natural forces, we substantially drive the thought of God out of phenomenal creation, and call effects the result of unconscious nature.

Now, the way in which men learn the reality of the divine Being is by an association of the thought of divinity with the physical globe, and with themselves in connection with it; and if you remit this view to the fatalism of simple materiality, to all intents and purposes you teach men atheism. That will be the ultimate, if not the immediate, effect. The consciousness of God with us, hearing us, sympathizing with us, giving us warmth, and hope, and comfort —I cannot understand how men should be ready to give this up, and especially the unfortunate, the weak, the downtrodden, who constitute the great bulk of the human race. I can understand how men, who, under the influence in their fathers of such faiths as this, have been developed into civilization, and carried up to strength and wealth in society or among themselves, should at last begin to feel that there was no need of that doctrine; but how the great underlying mass of mankind, who are living in twilight, can get along without any faith of an overruling God who takes part in human affairs, inspiring, controlling, arranging, adjusting, and making things very different from what they would be if it were not for him, I cannot understand. Nor can I understand how one should look on the wants of men and desire to destroy such a faith as this.

Since, then, it is not a thing which it is desirable to get rid of; since it does not present itself as an evil; since it come to us benignly, as a great blessing and benefit to the world, is there any good reason for depriving men of the comfort of this hope of a special and particular divine provi-

dence, from which they may derive the feeling that they are provided for?

The only objection that I have ever known to be urged against the doctrine of such a providence is this: that the facts are against it.

Well, *are* they against it? Have there been such discoveries made in regard to natural law that men can say that science and revelation are fairly pitted against each other on the doctrine of a particular, personal, divine providence in the affairs of men?

Science declares that this world is governed by great laws, whose action is definite, constant, and unchangeable; and that to teach that these laws are intermitted, overridden, or in any way interrupted, so that effects are produced without the operation of regular causes, is to destroy the constancy of nature and to contradict facts and observations. This is substantially the ground on which scientific men dispute the doctrine of an overruling providence—the ground, namely, that it interferes and changes results from what they would be; in other words, that the constancy of causation in natural law repudiates and rejects the idea of divine interference. I think I state the principle fairly.

Now, let us suppose that suddenly this world is emptied of all its intelligent living creatures, so that not a philosopher is left; so that not a civilized citizen is left; so that all the hordes of Asia suddenly slumber, and mingle, like the leaves, with the dust; and so that in all Africa there is not a savage, in all Europe there is not a Christian, and in all America there is not a single living, thinking soul: while lions are left, and elephants are left, and tigers are left, and all things are left except intelligence and the will that is coupled with it. What would become of this world if such a state of things were to exist? If the earth were emptied of its human population, how long would it be before that which is the glory of the globe—namely, the artificial or developed forms of nature and of society—would follow in this retrograde movement, and perish from under the sun? How long would it be before the cultivated lands would all be overgrown with weeds, and the forests would resume their sway,

and the houses would fall to the ground, and the wharves would rot, and the ships would decay, and the warehouses would go to ruin, and the wares would crumble to dust? When two or three hundred years had rolled around without a man on the globe, all machines would be at an end, all factories would have ceased their work, all gardens and farms would be gone to waste, all canals would have been turned into rivers or have perished utterly, and nothing would be left in the world but an absolute wilderness.

What, under such circumstances, would become of natural laws? They would be all that yet remained. Gravity, electricity, light, heat, magnetism—all those great natural laws which make summer and winter, and create the motions of the earth and the seasons, would remain. The substantial, material laws which are said to be collective God—these would remain; but man being taken away, what would be the result? All that makes time and the world of any value would perish. Nothing would remain but natural laws; and there would be no products from them.

And suppose, when the world had swung round and round, empty of its population, and had reverted again to the barbaric and savage conditions of nature—suppose that then mankind, suddenly, by a divine fiat, should be put back into the world again, and the forge should be kindled, and the plow should start, and the hammer should be heard, and villages and cities should be reared, and the power of agriculture should be spread throughout the earth: how quickly would the effects of nature be changed! Take away man's intelligence, and the globe goes back to nothing, and becomes a mere skeleton, or a bundle of unfruitful forces, and is a rude wilderness; shove back the intelligence of man, and what do natural laws do? Instantly they feel an inspiration. Somewhere or other they have a power under them by which they begin to produce orchards, gardens, houses, fleets, armies, libraries, all elements that are needful to clothe the earth, and make it beautiful. Natural law without man is a mere barbaric, fruitless force; but natural law with man is a power of civilization. For what is civilization but the fruitfulness of natural laws when they

have been touched and inoculated by the power of the human mind? A globe with only natural laws, without men to govern everything, would be a globe as empty as the moon; but a globe with natural laws that have intelligence teaching them is as fruitful as the Garden of Eden, and as beautiful.

The difference, then, is not in the change of the natural law, but simply in this fact: that natural law, when human intelligence is present, is magnificent in its fruitfulness; while, when human intelligence is absent, it loses all power of fruitfulness, and becomes a void, vulgar, coarse, hard, aimless force. So, without intelligence in connection with them, natural laws are raw forces that do the coarse work. They are material. All productive forces of law that are known are those which have human intelligence joined to them; and the inoculation of natural laws with mind-force is the indispensable condition of variety and fruitfulness.

Nature, cerebrated, is civilization. Mind is itself a congeries of natural laws; and they are the highest form of natural laws. All natural laws stand in relations to each other of co-ordination; or, if you please to say so, according to the modern view, they interchange, and a correlation of forces takes place.

Now, all physical forces receive their crown, or reach up and take on their highest functions, in man's brain system. So that we have not natural law *and* man, who stands apart from it, but natural law working, as I had almost said, *in vacuo* when men are absent, and natural law working with its most capital development when men are interposed. And as there is subordination outside of us; as there is interference with laws, so that fire does not always burn, nor water always wet, nor stones always fall when let go; as you can use one law to overrule or direct another; so natural laws that are lifted up and incorporated in the human mind are superior to all others, and can be put in opposition to them, can ride them, can vary them, can turn them withersoever they will, and can make them work.

We see this in common things; and Christ more than hints that, by an extraordinary increase of the force of those natural laws which are represented in the human mind, as-

cendancy is gained over the lower and outer physical laws in such a way that, by faith, and by prayer, and by rising into certain states, men may control things that are around them, and that thus the globe may be made subservient to the mind-force of the race, as the body is made subservient to the mind-force of the man.

This is a matter which is not well understood ; which is yet obscure ; which is far from being explored or mapped out ; but there was an irregular indication of this principle which appeared in the days of Christ and his apostles, and which was said by our Saviour to be a power of God operating through men, and acting on the elements, and controlling disease and death itself. Irregular indications of it also pervade the history of the race down to our time, when what are called abnormal developments, strange phenomena in the spiritual realm, are almost universal.

Now, all these developments, the phenomena which are the subjects of so much thought, and which excite so much curiosity, I do not attempt to explain. I do not undertake to speak of their character, of their limits, of their metes and bounds ; I only say that as the human mind is itself the highest type of natural law, as it has supremacy over other laws, and as the Saviour declared that by a certain elevation it would have wonderful power in directing material forces, and as we see instances of it from time to time, it is not too much to say that the time will come when man's brain will direct physical laws in the world at large as to-day it controls physical laws in the hand, in the foot, or in any part of the body.

I do not think that the race has come to the end yet. I do not think it has yet evolved its full power. I do not think we understand either the structure of the powers within, or their relations to the powers without.

Natural law, then, in order to be effectual, needs brains.

Now, we come back to the point where we started. Here is the doctrine that was declared by our Lord in a hundred forms, and in a most emphatic manner—namely, that God, the Brain of the universe, controls events on this globe by a providence of love and kindness, so that "all things work together for good to them that love him." But Science

comes in and says, "It is not so. God has made the great machinery of natural laws, and wound them up, so that they will run to eternity, or as near to it as they want to. He is busy with other things, and the vast apparatus is working; and nothing can interfere with it; but if you obey the laws of nature you will get what they have for you." How much has a natural law for me? Is there a law of nature that I can set to work in my field, and have it raise potatoes? So far as that is concerned, I shall get no potatoes so long as I rely upon natural laws simply. It is not until I have inoculated my farm with myself that it brings me anything besides weeds and stones. Where do the products of my land come from? "From natural laws," you say. Yes, if you include me as one of those laws. My thinking power; my experience; my ability to employ the dews and the rains, summer and winter, ten thousand physical elements—if you include these as belonging to natural law, I will not dispute you. If you admit that I am supreme over these things, having power to understand them, and knowing how to harness them, and drive them into my fields, and make them plow, and plant, and hoe, and reap, and thresh, and grind, then I grant that you are right. If you understand that it is mind-power in the farmer that causes natural law to yield his harvests, I agree with you.

Have I not a power over natural law which enables me to make my providence myself? and is God weaker than I am? Cannot I make a house, if I have money? How many men I can control! I can control them by the action of my will acting on theirs. Up rise the stone walls and the brick walls; on goes the roof; and inside spring forth all the refinements which belong to modern dwellings. I created that house, with its equipments, it is said. I did not strike a blow; but with my knowledge I set to work fifty men; and they prepared the stones, the brick, the lumber, the glass, all the materials that are required. No man builds a house without starting a thousand laborers, first or last. And the architect, or master, controls them all. It is his brain that calls them into action. All the numerous handiworks and wonderful complications are carried on under the inspiration of his

touch. His thought, his will is the influence which brings multitudinous forces to work on material things. And so he builds a house, and supplies it with everything that is necessary to make it convenient and comfortable, simply by the exercise of his mind-power.

My father stood surrounded with thirteen children blossoming about him. Eleven of them grew to man's estate, and there was not one of them that was evil. They were all healthy; they were all intelligent; they were all active; not one of them has gone to the poor-house, or been hung; and had not he something to do with their successful development? Was it the tides that brought it about? Was it the eclipses? Was it summer and winter? Was it gravity? Was it the correlation of forces? Dominant among all the natural causes (and there were any number of them) which led to this result, was the thought of my father's and my mother's brain. They made use of natural laws in such a way that a virtuous family grew up around them.

But there were other instances in which large households dissolved and went to pieces. The want of righteousness in somebody's brain was the reason. Natural laws in the one case worked virtue; and natural laws in the other case worked vice. Natural laws in the one case brought arms of sweet flesh warm with love about the young, and we had, step by step, the complicated and wonderful development of the wisely-ordered household; and in the other case natural laws brought sickness here, and dissipation there, and scattering everywhere. What was it that produced those effects? Cerebration, thought, will.

All over the world such things are going on. And will our philosophers tell us that natural laws are fixed, and must go right along? There are natural laws that act throughout the world; and they act more or less under human control. A natural law is a horse, and man rides it and makes it stop or work at his will. He changes the face of the earth by knowing how to use natural laws. There is, in this world, nothing that is so usable, nothing that is so plastic, nothing that, being resisted, is so irresistible, but that being used is so docile and obedient, as a natural law.

You understand that I use this term "natural law" as a convenient conventional phrase, representing generally *natural* or physical *forces*, though properly the *mode of their action*.

I am myself a natural law—a complex natural law—the highest form of natural law. My head is better than my feet, though my feet are useful to me. My body is a part of the material globe, and is subject to various influences which act upon matter. But, after all, I live in my brain; and that which gives power, continuity, comprehensive planning, and ultimate results, commanding the day and night, the seasons, the heavens and the earth, so that they bring forth abundantly, not alone material things, but social and spiritual things as well, causing the world to bud and blossom as the rose—that is my will. Comprehensively regarded, the control of these myriad elements for the accomplishment of my purposes is the work of my brain. And I stand, by reason of my brain, superior to the clod: to stone and wood; to the seasons; to all things in the outward world; and I make them bow down to me. So the sun is my messenger; the moon is my witness; and the stars work for me and for others. I can make the ocean serve me; the rivers are my workingmen, unpaid and unbribed, who never strike for fewer hours; and all things on the globe are my servants.

Under such circumstances, it does me good to hear men come out of the laboratory, and say, "There cannot be any providence." "Why?" "Oh, because God never meddles with natural law." "Well, then, he is not so meddlesome as I am." "God has fixed his laws, and they go right along, and what they have for you you will get; but do not expect any special blessings."

If I, that am allied to the clod, and that am comparatively powerless, can understand natural laws, and change the face of the globe, and make a providence of virtue or a providence of vice, a providence of prosperity or a providence of adversity; if it is in my power to use natural laws, who stand under them, and am more or less restrained by them through my ignorance, how much more can He who stands over the

whole machinery of the world, and looks down upon it, make it work for him and his purposes!

Men seem to think that God can do this, but that he does not. It is said that God does not work miracles for men. Who says that he does? I do not. I say that the teaching of the New Testament is simply this: "Work out your own salvation;" "For it is God that worketh in you." Ah! when God wants to make a providence, he knows what natural laws to use. He does not think it necessary to do this, that, or the other thing *for* me; but he touches *me*, and makes *me* feel, and makes *me* plan, and makes *me* industrious, so that I become skillful and efficient.

Even my mistakes are providences; for, as an axe is made sharp by that which it loses on the grindstone, so men are made sharp by that which they lose through blunders that fit them for the next encounter.

When, therefore, God wants to work a providence, he does not think it necessary that he should whisper, and say, "Clouds, go down and rain on Beecher's farm"—not that at all; he says to me, "Subsoil your land;" and when I have done that, I shall have a cistern which will supply all the moisture that my crops need, without the aid of plumbers, thank God, and without any pipes.

So God inspires human intelligence in dealing with the natural globe. Everybody has supposed that to work out a providence it was necessary that the divine Spirit should take hold of outside physical laws, and bring them, by a divine impulse, to work for men. That may be true in part; I do not deny it; I think it is a doctrine that can be defended; but this I say, as the result of observation and study: that the divine soul works upon the human soul, and is in sympathy with it; and that the human soul, inspired, has power over natural law. Everyone who uses his body under the control of his will, or brain-power, shows that he has power over the natural laws which are around him; and if God inspires him, and stimulates him, and pours the light of joy into him, does he not cause that man to make a providence?

How do you teach your child to make a fortune?

Well, you set an object before him. By your mind-power you wake up his curiosity; you excite his ambition; you quicken his love of property, his love of influence and his love of praise. You also point out lines of conduct, here and there, for his guidance. By reason of your stimulation he earns and accumulates wealth; and when he is old, he says, "My father was one of those wise men who determined not to leave me riches, or to earn them for me; and I thank God that I had a father who taught me to acquire property for myself. The course which he pursued with me was the true one; for in the long run nobody is fit to have property but the man who earns it." In such a case, the father is a providence for the child, and God is a providence for the father. God working through the cerebral economy of the father, and the father working through the cerebral economy of the child, and the child working on this natural result of natural forces.

Men say, "The teaching of the New Testament, that the hairs of our head are all numbered; that not a sparrow falls to the ground without God's notice; that we are to have no anxious thought because God thinks for us; and that we are to seek first the kingdom of Heaven and its righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto us—this teaching is not philosophical;" but I say that it is philosophical! Let us look at the last of these declarations—namely, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." The truth involved here is this: that the lower forms of organized brain control the lower forms of matter; and that as you carry the brain up by organization, it becomes more potential, and controls forms of matter that are higher. The man who has the most moral impulse, the highest inspiration, most easily appreciates influences and effects. What a man's true nature is depends upon the height to which you can develop him. It used to be understood that nature in a man was what he was when he was born; but it is now coming to be recognized that nature in a man is that which he can come to by legitimate, normal development. A man's nature is that which he has at the end, and not that which he has at the beginning.

And the more you develop a man toward God, toward spirituality, toward the supremer forms of intellection and intelligence, the more easily does he control the senses and the lower elements with which he is called to deal. If men did "seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness," and make themselves more ample and more royal in their manhood, if they were more self-controlling, if they were more spiritual, if they were more intense in their faith, they would have clearer plans, and clearer foresight, and greater power. A generation of such men would work wonders in all departments of society; and the declaration, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things shall be added unto you," would be verified in their experiences.

So, we are under a scheme of things in which, without weariness or slumber, without shadow or turning, the great Thought-power of the universe, the Fountain of Inspiration, the Center of knowledge, which guides all things, uses natural laws, that are embosomed and embodied in human intelligence, and by them creates friendships, inspires industry, produces wealth, develops instruments, enlarges civilization, and builds the soul higher and higher. He himself does it by the use of natural laws—not those lower and coarse ones which you think of when natural laws are mentioned, but that wondrous, manifold, complex system of natural laws which envelops the educated intelligence of a civilized and Christian man.

So, then, if science has no reason to object to this doctrine of a special providence, that is preëminently to be desired, and if it has been declared by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to be absolutely true, why should we not take comfort in believing it?

"Ah, but," you will say to me, "if God does all things, does not his doing them tend to indolence on the part of men?" He does not do them in the sense of relieving men from all responsibility. Some persons seem to think that the doctrine of providence is a doctrine which respresents God as bestowing blessings on men as one, seeing children below him, puts his hand in his pocket, and takes out sugar-plums, and

drops them down, that they may scramble for them; but it is not such a providence that I mean: I mean a providence like that by which a loving mother educates her children. It is a providence which says to me, "Work, *work;* I am working in you, WORK!" It is a grand providence. It is the best that is used in the world.

A pilot, standing at the wheel, gives it one little hitch, and says to the bow, "Turn yourself"; and thus the will of the pilot, acting through that wheel, makes the bow or stern move this way or that way, as the case may be. It is the man at the helm, directing physical forces by his mind-power, that produces the result.

God, in working by his providence, operates with discrimination in regard to the moral structure of man, through whom he works. This is the very idea of natural law working in accordance with principles of right and wrong.

When, therefore, men say in respect to any set of circumstances, that when they pray to God he will make things thus and so, and that they may fold their hands and wait, do you suppose Divine providence will do that? I do not. I can conceive of emergencies in the history of nations when dramatic actions might be better than institutions, and more impressive to the imagination; I can understand how the hand of God might open a path through the Red Sea and let his people pass, or how he might send plague after plague to desolate Egypt; I can see how, as on a great back-ground, there might be these workings out of the Divine providence to impress men until institutions should, by legitimate and normal education, be established; I can perceive that such things might be wise and proper; but these things do not represent the particular method by which Divine providence works. As a general thing, it works through great natural laws, and you are one of them. It works on natural laws through you. It wakes you up, and sets you to work, and punishes you when you do wrong, and rewards you when you do right. Providence works on you and around you; it works in you and outside of you. It co-ordinates influences, and brings them together in such ways that the world is at last coming to recognize that rectitude is synonymous with prosperity.

The great animal kingdom in the woods are hungry, and they roar and raven, and they think of nothing but to stop the aching of the belly; and having done that, they creep back to their dens, and sleep, and wake again to eat, and eat to sleep. That is well enough for them, because right and wrong have no relations to them.

But in the great higher creation—in the human family—little by little there has been, through the experience of men, the great fact that right is the best policy. Truth, purity, self-denial, industry, frugality—these are the timbers that have been hewed out; and what a foundation has been laid! What a vast accumulation, at last, has been made by Providence working through a congeries of natural laws! It may not be wise, therefore, to say in respect to any particular thing, "This proceeds directly from the will of God."

A man's child dies, and he says, "This is a mysterious providence." Well, was it not a mysterious providence when the child lived? It is said, "When a man was going along the street one day, to his wedding, a brick fell off from a chimney, and struck him on the head; and he was laid dead." And the preacher will say, "It was a strange and mysterious providence." Well, there was another young man, on the same day, going through that same street, to his wedding; and a brick did not fall and hit him; was not that event just as much a providence as the other? You think that exclamation points are the whole of literature, and that only here and there an event which startles you is providential; whereas, ten thousand events, and combinations of them, are all proceeding on precisely the same plan—namely, the working together of the soul and mind of God and the soul and mind of men. According to this plan, under the divine guidance, myriads of results are worked out which you do not notice; but now and then one steps out more clearly and dramatically, and you call that a providence. It is a providence, and there is a providence all the time. Good and bad, light and shade, joy and sorrow, prosperity and adversity, things present and things to come, all alike are God's. We are living under a cope where we are just as certainly divinely

thought of and cared for as children under the roof of a father are paternally thought of and cared for.

I do not know how much comfort that gives you, but it gives me a good deal. It is a great comfort to me, when I look up and around, to see that there is something besides air; that there is something besides sun, moon and stars; that there is something besides those great and wondrous forces which sway these orbs; that they themselves are effects produced by an Intelligence that is beyond them.

There is a Brain somewhere—the heathen knew that; and it is the peculiarity of Christianity to come in and say, "There is a Heart too." And what we want to know is, that you and I, and all of us, are not moving like the moon, through the ways of blind fatality; that we are not hung, like bags that catch flour, at the bottom of the mill while the machinery above crushes the grain relentlessly; that as, in the household, the father and mother think, and forethink, and work, and bring out the products of happiness among the children, so God, in the larger sphere, works on us and in us to do his will, that we may rise in power, in knowledge, in virtue, in holiness, and be fitted at last to be transplanted. So soon as there is enough of a man to enable one, seeing it under a microscope, to swear that he has a personal identity, then, when his flesh has dropped away, he may be carried into another life; but, take care! of a great many of you, if your flesh were to be taken away, there would not be enough left to enable an angel, with a compound microscope, to see a particle!

What does it signify that a man is annihilated, if there is not enough of him to annihilate or destroy? When a taper goes out, the tallow is all sucked up and burned; it goes out because there is nothing there; and your business in life is to develop something that is salvable—something more than foundation quality; something more than matter; something more than mere morals; something that is spiritual, ineffable, divine; so that when the body drops, by that great systematic arrangement of providence by which God has evolved you, and brought you to a higher and a larger inward manhood, you will be also brought to that higher

sphere, you shall come to the heavenly land, to the society of the blessed, and be with the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the presence of God, who is represented to us by him.

It is this faith in a divine Being, in his providential care over us, and in the influences which he is exerting upon us to bring us home to dwell with him, that gives us courage in despondency, hope in despair, light in darkness, consolation in grief, firmness under resistance, and faith, no matter how hard the storm, no matter how black the night, and no matter how tempestuous the sea, to go down out of the ship and walk upon the waves. If you see Jesus coming to you, be not afraid; for you shall not sink.

It is in the hope that your thoughts have gone toward this great overruling Mind-power, Soul-power, and Administrator of the universe and of divine providence, and that you may renew your faith and allegiance in that direction, that we shall now gather round the table where the broken bread represents to all Christ broken for us. He that suffers no more, bless you. He that wanders no more by the sea of Galilee, bring peace to you. He that forgave the outcast, the harlot, the thief, the rude and riotous man, forgive you. He that loved Lazarus, and Mary, and Martha, and John; he that bore with Thomas, the doubter; he that gave faith to those who had it not, let him draw near to you; and do you draw near to him, and renew your love and fidelity to him, in the very affecting though very simple services of the Communion of the Lord's Supper.

Those who desire to unite with us in these services are affectionately invited to tarry after the blessing is pronounced. This invitation is purely and absolutely spiritual, and not ecclesiastical. I do not ask those who are members of sister churches—they are welcome, of course. To you who feel the need of Christ, and are willing to accept him as your Christ, and to yield obedience to him, I say, Come. I mean all who are conscious of their weakness and sin, and long for succor, and will take it at the hands of the Saviour. What, if they belong to the Catholic church? Yes. If they belong to the Unitarian church? Yes. If they belong to the Universalist church? Yes. If they belong to the Swe-

denborgian church? Yes. The humanity that belongs to you is more than any name that you can put upon it. A man is more than any title that you can attach to him. And whatever name you bear, O soul, whelmed, imperiled in the midst of matter, there is a spirit of God that offers himself to you, and calls to you. Do you want him? Do you feel your need of him? Are you conscious of your relation to God? Then you have a right to these emblems. It is not a right that is conferred by churches or priests. I invite everybody whose soul needs, and who is willing to accept, succor through Christ, to partake of the Supper of the Lord Jesus.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.*

We rejoice, our Father, that thou art made manifest to us by the world around us, and yet more through our own selves; that thou dost bear witness to us by thy spirit, speaking to our understanding and to our moral consciousness; and that thou art better known within than from without. We rejoice that thou art drawing many to a recognition of their allegiance to thee, and to a joyful willingness to obey thee, that they may develop in themselves that which shall bring them into the son-ship of God. We thank thee that there are one and another, continually, waking from a life of sin, arousing themselves from the dominion of their senses and bodily appetites, and from the perversion of their privileges, abandoning the ways of evil, and drawing near with hope, for strength and consolation, to an all-pardoning Saviour. We thank thee that so many are received by him, and are beginning to rejoice in his presence and service, and are more and more brought under the dominion of obedience through love. We thank thee that thou hast gathered so many here, and that thou art still gathering so many through the instrumentality of teaching and prayer. We thank thee that by the lives of thy servants thou art making the Gospel known to those who are out from under its influence. We thank thee that to the poor the Gospel is preached; that it is not without power; that we see so many who are being called from darkness to light; that there is so much of joy restored to houses which had become desolate, and so much of consolation to those who were broken in heart, and so much of release and liberty to those who were bond-slaves of sin. Blessed be thy name for all these tokens of thy presence, for the power which thou didst give to thy truth, and for the inspiration of labor which thou didst breathe into the hearts of thy true servants.

We thank thee that thou hast brought into our own number so many, and that thy love to them brings summer into this church, and that thy heart broods here, and that peace and joy in the Holy Ghost abound in our midst. We pray, O Lord, that this may be a haven of rest, undisturbed by storms without. Here may we come, week by week, to find thee, and to find in thee strength, and courage, and inspiration, and goodness, and usefulness.

Bless those who are this morning united with us. We pray that the work which has begun in them may not stop with their life here. May they be fruitful branches of this vine; and may they in all things grow up into Christ, who is the Head.

And we pray that thou wilt spread abroad thy work from the hearts of thy servants still more widely. Inspire them, we beseech thee, with a righteous enterprise. Give them patience, self-denial, and disinterestedness; and may they find, in every sphere, something to do in the name of Jesus.

We pray that thou wilt deepen in the hearts of those who have begun to live Christian lives an appreciation of the truth as it is in Christ. Wilt thou be pleased to relieve those who are perplexed in

* Immediately following the reception of members into the church.

their experience; to strengthen those who are weak; to give courage to those who are timid; to subdue unruly passions where they exist; to build up fidelity in those who are unfaithful; to give light to those who are in doubt; and to give guidance to those who know not thy way. We pray that thou wilt make the path of life plain to those who are stumbling in the dark.

We beseech of thee, O Lord, our God, that thou wilt bless all instrumentalities which thy servants have been led to employ in thy cause. Purify their labors. And especially, when thou art spreading abroad through this land a more eager desire for the reformation of morals, we pray that thou wilt encourage whatever is wise, and restrain whatever is dangerous. Help thy servants so to work in thy cause that thy name shall be glorified, that thy will shall be established, and that the evils which afflict and desolate thy people shall be limited or put away.

O God, we pray that thou wouldst inspire the hearts of this great people to temperance, to fidelity, to obedience, to uprightness in all things, to truth, to patriotism, and to unity therein.

We beseech of thee that thou wilt breathe upon this nation an earnest purpose to do good to those who are around it. May its hand be saved from wantonness toward the weak. May its greediness and ambition be suppressed. We pray that it may abide in such purity, and peace, and strength, that other nations, beholding us in Christian liberty, may be led in the same way, and to the same blessed consummation.

We pray for the world. How long wilt thou bear with it? When wilt thou come, O thou blessed Saviour, to reign on the earth, to fulfill thy decrees, and to bring to pass those happy years which have been predicted? Grant that hindrances may be taken out of the way, that the force of things which are for Christ may be augmented, and that with diminishing evil and increasing righteousness the work may make haste toward completion, when that time shall come in which the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Grant, O blessed King, sovereign in love and in power, that all nations may know thee, and submit to thy sway, that the glory of the latter day may dawn, and that thy promises may be fulfilled to our heart's joy, and to the honor of thy name.

And the praise shall be given to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, evermore. *Amen.*

KEEPING THE FAITH.

"But Christ as a son over his own house; whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end." "For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end."—HEB. iii. 6, 14.

"Cast not away, therefore, your confidence, which hath great recompense of reward. For ye have need of patience, that, after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise."—HEB. x. 35, 36.

Who wrote the epistle to the Hebrews is not known, and probably never will be known. It is very evident that it was written in a time of great distress among the early Christians; and that it was designed to bring out such a view of the character of the Lord Jesus Christ, his mediation, his ancestorship, and his connection with Providence, as should gird up men who were in great distress of mind, and were liable to be carried away from their conviction of Christ by the trials which they suffered.

The need of comfort and strength in pursuing a Christian life is just as great now as it was then, though it is very different. Then, men were suffering on account of expatriation, on account of positive persecutions, on account of various relations which existed in that early time, before the church was knitted together, and before any large experience had developed itself upon which they could base, in some sense,

SUNDAY MORNING, March 8, 1874. LESSON: Heb. xii. HYMNS: (Plymouth Collection): Nos. 981, 888.

their hope in Christ. But in every age of the world, men who have attempted to live an upright and just life, conformable to the divine requirement, a life redeemed from self-seeking, from animalism, and from the flesh, have always come, more or less frequently, to grief. In Scripture—in the Psalms, for instance (which are not merely Psalms of David, though he wrote a large part of them, but which are the effusions of Christian experience from many sources, under the one title of *The Psalms of David*, and which represent scores of singers) you will notice most extraordinary pleadings with God. Sorrow never anywhere else had such high utterance, I think, as there. Sorrows that take hold of every side of human experience, under sickness, under personal losses, under persecutions, under depressions of mind from various causes—all these abound in the Psalms. And down through the Prophets, and to the end of the Bible, there are the most pathetic and the most majestic implorations of the human soul with God.

In the time of our Saviour, and afterward, these phenomena, which always attend spiritual development, still continue; and in the primitive church, for reasons that I need not mention, and with which you are all familiar, there was a continual necessity of holding men steadfast by faith. It is by faith that we live. "We walk by faith, not by sight," as the apostle says. It is as if the whole ordinary ground of practical experience were swept from under us. We are not left on foundations where common men live. We are obliged to live by the invisible—the invisible world, the invisible God, the invisible Providence. We buoy ourselves up by the hope of an invisible reward.

Now, it was to such men as were overwhelmed by trouble of one kind or another that the book of Hebrews was largely addressed. You will observe, in the passages which I have read to you, how they were exhorted not to lose their confidence; not to give up their faith; not to relinquish their hope; not to let their belief in things divine go out; to see to it, that it went on to the end, as a lamp that could burn through the whole night, and not leave the watcher in darkness.

The alternations of feeling continue yet. I suspect that there is no church of any large membership in which there are not scores—in some instances hundreds—of persons who, if you were to take such a close and accurate account of their inward state as the physician does of their outward condition of health, would be found to live in despondency; who are brought, at one time or another, to the very verge of bankruptcy in faith, from a great variety of reasons; and who need special comforting, and enlightening, and consoling, by the power of the Holy Ghost, which was brought into this world for the very purpose of giving comfort, and light, and consolation to men.

I propose, therefore, this morning, to consider some of the grounds on which men doubt, and on which they are vehemently tempted to give up their faith in religion altogether, or else their own personal hope in religion. I remark, in the first place, that many persons are tempted to give up their hope because their ideal of feeling is not realized. If religion is a perfected condition, transmitted to the human soul from the nature of God, then men have a right to be disappointed because it is imperfect in them. I will not say that men have altogether such an experience as this; but many men do have an experience which amounts very nearly to it.

Persons go, in New York, to Steinway's or Chickering's to buy a piano. From a large number of instruments they hope to get one that is perfect. They try one, and another, and another; and finally they make a selection. The instrument is sent home, and they suppose it to be all right in every respect, so that all they will have to do will be to play on it correctly. But they find that the keys are syphered, that some of them stick, and that some of them work too easy; that the chords are all wrong; and that when the instrument is brought to tune, it falls back again. And so they complain, and insist upon having a change, because the understanding was that they were to have a perfect instrument, whereas, they have received an imperfect one.

Persons think that if, while they are in a state of nature, they are overtaken by the spirit of God, somehow, by conversion, by an infusion of religion, they are brought to concert-

pitch; and they think that if they are really converted, if they are converted enough, they have nothing to do in life but to play on a perfected instrument. And when they find, as oftentimes they do, that there are no strings at all in the instrument, or that there are none that sound, or that there are none that sound otherwise than in discord, they do not like to say that they have been cheated, that they have had a spurious conversion put on them, but they are disappointed. When they find that they have not the feelings which they expected, they say, "I do not believe I am a Christian."

You will take notice how this feeling arises. First, it is an ideal which they form. They say, "Conversion by the power of the Holy Ghost, so that a man passes from death to life, from sin to holiness, is a conversion which makes him joyful; if I have had that change I ought to be joyful; but I am not joyful; I cannot be joyful; my life does not flow in the direction of joy; it flows the other way; and it is plain that I have no right to call myself a Christian."

This feeling is heightened on account of the remarkable experiences which other people have had, and have described. Nothing can be more profitably or judiciously employed than the rehearsal of men's joyous experience; but where, in class meetings, conference meetings, or declaration meetings, the statements are all on one side; where only persons who are of a hopeful disposition, who have an emotive constitution, and who are given easily to fluxes of feeling, pour out their ecstatic experiences, they hold up a kind of ideal to men who listen, and who say, "There, that is what I always supposed was being a Christian. See how triumphant they are. See how joyful they are. See how positive their convictions are. See how they almost behold the Lord. See how, in prayer, they enter into the very secret of the Almighty. See what peace they have. They tell us that they are conquering the world, and some of them feel that they have got it under their feet, and that they are treading it down. That is religion. Therefore, I have it not."

Well, now, in the first place, let me say that that is not religion—that is, if you mean that it is the exclusive form which religion takes on. What is religion? It is simply a

process that is entered upon, of moral transformation. It is an acceptance of the ideal of a true life as it is in Christ Jesus. It is the prescription of methods of living which are laid down for us in the New Testament. He who honestly, and with an intelligent purpose, undertakes to conform his common and natural life to this divine ideal, and sets about it, has begun a religious life. It is the undertaking of men to overrule their whole disposition, each man for himself, just as he happens to have been made. Some men are constitutionally obstinate; some are constitutionally proud; some are constitutionally very avaricious; some are full-freighted with dominant passions and appetites; some have large ideality; and some are plain, without a particle of imagination. There are all sorts of men, with all sorts of temperaments, and all kinds of life; and each one for himself undertakes this problem—namely, the transformation of his disposition so that all his power shall be Christ-like. Persons adopt this ideal of character, or that plan of conduct, and then act upon it.

No man can do this instantaneously. There is no miracle in conversion. It puts a man at school.

It is a great misfortune that in the translation of the passage, "Follow me, and become my disciples," the original was not given. The word which was translated *disciples*, simply means *pupils*, *scholars*. Christ, seeing some men following after riches, some after honor, some after lust, some after one thing, and some after another, says, "Follow me; be my scholars." Turning from the way they are living, and following the way which he prescribes for them, they say, "Well, I am willing to learn that way." Then he says, "Follow me. Let me be your Instructor. You be my pupils." People would understand that.

A man is unskillful of hand. He places himself at an art school, and says, "I am willing to be a draughtsman; I am willing to be a scholar; I am willing to be taught drawing." He is a scholar, a disciple, at the very beginning. Before he can make a right line, or a curve, he is a disciple. That is, he has put himself in the condition of learning, and he means to learn. When a man is called to be a scholar in

Christ, here is the school of Christ; here are the rules of character and life which Christ prescribes; and he says, honestly, "I am willing to be a beginner, a scholar, a learner, with the purpose of forming my life and character on the pattern of Jesus Christ." Having done so much, he has begun to be a Christian. I say *begun to be*, because the end is in the infinities. He has started on it.

When a man is willing to say, "I henceforth renounce worldly, selfish, proud ideals of life; and I take Jesus Christ, as depicted in the New Testament, for my visible Exemplar; and I take the rules and prescriptions of the Lord Jesus Christ to be my law; and with all the strength that is in me, I will strive to be imbued with these qualities, and to live such a life as he requires of me," then he is a scholar of Christ. It may be with large feeling or with little; it may be with many struggles or with few: nevertheless, he is Christ's pupil. For men come with infinitely diverse constitutions into this beginning of a Christian life. I am anxious that men should understand this, because otherwise they will fall, not into intentional insincerity, but into that which amounts to conventional insincerity.

Persons are stimulated by a general interest that is in the church, or in the community. Their moral feelings are carried up to a high pitch. They determine that they will go into the church. When they have got there they feel, "I have become a Christian, and by the grace of God I mean to live right." They do not know that right-living demands, from day to day, study and practice; they do not know that right spiritual living, like right bodily living, requires food every day to keep up vigor and strength; and after a very little time they begin to find that they are less and less interested; that then they are quiescent; and then insensible; and they look around, and say, "Well, this is about the way everybody else is living in this church, and I do not need to distress myself in the matter." So they take a kind of general idea from what they see in the organization to which they belong. And they say of one of the number, "That is rather a good man; he is in the church, and is trusting to the promises; he is not any more particular

about his own life, and that of his family, than I am about my life and that of my family ; and if he is safe, I am."

Thus a great many men settle down into a kind of ignominious content ; but there are a great many others who cannot do this. They have too much conscience. They have a conscience which is wrought upon by the imagination. They cannot believe that they are Christians when they do not seem so. They say, "If I am a Christian, I ought to be a full-fledged one ; if I am a Christian, I ought to have such, and such and such experiences, which I do not have. I pray for them, and strive after them, but I do not get them.

Oh that such a person could have some one to make an analysis of his mind, and show him where his nature was in disproportion, where rectification should take place, and where the power of grace was needed ! There are some persons who need divine grace to enable them to think better of themselves ; and there are some who do not. There are some persons who need divine grace to make them up, and bring them into life ; and there are some persons who do not need divine grace for any such purpose—they are too nervous and excitable anyhow. There are some persons who want more activity, and there are some who want less. There are some men who are too fruitful of thinking, and some who do not meditate enough. Men come to the beginning of Christian life with every conceivable disposition, and temperament, and character ; and religion in all is generically the same, while specifically it is different in each. No two persons on God's earth have the same thing to do in order to be a Christian. Each one is to take himself as he is in creation, with the inheritance which he received from his ancestors, and with the culture which he has acquired in the family and elsewhere, and is to say, "Now, I am to conform this, my nature, to the character of the Lord Jesus Christ and his precepts." The man who is basilar has one problem ; the man who is intellectual and without feeling has another problem ; and the man who has excessive feeling, with but little reflection, has another problem. The man who has many hardships to endure, and who is surrounded by ten thousand depressing

influences, has one field to struggle in; and the man who is in the midst of refinement has another and different field in which he works and strives. God calls every man to go through that experience which he needs.

A carpenter is sent for, and asked to look through a house, and report as to what he will put it in thorough repair for. He goes over it, from top to bottom, and says, "Well, I think I can put that house in order for about five hundred dollars." Another man says to the same carpenter, "I understand you have been looking at my neighbor's house, and that you have agreed to repair it thoroughly for five hundred dollars: I wish you would look at mine, and see what you can put that in order for." The carpenter goes through, and says, "I can do it for about fifteen hundred dollars." "Fifteen hundred dollars! You told that man you would do his for five hundred." "But his is a plain two-story house, there is no plumbing in it, its roof does not leak, and there are comparatively few things about it to get out of order; whereas, yours is a four-story house, with all the modern improvements, and there is everything to be done to it—the bath-room and water-pipes are out of order, the roof leaks, the walls are very much broken; and you had better pay fifteen hundred dollars, and feel yourself lucky to get off at that." To put still another man's house in order would cost, perhaps, five thousand dollars. The foundations are below the old grade, so that everything is damp and mouldy, and it must be raised up ten feet into the air before it can be made a place where a decent man ought to keep a respectable dog. Besides, the roof needs repairing. Then the house is mispartitioned, and the sizes and shapes of the rooms must be changed.

Every man's house must be put in order according to what it is. Men, in their own development, build all sorts of houses—some one-story, some two-stories, some three-stories, some four-stories, some five-stories, and some six-stories. Some are very low, some are intermediate in height, and some are very high. Some are narrow, and some are broad. They are built, too, with every conceivable difference of combination. As God sees it, in the whole world, the problem

of every man's life, which he has to solve, in conforming himself to the likeness of Christ, in bringing his higher moral powers into the ascendancy, in making the reason and the moral sentiments, according to the commands of Christ, govern the selfish, the animal, the lowest faculties of his nature—this problem in each man's life is different from what it is in the life of every other man.

Now, when men begin a Christian life you see what infinite blunders they may make. One man cannot pray; and he says, "Do you not suppose that if I were a true Christian I could pray? I have tried to pray in my family; but I cannot get out a dozen sentences, I am so bashful. Then, I am all the time wondering, outside of my prayer, what folks will think about it. I have made the attempt time and again, and I cannot pray."

Another man is naturally voluble. He is like the faucets in your house, from which, when you turn them, and leave them turned, the water will run night and day. His complaint is that he is overrun with prayer. He wants to pray too much. His prayers are not real.

Much evil comes from the habit which persons have of comparing themselves with one another. Suppose a revival should break out in a band of music, and the different instruments should undertake to determine whether they were right or not by seeing whether they were like each other or not. The hautboy is in great distress of mind because it does not sound like the bassoon. "If the bassoon is right, then I am wrong," it says. The flute is greatly discouraged because it is not like the violoncello; and it says, "If that is right, I ought not to be here." The violin is very much concerned because it is not like the French horn. So each instrument is discontented because, by comparison, it has found that it differs from the others.

But is not each a musical instrument in its own way? Is it not the business of each to be musical according to its peculiar nature? They all have to be brought to some concert-pitch, so that their sound shall combine and harmonize; but an orchestra is made up of all sorts of instruments, some wooden, some stringed, and some brass · and each of them

has its own temperament, or tone; and when chorded and played according to their kind, they unite in making harmonious music; and the richness of this music depends upon the variety of instruments which are working in a certain line, in a given direction, and in harmony with each other. It is variety which makes the power and beauty of every orchestra.

Where two persons are identical in their religious life, I conclude that one or the other of them is mistaken; for every man has his individual character; and religion consists in the development of each man according as God, in his providence, made him; and where a man is developed so, he will not be just like anybody else. Love, faith, hope, and the other Christian elements act on different temperaments differently. Paul was probably the proudest of the Apostles; and John was probably the most fiery; and yet they were both magnificent examples of piety. Paul was not like John, and John was not like Peter. There were variations of individualism between them.

It is this want of an understanding of what is implied by entering a school of Christ that makes so many persons despondent in view of the result of their piety.

Secondly, there are a great many men who are discouraged, and who are ready to abandon their Christian profession, on account of the predominance of evil in them yet. They feel that a man who is a Christian would not deliberately do wrong. The ideal Christian of course would not, and your purpose as a Christian would not permit you to do wrong; but there is no man that liveth and sinneth not. If any man says that he does not commit sin, he is playing a juggler's trick with himself. There are a great many persons who say that they are perfect. There is no difficulty in being perfect if you bring down your standard low enough. If you say, "Oh, well, I may have my infirmities; I am subject, it is true, to uncontrollable outbursts of nature; I do a great many things that are wrong; but my purpose stands; I mean right; and I am perfect in this, that I never lose the steering-point," —if that is your idea of perfection, why, then, it is not difficult for a man to be perfect; but if perfection means the de-

velopment of every single faculty that is in a man, so that he shall have a sound mind in a sound body; if it means that he shall hold his twenty or thirty varying faculties so that they shall be entirely harmonious with each other, and be in relative subordination; if it means that he shall go on, from day to day, doing all that he ought to do toward God, toward his fellow men, and toward himself, and avoiding all that he ought not to do; and if, taking this view, he says, "I am perfect," then I have no terms by which to express my admiration for him. If it be true, my wonder is that he remains on the earth. It seems to me that such a perfected state as that belongs to another sphere, and not to the strife and struggle of this world. In contemplating it, I feel as I would if I went into an A, B, C, class, and found among the scholars a man who was perfectly familiar with all the higher forms of mathematics; who spoke nine living languages, and three or four dead ones; who was an encyclopedia of knowledge; and who was so learned that you could not touch him on any point where he was not *au fait*. If I saw such a man sitting with abecedarians, I should say, "What business has he in the primary school?"

Now, this world is but a primary school; we are learning elements here; and if any man has rounded out his disposition and character, and holds everything in equipoise, and is equal to the emergencies of life under all circumstances, and never fails to hit, he is out of his sphere, and he ought to be sent up through the academy, through the college, through the professional school, and, oh, a great deal higher than that!

There is no man that lives with any adequate sense of his situation here who does not feel that he has yet a great deal of work to do in subduing the dominant natural, selfish, worldly part of himself. We are born with a body, and we shall have to carry it as long as we remain in this world. We have a stomach and liver; and we shall not get rid of them during our earthly life. We have a brain; and that brain represents a great many appetites and passions which are very useful in subordinate relations; and it is our business, from youth to age, to understand and subdue these basilar in-

stincts, these physical qualities, these lower propensities. But the power to do that is not equally distributed. It does not belong, necessarily, to those who are naturally sincere. Men will frequently fall under some temptation when their intentions are perfectly good; and, under such circumstances they often say, "I thought that was conquered."

A man is rash with his tongue; he is an old swearer; he has been a ship-master (you know ship-masters fight gales with gales, and have an impression that emphatic things must have an emphatic utterance); and he is converted and joins the church, and folks think that he is a pretty good man; yet, on an unlucky day, something happens to disturb him, and before he knows it out comes a blast of fire; so he goes home, and says, "I have been for ten years a member of this church, and I have not got over swearing yet. How can I pretend that I am a Christian, and how can I believe that the grace of God is in my heart, when I swear?"

I think that many a man has the grace of God in his heart who swears. Not that swearing is a gracious habit; but that the grace of God, as administered before men, does not immediately take away any habit that has been introduced into the economy of life. I do not recommend swearing; I do not think it a sign of goodness; but I can see how a man might swear, in a moment of excitement, and not be half as bad as a man who never wants to swear. I have seen persons so contented with themselves, so perfectly satisfied with their attainments, so prospered, having all that heart could wish, so self-contained, and so self-admiring, that they never felt any impulse to swear in all their lives.

"Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him."

Now, if this be true in respect to the management of the tongue, how is it with regard to the employment of food and drink? Some men can bear stimulants, and some cannot [I do not mean simply alcoholic stimulants; I mean stimulants of any kind]; and where is there any prescription, where is there any rule of life, by which men may know what is wholesome and what is not wholesome for them to take into their stomach? There are many men who work from day to

day immoderately, and who by exhaustion are brought into a condition of despondency and gloom; and they are apt to over-eat. They seldom under-eat. But I have known cases where persons, by excessive fasting, lost their vital power. Most men, however, over-eat, or over-drink, and carry their body with too much work, and too little sleep, and do violence to the health of the animal on which their soul rides. Almost without instruction, they are following indulgences here and there, and clouding their conscience, and destroying their faith, and lowering the tone of their spirituality. They do not overcome the natural man; neither do they train the natural man; and often they are not taught to do it, nor helped to do it.

I have known persons who, having come into the church, complained that they had fallen upon days of darkness, and were told, "My dear madam, Satan is tempting you." I recollect the case of a woman who had such an experience during a revival in which she was profoundly interested. She was regarded as one of the saints of the church. Word was brought to me that she was in the depths of despair, that she had given up all hope, and that she thought she was doomed to hell. I had an interview with her, and the moment she came into my presence, I said, "Black hair; black eyes; an excitable temperament; slender constitution." I made inquiry, and found that that woman had been praying day and night. Besides having the care of her family, and working with three women's zeal, she had been carrying on this fiery fight for five or six weeks, and her nervous system was broken down, and she had rebounded into a state of despair. And some persons had said to her, "My dear madam, there must be some secret sin." She was sent hunting for secret sins. Others said, "My dear sister, pray to God to take you out of this condition." She had been beseeching heaven day and night; and she was put on a more intense diet and regimen. Others said to her, "Ah! it is the devil. You must fight against the devil." This was all well meant, but it was tending to drive the woman into insanity. She was within a hair's breadth of insanity when I saw her, and I said to her, after talking with her till I had gained her confidence, "Will

you obey me, on your honor?" I made her pledge herself. Then I forbade her praying another word. I said, "Until I give you permission, don't you dare to pray. And do you shut your Bible, and put it on the shelf, and don't you look into it. And I forbid you to go to any meeting. Now, take care of your family, and let those other things alone." I prescribed a course of outdoor exercise, certain kinds of food, and a little medication. I put her on her word of honor; and I knew that, being of a conscientious nature, she would not fly from it. It went on for about a fortnight, or three weeks, when she sent word to me that I must come and let her off; that she was so happy, and wanted to pray so, that she could not keep her vow any longer; that if I did not come and release her from her promise it would snap. She had rested; she had recovered the tone of her mind and body; and the moment nature had a fair chance everything came right.

Thousands and thousands of persons have been driven to despair by the very qualities in them which should have made them the most faithful and the most happy Christians. We are in a warfare here; but because "we wrestle against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places," it does not follow that we are rid of weaknesses in low places.

A man has temper, and it goes with him all through his life. We talk of *losing* temper: I never knew of any one's losing it yet. It is one of the things which we always keep.

We have our passions and appetites, and these we cannot wholly overcome. A man is suspicious and envious; but he cannot cure his suspicion and envy by going into the church. They must be cured by personal conflict in himself so far as they are cured at all.

When a boy begins to write he holds his pen in such a way that his fingers and hand are cramped, so that they have no freedom of motion; and he makes each particular letter in a mechanical way, and there is no ease about his writing; but we keep him at it, and keep him at it, and keep him at it, until he acquires both ease and facility; and we do not think it strange that a person has to be trained thus in the rudi-

ments of penmanship. But who undertakes to educate a child's spiritual nature in this way, so that the higher faculties shall have ascendency over the lower propensities? Who attempts by training to subordinate the animal nature to the moral? Yet, how much of darkness and stumbling arises from the ignorance of men as to how they should manage the points in them that are constitutionally strong, and that are so disproportioned that they need to be brought down, drilled, subordinated, and made to subserve the end of God's will in love!

There are multitudes of persons who lose their faith on account of their easy addiction to this world, and because they are perpetually falling into states of mind which are inconsistent with Christianity. It is true that there is such a thing as a love of the world which is not consistent with the love of God. The kind of world which means society, organized upon selfishness and frivolity, to the exclusion of the great elements of truth and morality—that kind of world it is which is so often spoken of in the Bible as an enemy to God. You cannot be a friend to the world in that sense, and be a friend to God also. But people think that by *the world* is meant *nature*, and that they have no right to love nature, and that they have no right to love common business, or that which the great outside world loves, or is in sympathy with, or is susceptible to. And yet, there is no harm in your loving the sky, the seasons, everything that is beautiful in nature; there is no harm in your loving the society of your fellow-men; there is no harm in your loving innocent amusements and recreations; there is no harm in your loving the things of the world; and there is no reason why you should not enjoy those things, provided they are not taken in excess. And what is excess must be determined by the person himself. What may be allowable to him may not be allowable to his neighbor, because his neighbor is different from him.

I do not eat salads. Because a Frenchman eats them, and finds them digestible, is no reason why I should find them digestible, and should eat them. The fact that a thing is wholesome for one person is no sign that it would be wholesome for another. The adaptability of any kind of food, or

drink, or exercise, or course, depends upon the person's temperament.

"All things are lawful," the apostle says. Of course crimes and vices are not lawful; but the ordinary elements of this life are lawful, if they are properly used, with reference to a man's highest good, with the great end in view of subordinating his own nature, including the highest faculties of his soul, to the will of God.

When a person comes into the church gay, sprightly, witty, social, these qualities ought to be retained, and consecrated to the service of God; but the tendency is almost always to suppress them.

A young woman is, at the age of eighteen or nineteen years, converted. She has been as light as a sylph; she has been universally sought; she has been the life of the company in which she has moved; she has been full of all that makes one attractive in society; but, now that she is converted, those peculiarities of her nature which so drew people to her have disappeared. She is no more bright, and gay, and joyous, and sylph-like, but is sober and restrained.

Alas! that men should have thrown overboard from the human soul the best things that we have in this poor crying, creaking, sinful world. God sent to men imagination, that when the hard and cold reality of life could not be borne, they might soar up into the realm of invisible things. This world is a great groaning machine which needs lubrication; and God sent humor to make its wheels run smooth. Men need something to relieve the sobriety of life; and God sent sparkling wit, by which to light a torch that should guide a thousand weary feet in right ways. But no, you have become a Christian; and as when persons go into a convent they wear black, so you think you must take on somber looks and manners.

I have seen persons misled in this way, so that they were stripped bare of all those qualities which simply needed to be sanctified (that is, inspired by the great law of love) to be serviceable to men. They were growing like wild unpruned trees, and they needed restraining, pruning, here and there; they needed thinning out; some parts needed to be taken

away; and yet they would have been valuable if they had, with these limitations, been allowed to grow according to their own inherent nature. But when religion found them, it hewed them down, and cut off their branches, and made square sticks of timber of them, and they were taken into the sanctuary and called "converts." They were divested of all nature, life, and beauty. There was nothing left but dry, hard, four-square sticks; and it is no wonder that they were spoiled by becoming religious.

Is there not such a thing as sanctifying to benevolence and spiritual life various faculties of one's being? Is there not such a thing as consecrating humor to the service of God? Is there not such a thing as being buoyant and witty, and yet being a Christian? Is it not fitting that a man who has imagination should say, "I will devote this gift to the benefit of humanity"? If a man has a cheerful disposition, is it not wise for him to say, "I am happy, and I can make other folks happy; and I will carry hope wherever I go"? Ought not every man to say, "I will use such light as God has given me to illumine the path of my fellow-men"? If a man has been endowed with traits which qualify him to make life easier and more pleasant for others, in the name of God let him consecrate them to the cause of Christ, and let him keep them.

Why, men, at first, are like diamonds, which, when found, are nothing but rough-looking stones. Diamonds, before they are ground and made radiant and beautiful, are an illustration of what men are in a state of nature. All that such men want is to be polished and made to shine. You cannot have wit enough, you cannot have humor enough, you cannot have good-nature enough, you cannot have artistic talent enough, you cannot have imagination enough, provided you appreciate their value, and see them in the light of the uses to which they may be put for the good of your fellow-men. And to any young person going into the church I would say this: All things are lawful, though all things are not expedient; all things are lawful, if you use them lawfully. In going into the church, you go into liberty, not into bondage; and if you can, consistently with your conscience, and with a spirit

of love to God and to men, use the gifts of nature which have been bestowed upon you, use them. They are your instruments. Many persons have their strongest point in imagination, and wit, and mirth; and to take these away from them would be like taking away the proboscis of a bee, so that he could not find honey, or like taking away the voice of a canary bird, so that he could not sing, and so that, being unable to sing, he would be good for nothing.

When Antoinette Sterling—blessed be her memory!—was here, singing in our choir, she used to go to the mission schools, and among the poor and ignorant, and sing to them; and she once said to me, "I thank you for teaching me that this is my way to do good—singing to people, and making them better and happier."

Why, if a man should shut up all the windows of his room, and close the batten blinds and the Venetian shutters, and roll down the curtains, and then should say, "It seems to me as if the sun had abandoned me;" he would be like many Christians who shut up all the avenues of knowledge through which they are accustomed to receive light, and then mourn at their loss, and wonder what ails them.

There are also many persons who are driven from goodness by adversity. Adversity often draws men toward things higher and better. Afflictions frequently act for our benefit, in ways which we do not understand, or do not take into consideration. I have known persons who were timid and overcautious, and who were so dispirited and overwhelmed by continuous misfortune, that they were broken down, their nervous system not being able to bear the strain. Again, I have known persons who were proud and sensitive, and who were angered by the continued beating of adversity upon them. The effect was to bring them into such a state that at last they became morbid. I have known persons whom protracted misfortune threw off from their balance. I have known persons who, through adversity, lost their sense of the relative proportion and magnitude and importance of things. But, on the other hand, I have known proud men who never appeared so well as after they had been broken down and humbled by adversity,—men who, in ordinary pros-

perity, were worldly and greedy, and incautious, and careless, but who, after they had been plowed and harrowed awhile, brought forth true wheat. When men have been overwhelmed by adversity it is the inward condition of their mind that determines very much the effect which it will have on them. There are not many birds that sing in the night, and there are fewer men who sing in the night—that is, when they are in trouble—and mount up in joy, and live above this world, by the power of the world to come, and live by dispositions ministered to by the Holy Ghost, and by truths ministered by faith. There are multitudes who, when they have resisted, and resisted, and resisted, finally become discouraged, and give up their faith.

Then, there are many who give up their faith because they are so beset by skeptical doubts; by questionings in regard to the inspiration of the Bible; by speculations as to the reality of events which are historically recorded; by debates as to whether Christ was a mythical or an actual personage; by various questions on psychology. Men exercise their minds on these subjects until they are twisted and snarled almost beyond their power of unraveling them. Men raise inquiries covering almost the whole ground of human knowledge, and almost the entire realm of human investigation. A man may start queries which shall lead to skepticism from which he shall be utterly unable to extricate himself. But one may obtain relief, under such circumstances, from the reflection that whatever may become of the Old Testament and the New Testament; that whatever may become of schools and churches and philosophers, he has a right to live, and should live, by his reason—by his reason imbued with benevolence toward God and toward men. It is the duty of every man to overcome the flesh, and be guided by the great law in himself of purity, of truth, of honor, and of fidelity. His business is to aim, in his life, at the welfare of men and the glory of God. And the success of his life does not depend upon the integrity of the Old Testament or of the New. You may take away the Bible, and the truth that has already come into the world will stand. The pattern of a Christian life, as laid down in

the New Testament, will endure, no matter what becomes of the Gospels, or of the Epistles. That lives as a fact, and is the best thing that belongs to humanity; the thing that is the best worth any man's seeking; the thing that is noblest and highest; the thing that is the most fruitful of joy here, and that has promise of the greatest joy hereafter.

Suppose all the chariots of old were vain? Suppose all the letters of Paul were vain? suppose the whole Bible were vain? If the conception of humanity, if the ideal of character, if the vision of God, if the divine power which comes out of it, and which thousands and tens of thousands have tried and found to be real, remains, I do not care what becomes of the old coach, or the mail-bag which brought me the letter of good tidings. I have the thing—life and immortality brought to light—in my soul, and thousands of others have it in their souls, and what do I care for the vehicle?

(I am arguing as if I were another. I do care very much. Precious to me is the Old Testament, and exceedingly precious to me is the New Testament. They are the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation to those who know how to use them. But if a man says to me, "I have found flaws in the Bible," I say, "That makes no difference; it is but the vehicle of the great saving truths that it brought to us; and these truths, being in our possession, would be ours still, if this vehicle were destroyed. They will continue to exist by virtue of their own nature, and not by virtue of the validity of the Bible.")

So long as I do not know the facts of a case, it makes a great deal of difference who makes the statement—whether a well dressed, intelligent looking man, or a ragged urchin; but after I have found out the facts it does not make any difference who makes it. If that little ragamuffin told the truth it is true, no matter how little or ragged he is. After the truth is once told its truthfulness does not depend on the one who brought it, or the source from whence it come: it depends on what it is in its own nature.

In regard to everything in the world, while the truth is being tried, while it is attempting to prove itself, the question is very important of the relative value of this or that

testimony, of this or that witness; but when the *thing* has once been demonstrated and brought out, it does not make any difference who the witness was that gave the testimony.

When my schoolmaster had satisfied me that two and two made four, I was as well satisfied of it as if I had stood with Moses on Mount Sinai, and had heard it proclaimed there.

And once, experimentally, get the conception before the minds of men of salvation by Jesus Christ; once let the truth of God's saving grace become known by the race of mankind; once let that prescription get into the world, and though you destroy the vehicle, the thing itself remains. Some secrets of science have been lost; but no great spiritual truth that is vital to society or the world was ever lost, or will ever be lost, having once been gained.

Now, then, in these times of slow spiritual growth, of disappointment, of social changes, of personal affliction and adversity, in this age of doubt and skepticism and difficulty, when so many men who were piously educated say, "I cannot pray as I used to pray; I cannot think about Sunday as I used to think about it; I cannot feel as I used to feel; I cannot go to church any more; I must give up everything; I am all unsettled; I have lost my belief," they should be exhorted to hold on to their faith. You say that you have lost your belief. No, you have not lost your belief that you are feeble. You have not lost your belief that you are sinful and imperfect. You have not lost your belief that you yearn for something higher than the present and the visible. You have not lost your belief that there is no peace for you in the way that you are now living. You have not lost your belief that there is a God, and that it is your duty to love and worship him. You have not lost your belief in manliness, in truth, in fidelity, in self-sacrifice, in disinterested love, and in the necessity of building your character higher than the waves of passion can reach to dash over it.

All these paraphernalia of history—churches, and synagogues, and temples, and books, and priests, and liturgies—were sent to bring to the minds of men the fact that they are children of God, born of the clod, and that they are to work their way up out of the dirt. As the sweet, fair,

white flower works its way from the soil up to the blossom, under the sun; so men are to work their way up from the lower forms of nature till they blossom in the very breath of the bright beauty of the God that loves them.

These truths remain. You say that revelation brought them. Another man says that they came in some other way. There are various opinions as to how they came. It matters little how they came. You cannot take them away from me. And they are yours. So there is no reason why you should give up your faith, and desert your father's and mother's instruction. In respect to a thousand experimental things men may change indefinitely; but oh, give not up your faith that at death you begin to live! Give not up the faith that you live forever! Give not up your faith that in this great, wondrous, but yet blind world, there is a presiding Deity! Give not up the faith that that Deity is named Love! Give not up the faith that he is drawing you by your best feelings toward him, from day to day, that you may be like him! Give not up the faith that you must deny yourselves, and overcome your sins, and build your character higher than society requires it to be built, if you are to become sons of God! Give not up your father's and your mother's faith, which consists simply in this, when reduced to its elements: I am sinful, and Christ died for sinners. Cling to that, live by that, and it will stand by you in the dying hour, and carry you through the flood and the night to the shore unwet with tears—to that blessed hemisphere from which drops down no sorrow.

PRAYER BEFORE THE SERMON.*

O LORD our God, we pray that thou wilt accept the dearly beloved children that have been brought into thy presence, and before these brethren, this morning. May these parents know that they do not love their children as thou lovest them and their offspring; and may they have faith, as they have attempted to commit these children to thy care and provident kindness, that thou wilt hear, that thou wilt think, and that thou wilt not forget their little ones. We beseech of thee that their lives and their health may be precious; and if they abide on the earth may they be a light and a joy in the household. We pray that they may grow up to honor, to virtue, to fidelity and to piety, loving God and loving men; and may they be useful in all their lives. We pray that as soon as their opening minds shall discern between the right and the wrong, between things high and things low, they may be influenced so that they shall be led to everything that is noble and pure and good.

Wilt thou sustain these parents as they struggle with the dispositions of these children, and seek to guide them aright; to break down unlawful pride in them; to restrain them from temptations of selfishness; to win them from the flesh. May they never lose hope and faith. May they trust in God, feeling confident that all shall be well.

We pray, O God, that thou wilt remember all who have brought hither their beloved children. We thank thee that some of those who have been brought have grown up, and have come again, bringing their children to be baptized here. We remember the multitude of those who have been consecrated in the presence of the brotherhood; and we pray for them all. We pray for those who are bereaved, and mourn over children that are gone—not lost, but gone before, and saved. We pray for all those who are growing up, and for those on whom the care of raising up their children rests heavily. Give them faith, and hope, and patience, and wisdom.

We know that these outward forms are insignificant of themselves; we know that here we can only indicate what is to be done; we know that the work is with thee, and with thy servants, under thy guidance; and we pray that in this greatest work which we love upon earth—the rearing of immortal souls for honor and immortality—we may be stirred up continually, and more and more abound in all wisdom and faithfulness.

Bless, we pray thee, all who are gathered together this morning. Remember any who are in trouble and affliction. Thou art the God of the night as well as of the day—though there is no night with thee. Grant that the darkness of this world may seem to thy people as the mere overshadowing of thy wings. We pray that there may be a covert for every one who is depressed, and pursued, and overtaken by besetting sin. May every one who is cast down find in thy presence help in trouble. We pray for every one who is in darkness respecting his own estate, for those who yearn, who call, and who are not answered. Lead them out of darkness, we beseech of thee, into

* Immediately following the baptism of children.

the full experience of the blessedness of Christian believing. Reveal thyself to those who sit in darkness and see no light. Be their Saviour, saving them from sin; saving them with all the power of thy promises; saving them by the truth; saving them by the use of whatsoever means thou wilt.

Lord, take away from us, we beseech of thee, all despondency; take away from us all giving up; take away from us all disposition to say, It is enough; take away from us all disposition to lay aside the warfare till thou art willing. May every one stand in his place knowing that God has ordained the days, the nights, and the years, and the forces thereof, in such a sense that when it is time for him to go home thou wilt call him. May every one wait, and wait with his lamp burning, and his loins girt about, doing all his duty. And having done all, may thy servants stand—till the morning, till the noon, till the night, and to the end.

Go, we beseech of thee, to all those who are separated from us, and whose hearts are yearning for the privileges of the sanctuary, and for the fellowship of thy people.

Grant thy blessing to rest upon those who labor with us in word and doctrine. Wilt thou bless those who care for the outcast, the poor and needy; those who are instructing the ignorant in our schools—the children, the men and the women, who are gathered in, and made to hear the blessed tidings of the love of God through Jesus Christ. May the work prosper. May it not be overshadowed or neglected. May the faith of thy servants not fail.

Bless, we pray thee, all instrumentalities, everywhere, that are employed to spread abroad a knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done. Fill the whole earth with thy glory.

We ask it in the name of the beloved, to whom, with the Father and the Spirit, shall be praises evermore. *Amen.*